THE

CHRISTIAN'S HARP,

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF PUBLIC AND FAMILY WORSHIP,

BY SAMUEL WAKEFIELD, Esq.

CORRECTED, ENLARGED, AND MUCH IMPROVED,

BY LAZARUS B. M'LAIN.

SIXTH STEREOTYPE EDITION.

PITTSBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY JOHNSTON AND STOCKTON, 37 MARKET STREET—1841.

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THE

CHRISTIAN'S HARP,

CONTAINING A CHOICE SELECTION OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES,

Suited to the various Metres now in use among the different Religious Denominations in the United States; designed

FOR THE USE OF PUBLIC AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY SAMUEL WAKEFIELD, Esq.

CORRECTED, ENLARGED, AND MUCH IMPROVED

BY LAZARUS B. M'LAIN.

"Music 's the cordial of a troubled breast,
The softest remedy that grief can find,
The gentle spell that calms our cares to rest,
And swells with heavenly hope the pensive mind."—*Harris.*

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1837.

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A CANON OF FOUR IN ONE.
Welcome ye every guest welcome to our music feast, Music is our only cheer Fills both soul and ravish'd ear; Sacred Nine teach us the Mood, Sweetest notes be now explor'd: Softly moves the trembling air To complete our concert fair.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by
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PREFACE.

The principal object of this selection is to supply the churches with a competent number of tunes, suitable for Divine Worship.—That such a selection was needed, is evident to every one of taste, who is acquainted with the compilation in common use.

It is a matter of just and general complaint, among persons capable of judging of the matter, that Psalmody, instead of producing, according to its original design, the effect of sublime and solemn praise to God, has in too many churches so degenerated, or is so little attended to, as to become contemptible and even ridiculous.

The truth is, that which we too frequently hear is unworthy of the name of *music:* many of the tunes in use, and favorite ones too, are in themselves entirely devoid of energy or expression: and from the manner in which they are performed, completely fail in touching the heart, or of exciting any sensations but those of disgust and pity. True, there are many exceptions, and a laudable ambition to improve and excel, is, in many places manifest: but still, where better things might be expected, a barbarous style pervades the sanctuary of the Most High.

Tunes of comparatively modern date, put together by authors who were unacquainted with the science of music, have taken place of the fine tunes of Ravenscroft and his contemporaries.

Others still more modern and more exceptionable, are preferred by many to the finest compositions of the present day. Tunes in the *minor key* are preferred by some on all occasions: hence we frequently hear Psalms, or Hymns of *praise* and triumph expressed in strains that would have better suited the desponding accents of the disciples, when their hopes expired with the crucifixion of their Lord.

Young people, whose taste is yet crude, and uninformed, almost universally prefer the rapid and fuging music of American composuists, to such airs as compose this selection; but as their taste becomes more delicate, their relish more just, and their judgment better informed, music of the former class becomes cloying and insipid, and, having passed through the different grades of improvement, the feelings and the ear rest with the greatest delight on tunes like Egypt, Old Ham, Old Hundred, and St. Michael's.

The tunes in this selection are, for the most part, taken from the best European authors and composers; but the author has not, as some authors have done, confined himself to these alone, but has selected several tunes from our American authors. And as it relates to the few pieces of his own composition, he is willing to acknowledge that he does not think them equal to some he has selected: yet he hopes they will be received with some degree of satisfaction.

The order of the parts is as follows: the upper staff contains the principal air, or *Treble*, and should be sung by treble voices. The middle staff is the *Tenor*, or what is commonly called the *Treble*, and should be sung by men. The lowest staff is the *Bass*.

The propriety of giving the principal *air* to the treble voices, is still disputed by some; but those who know any thing of the general scale, or the analogy of sounds, know that it is right. The air is the leading and principal part of harmony, and requires the most graceful performance, and to be more distinctly heard than the other parts, and therefore ought to be assigned to those voices which are naturally the most expressive of melody. The voices of women being an octave higher than those of men, and a great deal more flexible and musical, are consequently much more capable of the graces of music. Good treble voices exceed, on a moderate calculation, the number of good tenor voices, in the proportion of ten to one. On account, therefore, of the superior delicacy of the female voice, and of the greater number of good treble performers, to them ought to be assigned the *air*, or leading part of the piece.

It is not intended, however, that the air should be sung exclusively by women. They should be accompanied by some of the best and most flexible voices of men, in order to give body and strength to the performance, and to afford the better opportunity of attending to the *piano* and *forte* parts of the movement. The *forte* strains should be sung sometimes by the whole choir, and sometimes by men only; while the *piano* strains should be sung, for the most part, by women only. These parts are distinctly marked in this volume, by the terms *men*, *women* and *tutti*, placed over the staff; which, when rightly attended to, produces a very pleasing variety in the performance. This method of performing vocal music, needs only to be tried, in order to be approved.

With these remarks, this work is submitted to the inspection of the public, hoping it may be acceptable to the lovers of music generally, and a means of improving the practice of sacred psalmody.

SAMUEL WAKEFIELD.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND STEREOTYPED EDITION OF THE CHRISTIAN'S HARP.

In as much as the first stereotyped edition of this work, (published in 1836, said to be "corrected, enlarged and much improved by Lazarus B. M'Lain,") contains more errors than the first edition, an apology or explanation is due to the public. The only one I have to offer, is that I had no opportunity of examining the proof sheets until the work was done, and the plates sent up from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh; I have since carefully examined and corrected it. Having spared no pains to render this edition worthy of patronage, I now submit it to the singing community, believing that it is calculated to become one of the most popular musical productions in the Western Country.

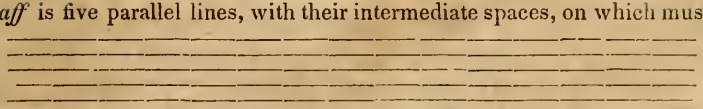
LAZARUS B. M'LAIN.

New Lisbon, Ohio, *May 9th*, 1837.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

CHAPTER I. NOTATION.

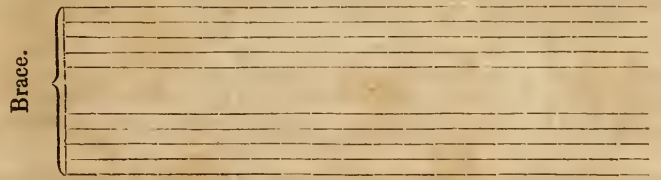
ARTICLE 1. A *staff* is five parallel lines, with their intermediate spaces, on which music is written. Thus,



Each of these lines and spaces is called a *degree*. The staff, therefore, includes nine degrees, viz: five lines and four spaces. The degrees of the staff are always counted upwards, from the lowest to the highest.

It frequently happens that music ascends above, or descends below the compass of these five lines, and then another line is added to the staff, and is called a *ledger line*. Any number of lines may in like manner be added, either above or below the staff, and by this means the degrees may be increased at pleasure.

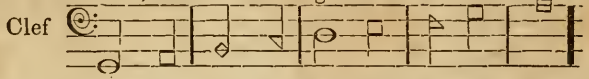
2. A *brace* is used to shew how many parts of music move together, by being drawn across the beginning of the tune. Thus,



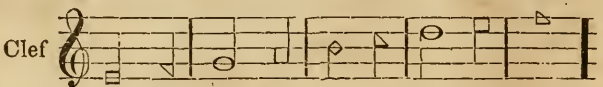
3. The degrees of each staff are represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, F, G. These letters are variously placed on the staff, according to the part of the music for which it is designed. The situation of the letters on the staff, is governed by a certain character called a *clef*, which

is placed at the beginning of the tune, immediately after the brace. There are only two clefs used in this work, viz: the F, or *bass clef*, and the G, or *tenor* and *treble clef*. The most simple definition of a clef, is, that it represents a certain letter of the staff.

The F, or bass clef, is placed upon the fourth line of the staff—that line which passes between its two dots. All the notes on that line are called F; and the other degrees take their names from this, as the clef line. Thus,

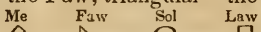


The G, or treble and tenor clef, is placed upon the second line of the staff—the line that cuts it through in three places. All the notes on that line are called G; and the other degrees take their names from that, as the clef line. Thus,



As there are only seven original or primitive sounds in music, there are therefore only seven letters used to represent these sounds; and as the eighth sound is the same in nature with the first, so the first letter is used to represent the eighth sound. The second letter represents the ninth sound—and so on, as far as the case may require.

4. The characters used in music, to represent musical sounds, are called *notes*, and are of two kinds, viz: notes of *distinction*, and notes of *duration*. Notes of distinction are four in number, viz: *Me*, *Faw*, *Sol*, *Law*. In this work, the Me is a diamond shape—the Faw, triangular—the Sol, round—and the Law, square. Thus,

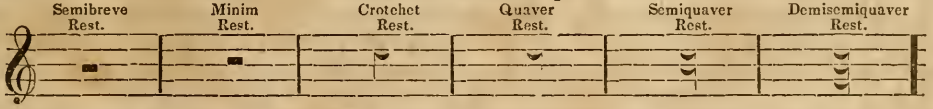


Musical notes consist in general of a head and stem; the head is either white or black. The stem may be turned either up or down, without varying the music. Notes of duration are six in number, and are distinguished as follows:

NOTES OF DURATION.

One Semibreve is equal in time to two Minims, four Crotchets, eight Quavers, sixteen Semiquavers, or thirty-two Demisemiquavers.

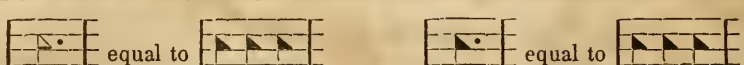
5. *Rests* are characters used in music, to denote a cessation of sound in the course of the movement, during the time of the notes for which they stand. There are six rests corresponding to the six notes of duration, and after which they take their names. First—a semibreve rest is an oblong square, below the middle line of the staff. Second—a minum rest is the same character placed above the middle line of the staff. Third—a crotchet rest is the figure seven inverted. Fourth—a quaver rest is a seven. Fifth—a semiquaver rest is a seven, with a dash. Sixth—a demisemiquaver rest is a seven, with two dashes.



The semibreve rest is sometimes called the *measure rest*, because it is used to represent the silence of a whole measure in all movements, whether the measure contains a semibreve, or otherwise.

6. A *dot*, • or, as it is sometimes called a *point of addition*, set at the right side of a note or rest, makes it one-half longer than its usual time. A pointed minim, therefore, is equal in time to a minim and a half,

or to three crotchets; and a pointed crotchet is equal in time to a crotchet and a half, or three quavers. The same will apply to their corresponding rests. Thus,



7. A *pause* or *hold* has an effect somewhat similar to a point of addition, but with this difference: the point of addition always takes the time which is added to the note to which it is set, from the following note or notes. But the hold adds to the note over which it is set, without affecting any other note in the measure. Notes over which holds are set, should be performed about one-fourth slower than their usual time.

8. *Single bars* are drawn across the staff, to divide it into equal portions of time. That space which is included between any two single bars, is called a *measure.*

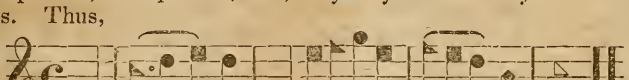
9. A *double bar* is used to show the termination of a *strain*, such as the first part of Amsterdam.

When the termination of a strain does not coincide with the termination of a measure—that is, when the double bar does not fall on the natural place of the single bar, it is then totally distinct from the single bar, and the measures are reckoned between the single bars, although the double bar may intervene. The double bar, therefore, does not affect the measure in which it is placed; but the time is kept as if it were not inserted at all.

10. A *close* shews the end of a tune, or the concluding strain of a piece of music, and is set immediately after the last note of the piece. The only exception to this, is in *Da Capo* tunes, where they end with the first strain, and at a double bar.

11. 𝄆 A *repeat* shews that the tune must be repeated from the note before which it is set, to the next double bar or close. But when this sign is placed at the left side of a double bar, it directs the performer to return to the beginning of the piece, or to the preceding double bar or repeat, and perform it over again. See Amsterdam.

12. A *slur* ⁀ is drawn over or under any number of notes, that are to be applied to one syllable; but if such notes are all quavers, semiquavers, &c., they may be united by their stems, and to such the slur is altogether superfluous. Thus,



Broad is the road that leads to death.

13. The figure three placed over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same kind.

14. The figures one and two at a double bar or close, shew that the note or notes under one, must be performed the first time; and the note or notes under two, the second time when repeated. But when they are tied by a slur, they are both to be sounded the second time.

15. A *staccato* ! is a small stroke placed over or under those notes that are to be performed in a short and distinct manner.

16. *Da Capo*, or D. C. set over a piece of music, shews that it ends with the first strain.

17. *Choosing notes* are those set over each other on the same staff, that the performer may sing which he pleases.

18. A *prisa* :‖: denotes a repetition of words or syllables, and is set under the note or notes to which such syllables or words must be applied.

19. A *sharp* ♯ set before a note, raises it a semitone. When a sharp is set at the clef, it raises all the notes that may fall on that line or space, a semitone higher, unless contradicted by naturals.

20. A *flat* ♭ set before a note, sinks it a semitone. When a flat is set at the clef, it has an effect exactly contrary to that of a sharp.

When any number of sharps or flats are placed at the clef, they affect all the notes of the same letter in every octave throughout the movement, and are termed the *signature*, because they point out the degree on which the tonic or key note stands, by directing the performer to the place of *me*. Those sharps and flats that occur in the course of the movement, are called *accidental*, to distinguish them from those of the signature, which are essential to the scale of the original key note.

Accidental sharps and flats only affect the notes which they immediately precede, and those of the same letter which follow them in the same measure. But if one measure ends and the next begins with the same note, the accidental character which alters the first note, is understood to affect the second measure also.

21. A *natural* ♮ set before a note that has been previously sharped or flatted, restores it to its primitive sound.

22. Notes of *syncopation* are those that are cut through by a single bar or accent, and always begin on the weak, and end on the strong parts of the measure. Thus,

23. The letter C placed upon the staff, and at the beginning of the tune, shows that the piece is in the first division of common time, in which every measure contains the value of one semibreve.

24. The figure 2 over a 4, in the same situation, denotes the second division of common time, in which every measure contains the value of one minim, or two crotchets.

25. The figure 3 over a 4, represents triple time, in which every measure contains the value of three crotchets.

26. The figure 6 over 8, represents compound time, in which every measure contains the value of six quavers.

27. *Accent* is a particular stress of sound on certain parts of the measure, that they may be better heard than the rest.—The accented parts of the measure are mostly called the strong parts—and the unaccented, the weak parts of the measure.

28. The letters S. M. stand for short metre; C. M. common metre; L. M. long metre; and P. M. particular metre—not proper metre, as some have it.

CHAPTER II. TIME.

Time, in music, is the measure of sound, with respect to duration.

Article 1. To time belong *measure* and *movement*. Measure relates to the division of notes into equal portions of time, by means of single bars. There are three kinds of measure, viz: *common*, *triple*, and *compound* measure. Common measure is so called, because it consists of even numbers, as 2, 4, 8, &c. Triple measure is so called, because the measure consists of three equal parts. Compound measure is so called, because it partakes of the nature of both common and triple measure; of common, as the measure consists of even numbers, and is divisible into two equal parts; and of triple, as each of these parts is threefold.

2. There are in reality, only four moods of time in church music, viz: two common, one triple, and one compound.—*See Chapter I. Articles* 23, 24, 25, *and* 26.

3. *Movement*, in relation to time, is that particular degree of velocity with which a piece of music should be performed. The principal modifications of movement, from slow to quick, are five, which are expressed by the following words: 1. *Largo*—very slow. 2. *Adagio*—slow. 3. *Andante*—moderate. 4. *Allegro*—brisk. 5. *Presto*—quick.

4. When a piece of music, in the first mood of common time, is principally crotchets or quavers, and is marked with the term largo, or adagio, it is best to give it four beats to every measure; but when the time is performed, in any of the other movements, faster than adagio, it requires only two beats to a measure, one down and one up.

The second mood of common time is also beat with two beats to a measure, one down and one up. Triple time is beat with three beats to a measure, two down and one up.

Compound time is beat with two beats to each measure, one down and one up.

5. The first mood of common time has two accents to a measure, which fall on the first and third parts. The second mood has only one accent to a measure, which falls on the first part. Triple time measures have only one accent, which falls on the first part; but in slow movements of this mood, the third part of the measure should be slightly accented.—Compound time has two accents to a measure, which fall on the first and fourth parts.

In all cases, where there are two accents in a measure, the first should be stronger than the second; and if in those moods that require two accents to a measure, the measure should sometimes be filled by one note—in such case there must be only one accent. Accents in vocal music, are designed to correspond with the accented syllables of the words to which the music is applied. Now, no one note can have more than one syllable applied to it; and as no syllable has more than one accent, it is therefore improper to place several accents upon one note. This disgusting practice, however, is very common, even among those who profess to be teachers of music.

Any number of notes, over or under which a slur is drawn, should have but one accent, whether they fill a part of a measure, or a whole measure; for such notes must all be applied to one syllable, and should be swelled, instead of jolting along at the usual places of accent, as is too frequently the case.

CHAPTER III. TUNE.

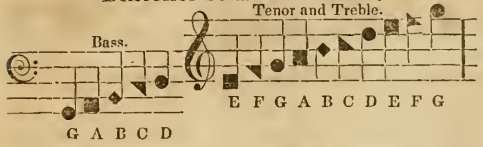
Tune consists in a continual succession of single sounds, so arranged as to produce melody.

Article 1. The degrees of the natural scale of music, commonly called the *diatonic scale*, are only seven, and are represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet, as is shown in article third, chapter first. When to these seven letters the first is added, the whole comprehends a system of degrees, which is usually called an *octave*.

2. The ordinary compass of the human voice, is supposed to be about twenty-two degrees, or three octaves. But as a woman's voice is naturally an octave higher than a man's voice, when sounding the same note or letter; and as no one voice extends to more than

about two octaves, from the lowest to the highest, it seems more natural, therefore, to conclude that two octaves is the real compass of the human voice. These degrees, when placed in a regular order above each other, constitute what is called the *diatonic scale* or *gamut*.

Diatonic Scale or Gamut.



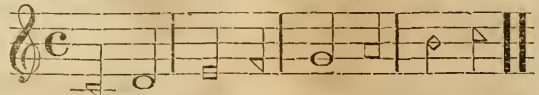
This scale extends to fifteen degrees, or two octaves, and consists of tones and semitones, in the following order, viz: From G to A, a tone; A to B, a tone; B to C, a semitone; C to D, a tone; D to E, a tone; E to F, a semitone; F to G, a tone; which completes the first octave. The intervals of the remaining octave, are exactly similar to the first. The semitones are found between B and C, and E and F, as also between *me* and *faw*, and *law* and *faw*.

3. In every correct air or tune, there is one principal note or tone, which is called the *key note* or *tonic*. On this, all regular melodies depend, and for the most part terminate. There are only two keys, or tonics, in music—the major and minor, or sharp and flat keys. These keys are sometimes called moods. The sharp key is called the major mood, and the flat key the minor mood. Tunes in the major mood, are applied to subjects of praise, thanksgiving, &c., and tunes in the minor mood, are suited to plaintive subjects. There are only two original key letters, viz: C, for the major, and A, for the minor mood.

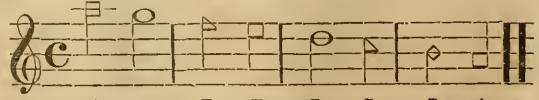
Every 3d, 6th and 7th above the tonic, or key note, of the major scale, contains a semitone more than the same intervals above the tonic of the minor scale; and this is the reason why one scale is called major, and the other minor, or sharp and flat.

The last note of the bass is always on the key of the piece. If it be above *me*, the tune is in the major mood; but if below *me*, it is in the minor mood. Or if the last note of the bass be *faw*, the tune is in the major mood; and if *law*, it is in the minor mood.

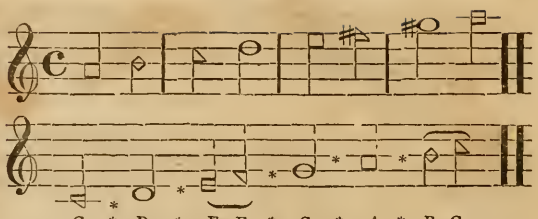
That series of notes, beginning at C, and rising to C above, comprehends what is called the original octave of C. Thus,



That series of notes, beginning at A, and descending to A below, comprehends the original octave of A. Thus,



That series of notes, beginning at A, and rising to A above, is called the ascending scale of A; and differs from the descending scale, in that it requires the 6th and 7th of the scale to be sharped. Thus,



4. Every whole tone may be divided into two semitones, so that the octave is made to consist of twelve degrees, or semitones. This is called the *chromatic scale.* Thus,

In this scale, the stars between the notes, and also between the letters point out the division of whole tones into artificial semitones. The slurs are drawn over those notes that are only a semitone apart. The figures shew the number of semitones in the octave. Thus, from C to D, are 2 semitones—to E, 4—to F, 5—to G, 7—to A, 9—to B, 11—and to C, 12.

5. It often becomes necessary to move the key from its natural place, to some other letter in the octave, in order to bring the tune within the compass of the staff. This changing of the keys is called *transposition,* and is effected by sharps and flats used at the clef.

The natural place for *me* is on B;

But if B be flat, *me* is on E.	If F be sharp, *me* is on F.
B and E flat, on A.	F and C sharp, on C.
B, E and A flat, on D.	F, C and G sharp, on G.
B, E, A and D flat, on G.	F, C, G and D sharp, on D.
B, E, A, D and G flat, on C.	F, C, G, D and A sharp, on A.
B, E, A, D, G and C flat, on F.	F, C, G, D, A and E sharp, on E.

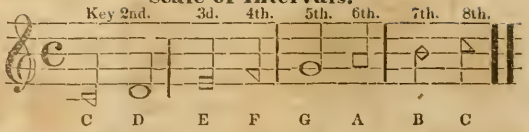
Thus you perceive six sharps or flats may be used, but we seldom have more than five, the number of tones in an octave.

When ascending in gradation from Me, the order of the syllables is always *Faw, Sol, Law, Faw, Sol, Law, Me.* In descending from Me, the order is reversed—*Law, Sol, Faw, Law, Sol, Faw, Me.* The syllable *Faw* is invariably a semitone above *Law* or *Me.*

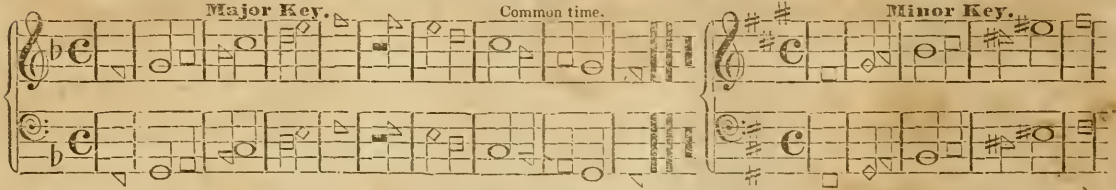
6. When sharps and flats are occasionally used in the course of a movement, they are called *accidentals;* and the effect they produce, is called *modulation.* These accidentals do not affect the sound of the letter any further than the measure in which they are enclosed; but in every place where they occur, they as really change the key, for that measure, as if they had been placed at the clef. The only exception to this rule, is, when sharps are placed upon the 6th and 7th of the minor scale; and are, therefore, not considered accidental, but as belonging to the scale.

The names of intervals are derived from the number of degrees contained between the two sounds, both extremes being reckoned inclusively. Thus the interval of a second includes two degrees; a third, three degrees, &c.

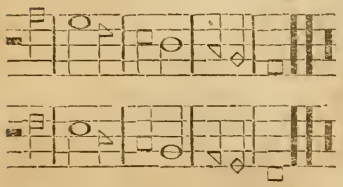
Scale of Intervals.



LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

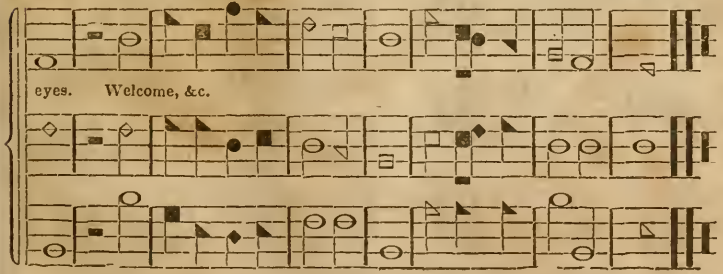


MUSICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.



Adagio, slow, the second degree in the movements.
Allegro, brisk, gay, quick, fourth degree of the movements.
Allegretto, not so quick as allegro.
Amoroso, loving, *i. q.* meltingly.
Andante Allegro, lively and distinct.
Andante Larghetto, quite slow and distinct, yet not so slow as larghetto.
Andantino, somewhat quicker than andante.
Animato, with life and animation.
Brio, spirited.
Crescendo, increasing.
Da Capo, end with the first strain.
Decoto, solemn.
Dolce, tender, sweet.
Doloroso, plaintive.
Expressivo, with expression.
Forte, loud.
Fortissimo, very loud.
Grave, } Slower than adagio, but not so
Gravemente, } slow as largo; grave, heavy, solemn, distinct.
Grazioso, gracefully.
Gusto, with taste.
Largo, very slow, first degree in the movements.
Larghetto, not so slow as largo.
Lentemento, } very slow and mourafal.
Lento, }
Maestoso, majestic.
Moderato, moderately.
Piano, or *Pia*, soft.
Pomposo, grand, dignified.
Presto, very quick.
Prestissimo, quicker than presto.
Sicilıano, a slow and graceful movement in compound time.
Soave, agreeable, pleasing.
Spirito, } with spirit, with animation.
Spiritoso, }
Tempo di Marcia, martial time.
Tutti, all the voices or instruments.
Vigoroso, bold and energetic.
Visto, }
Vite, } brisk, lively, animated.
Vivace, }

Allegro.



2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

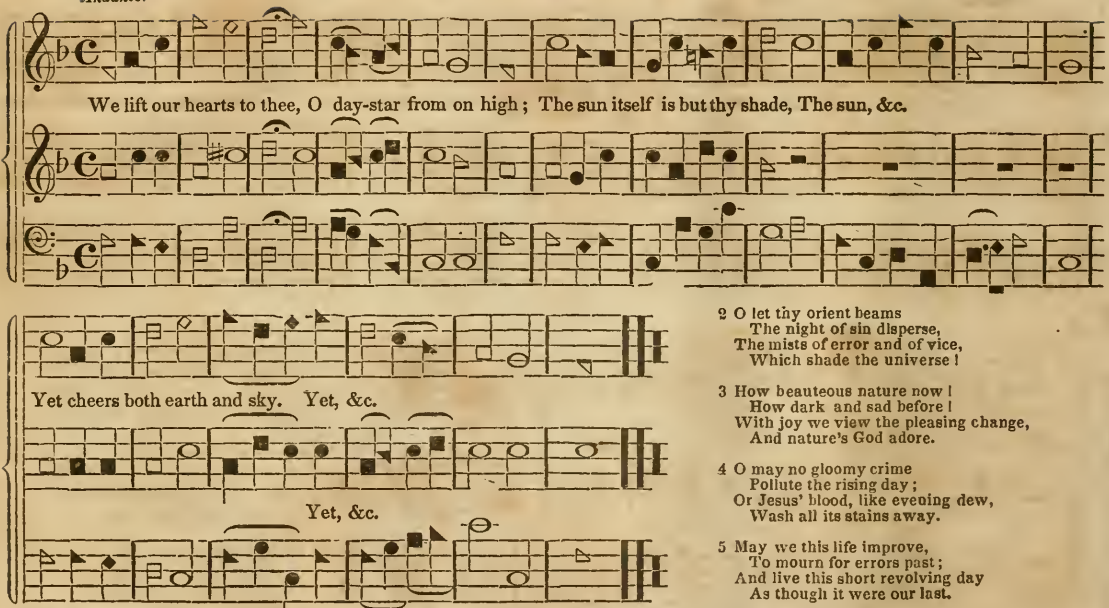
3 One day, in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

SHARON. S. M.

Leach

Andante.

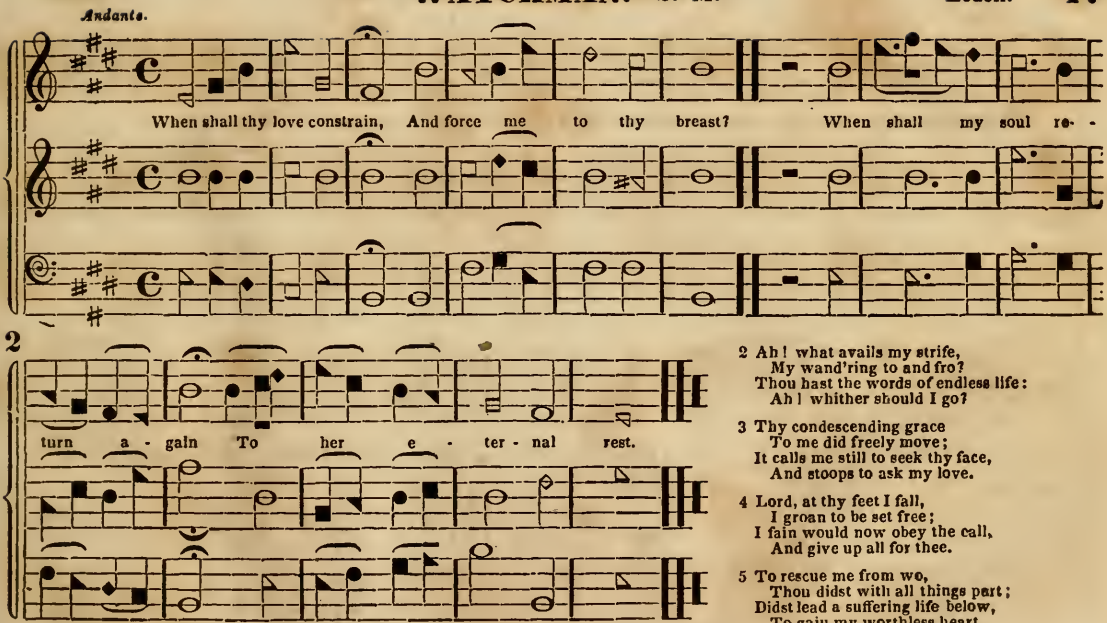

We lift our hearts to thee, O day-star from on high; The sun itself is but thy shade, The sun, &c.
Yet cheers both earth and sky. Yet, &c.
Yet, &c.
6 To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, one in three, Be glory, as it was, is now And shall for ever be

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As though it were our last.



2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

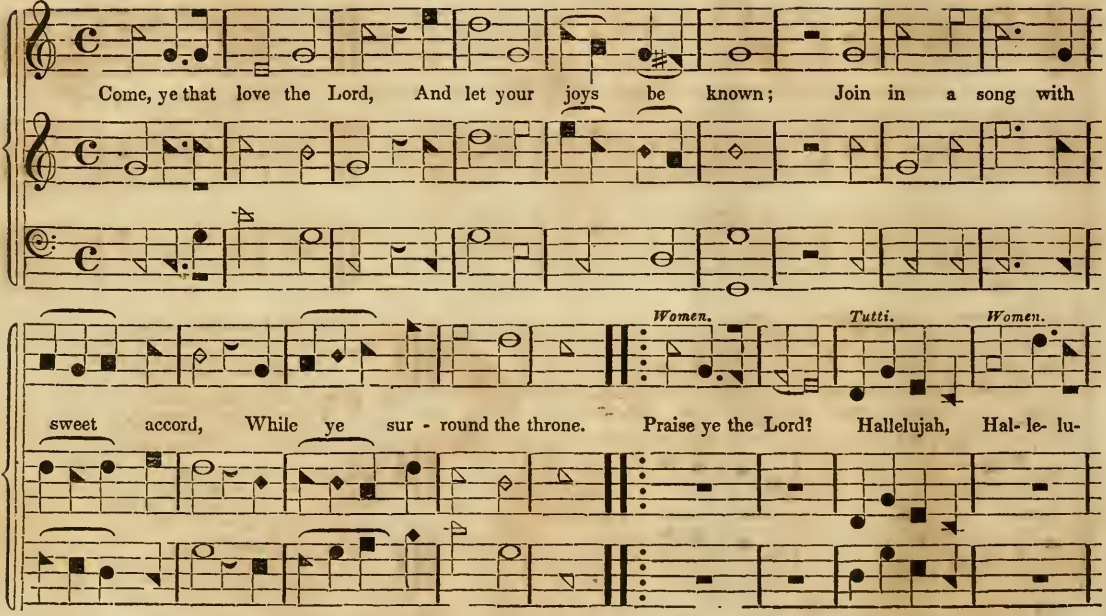
5 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

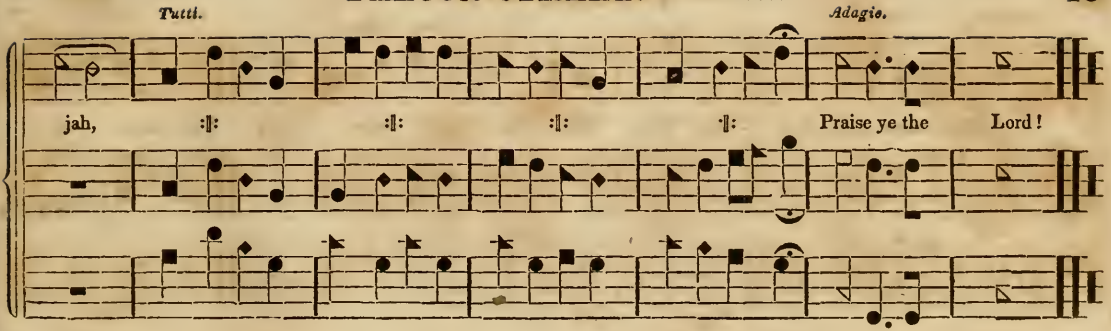
6 My worthless heart to gain, The God of all that breathe, Was found in fashion as a man And died a cursed death.

FALCON STREET. S. M.

Smith.

Allegro.


Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with
Women.
Tutti.
Women.
sweet accord, While ye sur - round the throne. Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah, Hal- le- lu-



Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But servants of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin!
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in;
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow;
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

INGLIS. S. M.

Cole.

Andante.

PIA.

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are;
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long
But died without the sight

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy

6 The Lord makes bare his arm Thro' all the earth abroad: Let every nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.

Andante.
Women.
Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of
Tutti.
kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

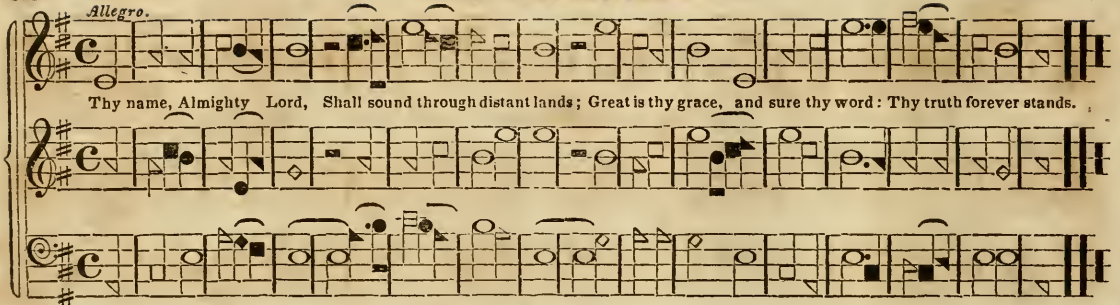
3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

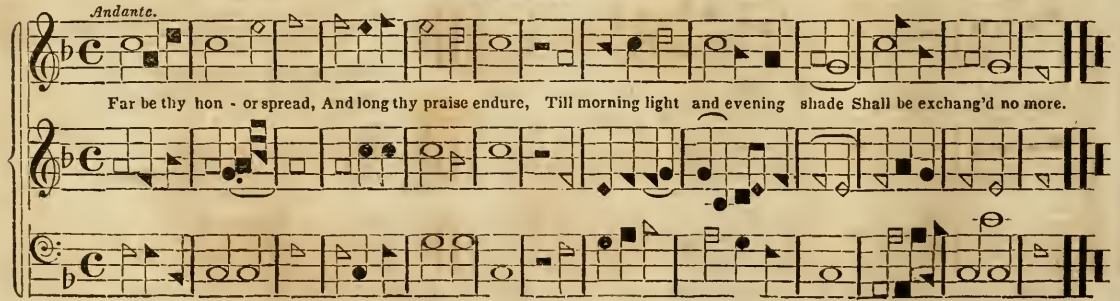
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain, And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign, Through all eternity.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. Handel.


Allegro.
Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word: Thy truth forever stands.

DOVER. S. M. Williams.


Andante.
Far be thy hon - or spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchang'd no more.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

MARYLAND. S. M.

J. Cole.

Allegro.

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supply'd, Since he is mine and I am
his, Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beside ?

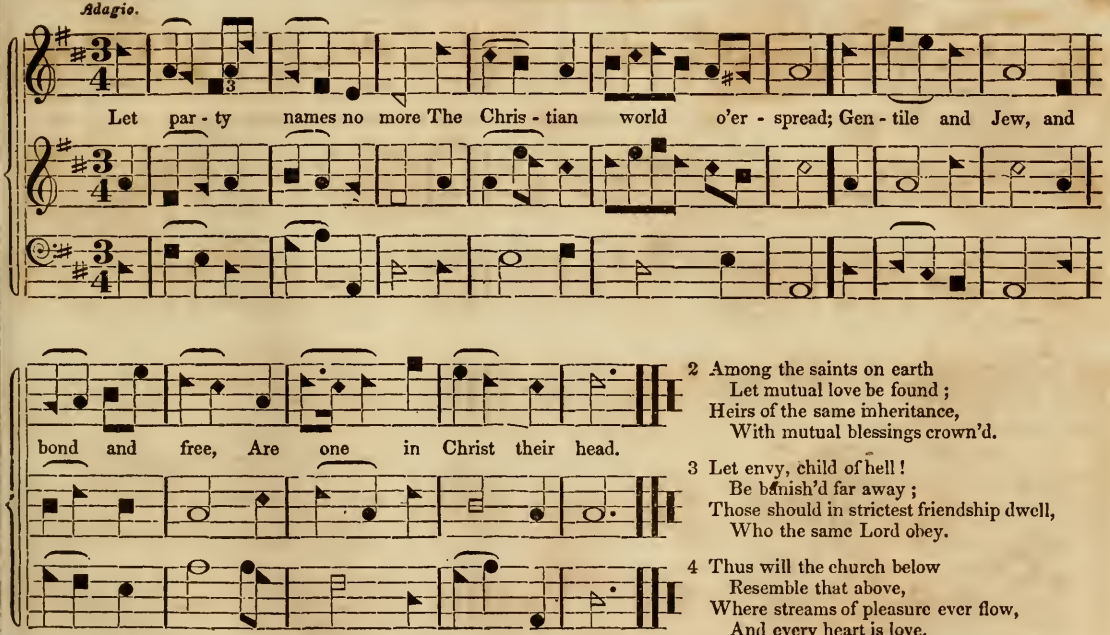
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes;
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

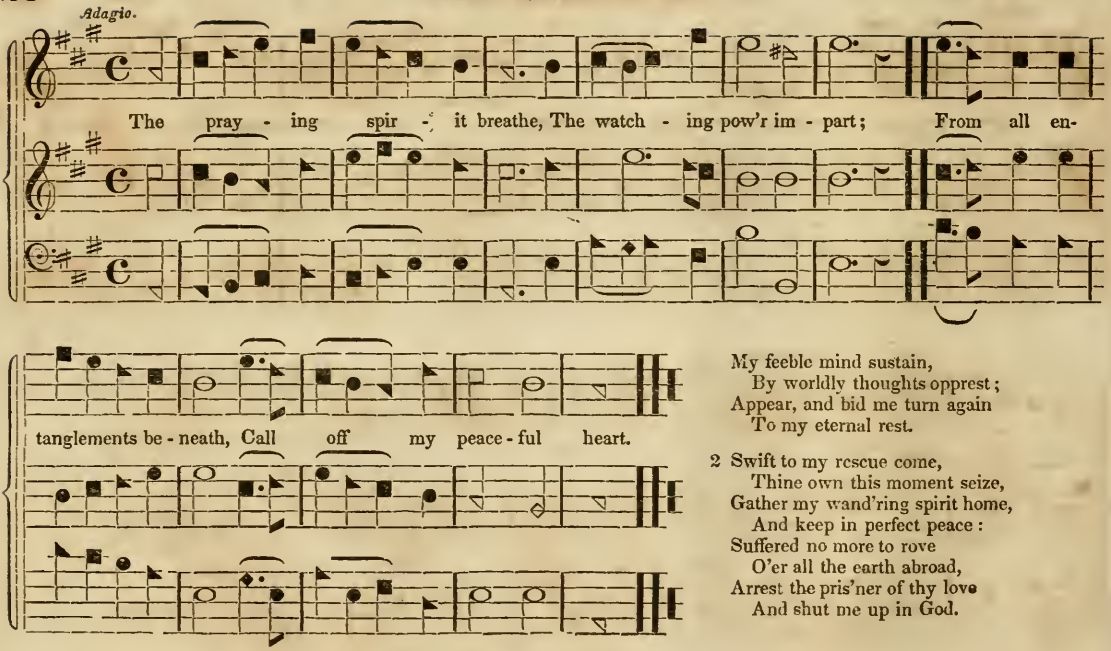
6 The beauties of thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise.


Adagio.
Let par - ty names no more The Chris - tian world o'er - spread; Gen - tile and Jew, and
bond and free, Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.



My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love
And shut me up in God.

Andante.
Al - migh - ty ma - ker God, How wondrous is thy name, Thy glories how dif - fused a-
Women.
Tutti.
broad Through the cre - a - tion's frame. :‖:

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

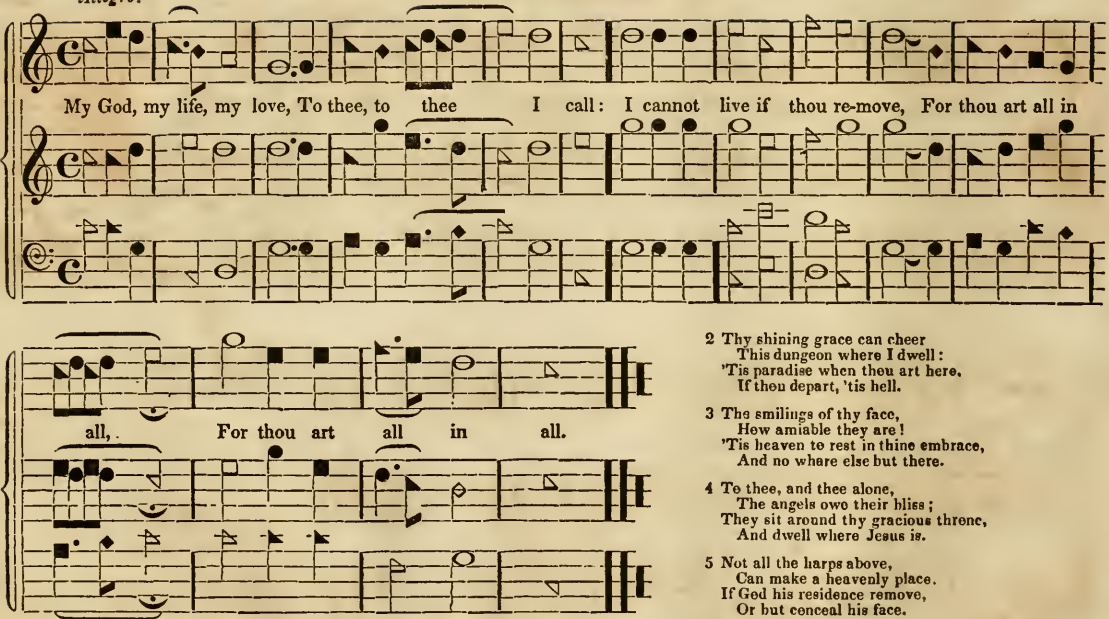
4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5 Create my soul anew;
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

HANTS. S. M.

N. Harmony.

Allegro.



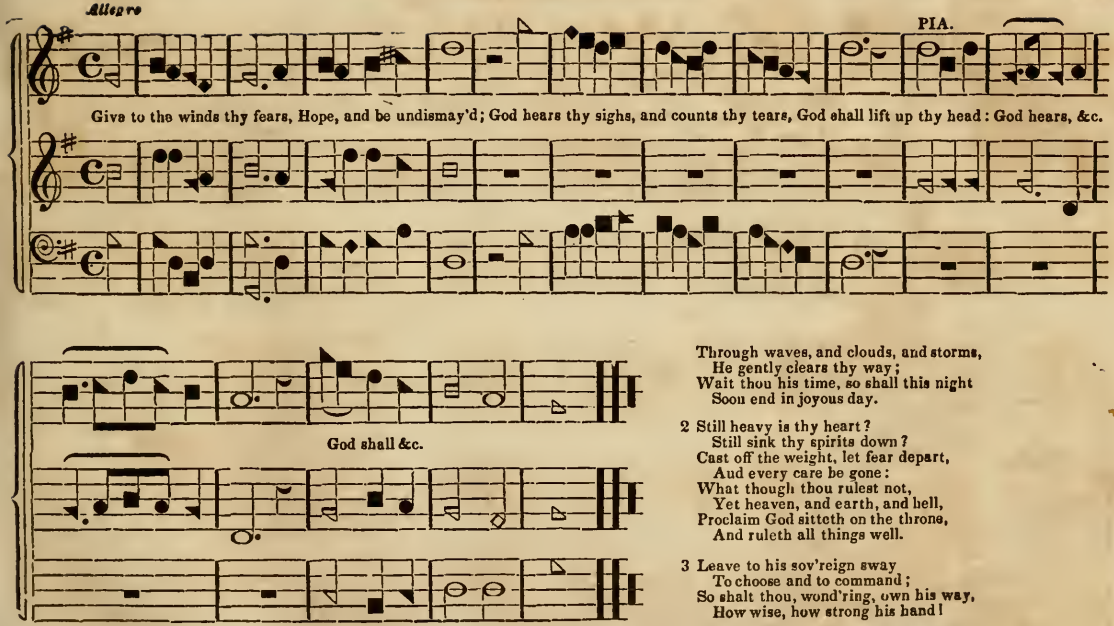
2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place.
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one delight afford; No, not one drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.


Allegro
PIA.
Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be undismay'd; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head: God hears, &c.
God shall &c.
Far, far above thy thought His counsel shall appear, When fully he the work hath wrought, That caused thy needless fear.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone:
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

CRANBROOK. S. M.

T. Clarke.

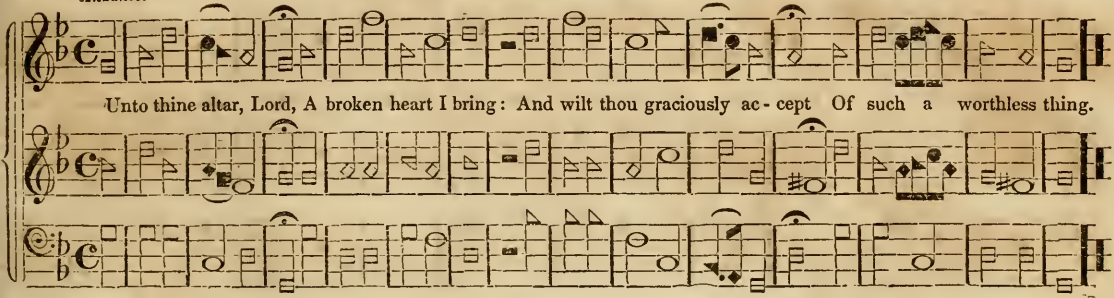
Andante.
Grace 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear, Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall
Bold.
resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
And ev'ry ransom'd pow'r shall join
In wonder, love, and praise.

Andante.



LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. Williams.

Andante Affetuoso.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Green.

Andante.

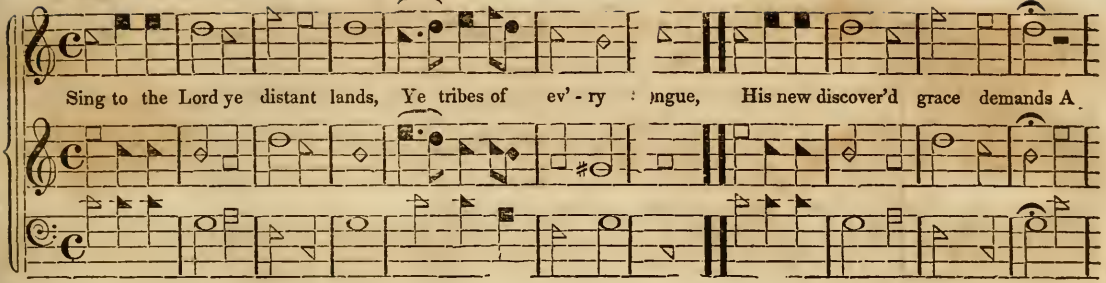
2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first:
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble pow'rs decay:
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er This life's tempestuous sea; Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore Of blest eternity.

Allegro Spiritoso.



3

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen,
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless,
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

Leach.

Andante.

Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning hands uphold the
PIA.
FOR.
weak, And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows how the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd;
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry:
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love,
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

ARLINGTON. C. M. Dr. Arne.

OLDHAM. C. M. Leach.

Andante.

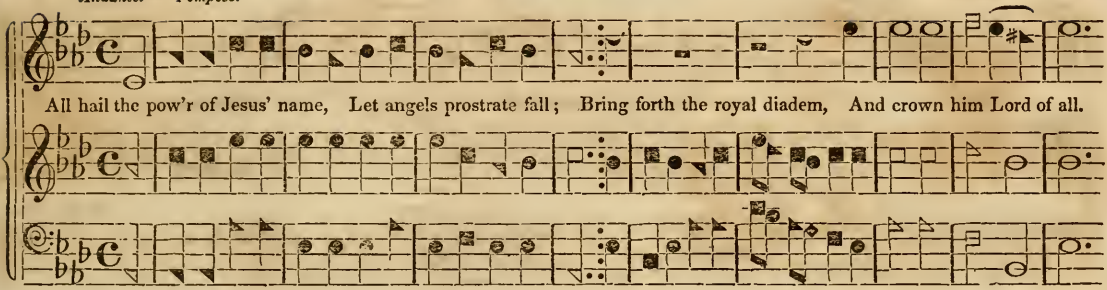
2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

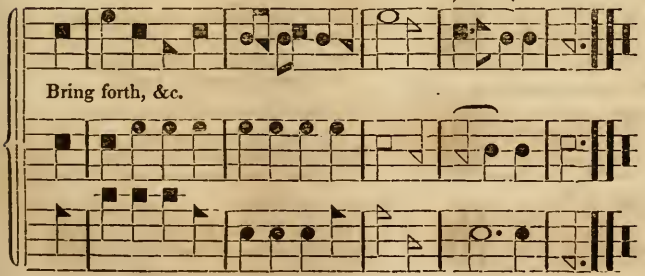
3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

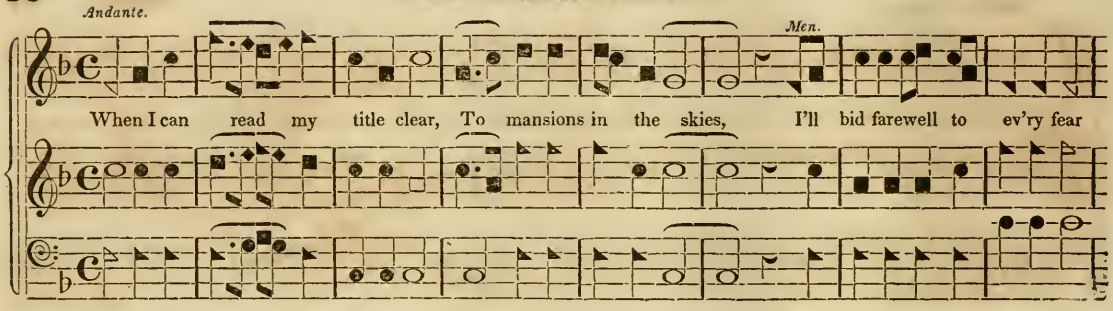
Andante. Pomposo.





2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.


Andante.
Men.
When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear
Women.
Tutti.
I'll bid, &c.
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

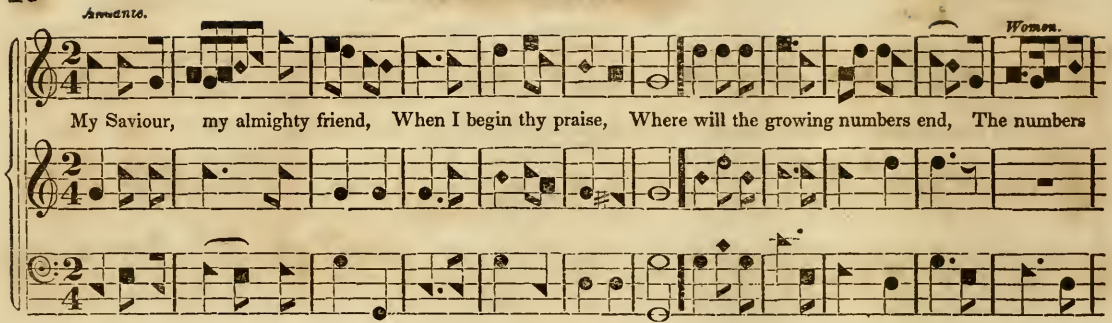
3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

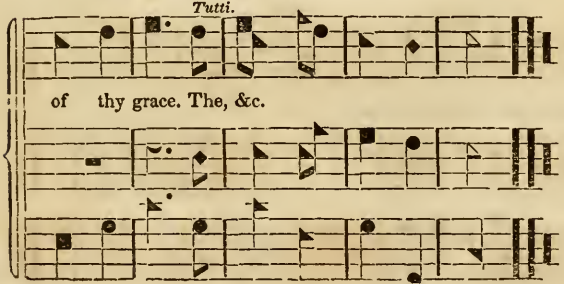
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Allegretto.
Women.
The King of heaven his table spreads, And blessings crown the board; Not paradise with all its
Tutti. PIA.
FOR.
joys, Could such de - light af - ford. Not Paradise with all its joys, Could such de - light af - ford.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

Williams.



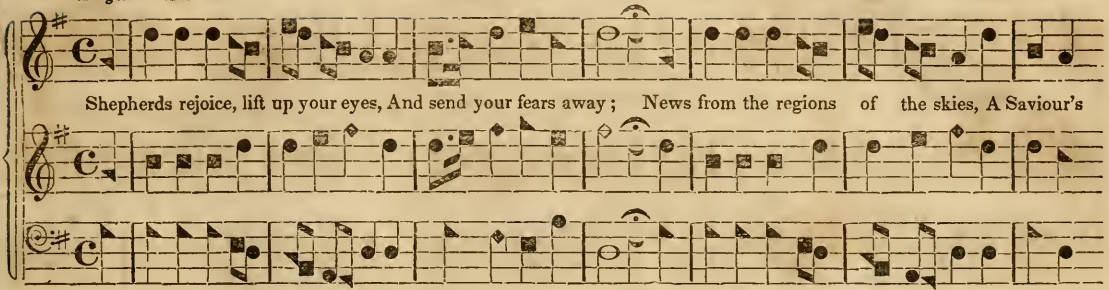


2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress,
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine

Adagio. *Animato.*



2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

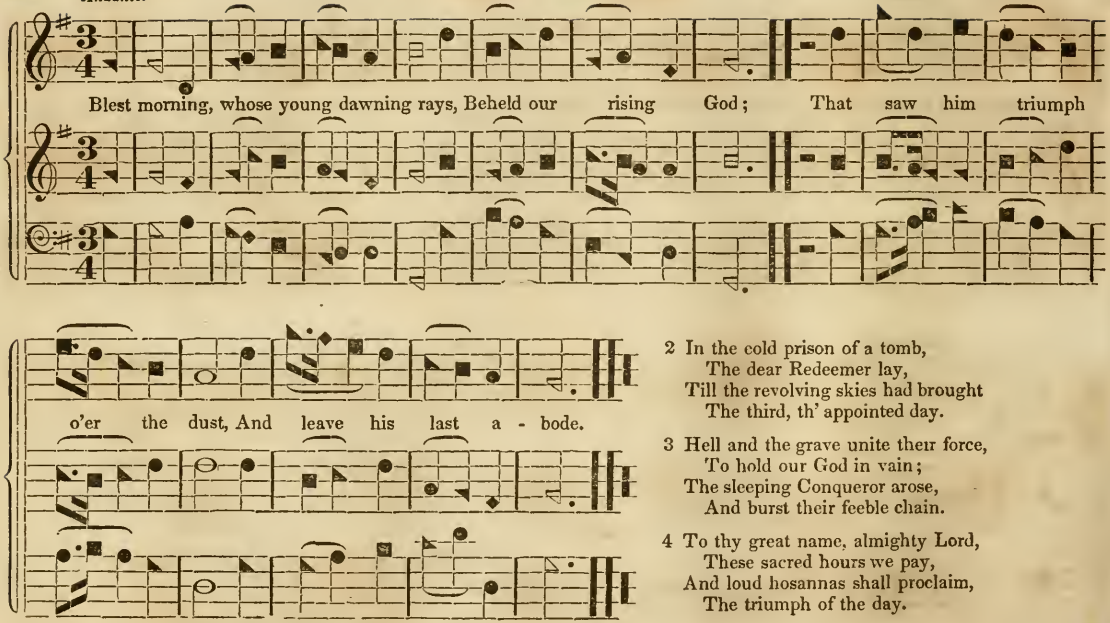
3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands;
And holds the King of kings.

4 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

IRISH. C. M.

Smith.

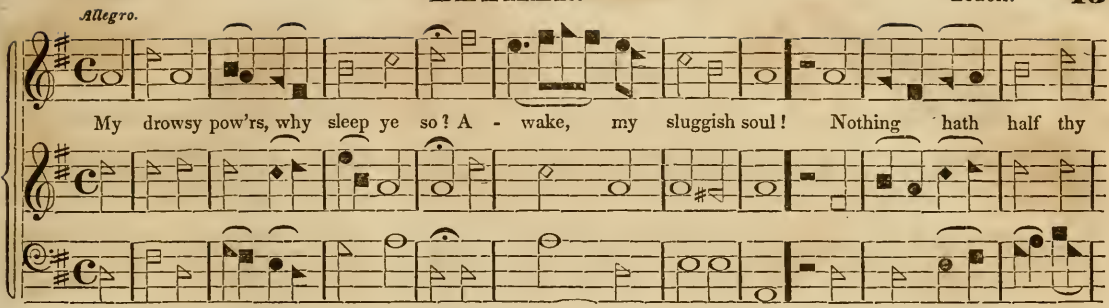
Andante.



2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.



2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

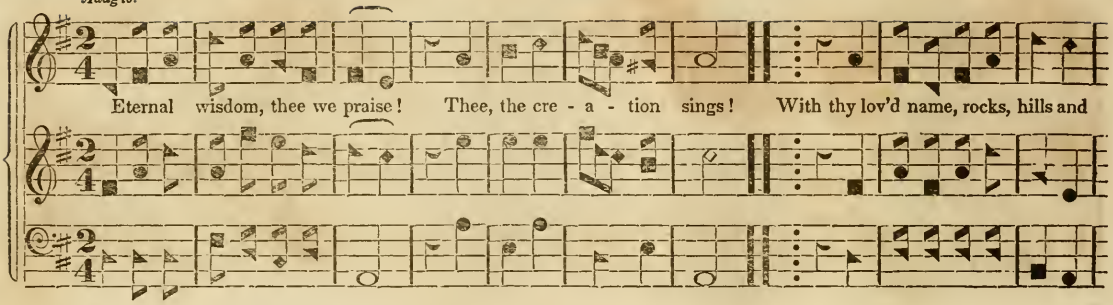
3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands,
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchas'd with his blood.

ST. JAGO. C. M.

Swindells.

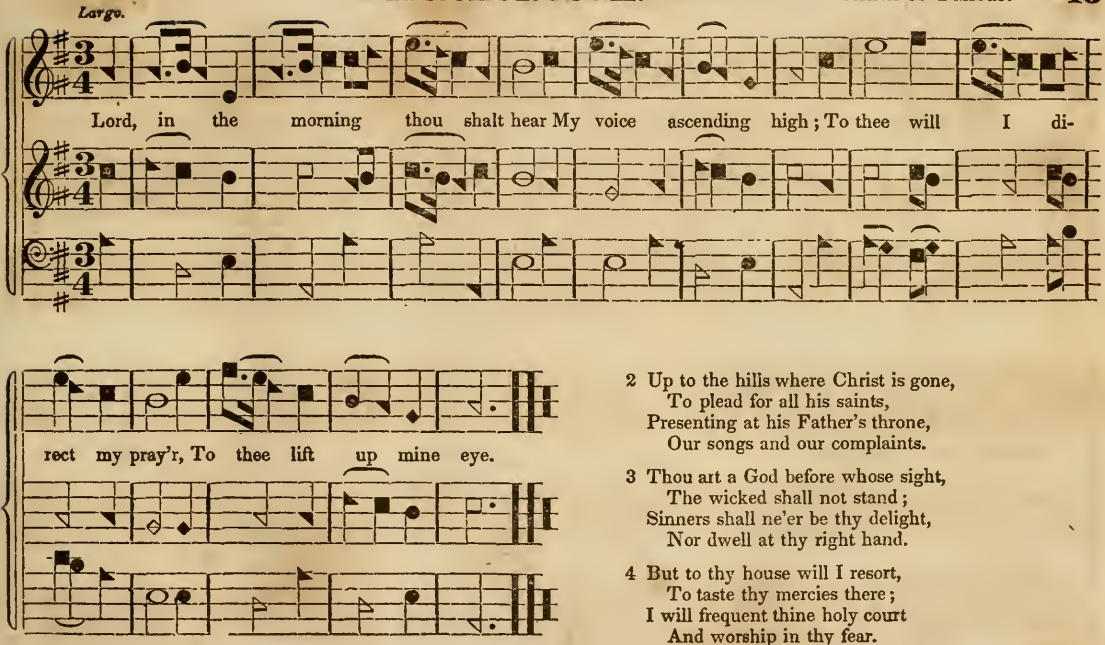
Adagio.


Eternal wisdom, thee we praise! Thee, the cre - a - tion sings! With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and
seas, And heav'n's high palace rings. :‖:

2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight;
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.



2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

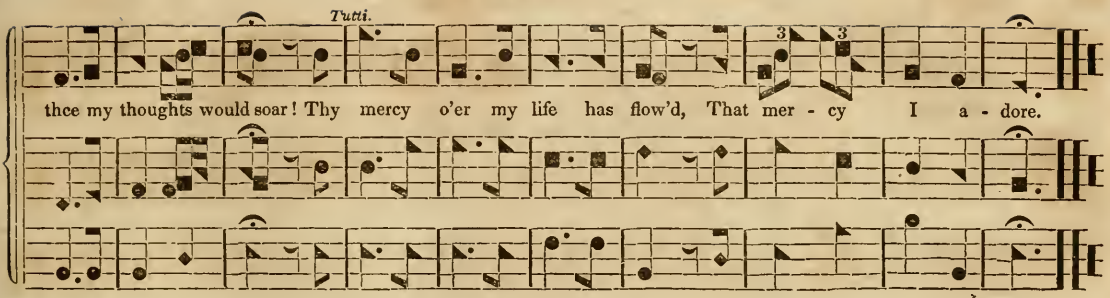
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court
And worship in thy fear.

DEVOTION. C. M.

Pleyel.

Adagio.

While thee I seek, pro - tecting pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd, And may this conse-
Women.
crated hour, With bet - ter hopes be fill'd. Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd; To



3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee.

WARWICH. C. M.

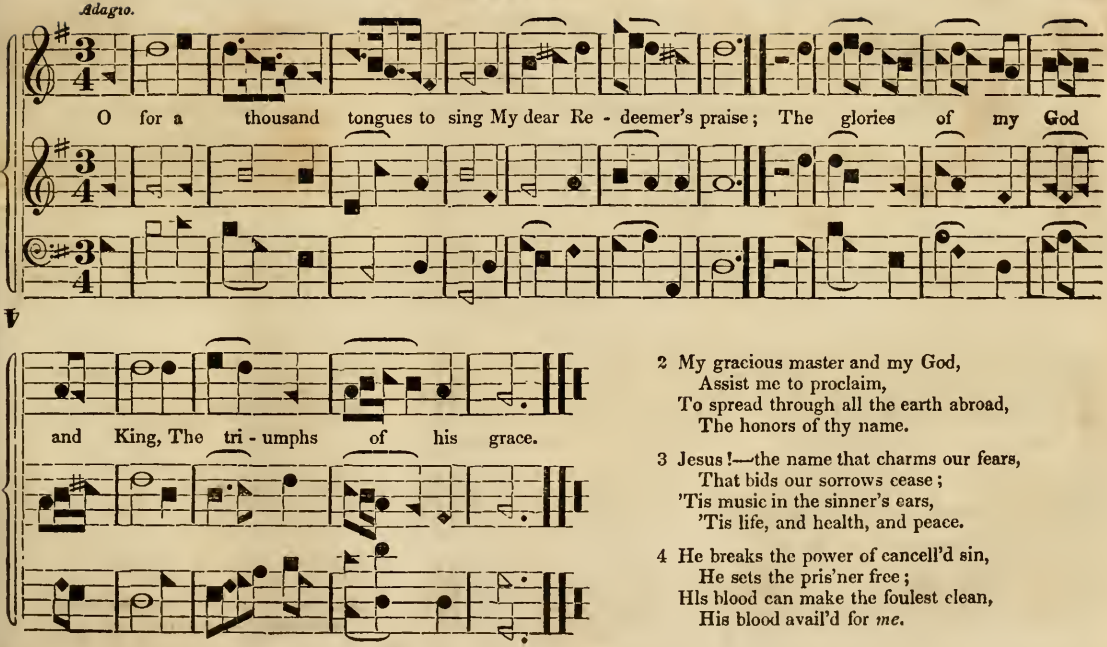
Stanley.

Andante.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made and preserv'd and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires.
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again:
With all thy fulness fill.



2 My gracious master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

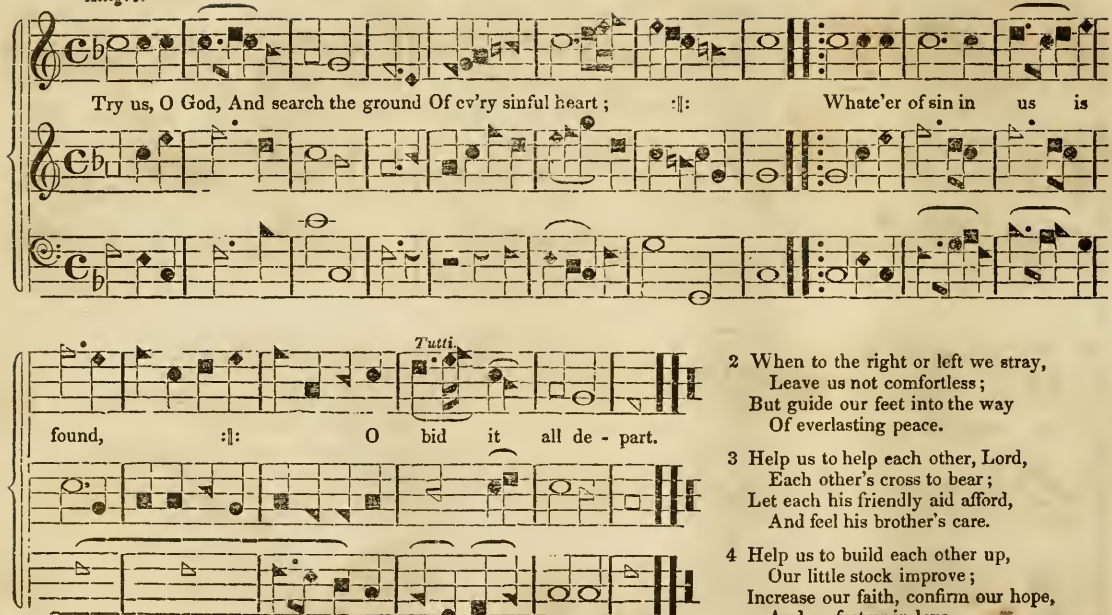
3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

ANAPOLIS. C. M.

J. Cole.

Allegro.



2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

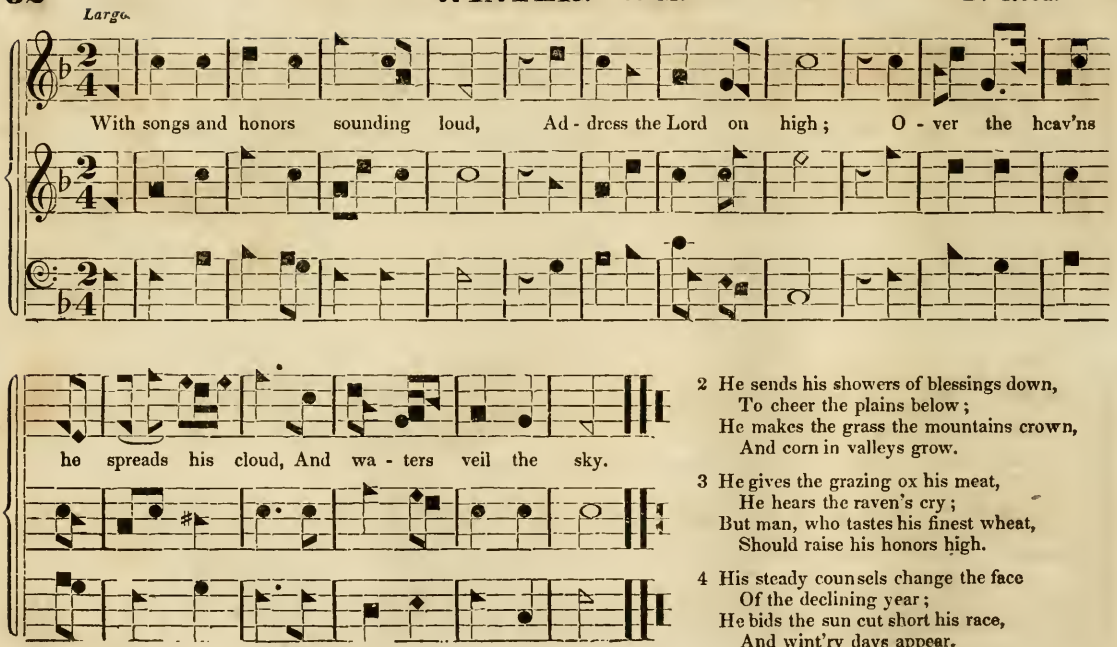
3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Allegro.
Blest be the dear u - ni - ting love, That will not let us part; Our bo - dies
may far off re - move, We still are one in heart. :‖:

WINTER. C. M.

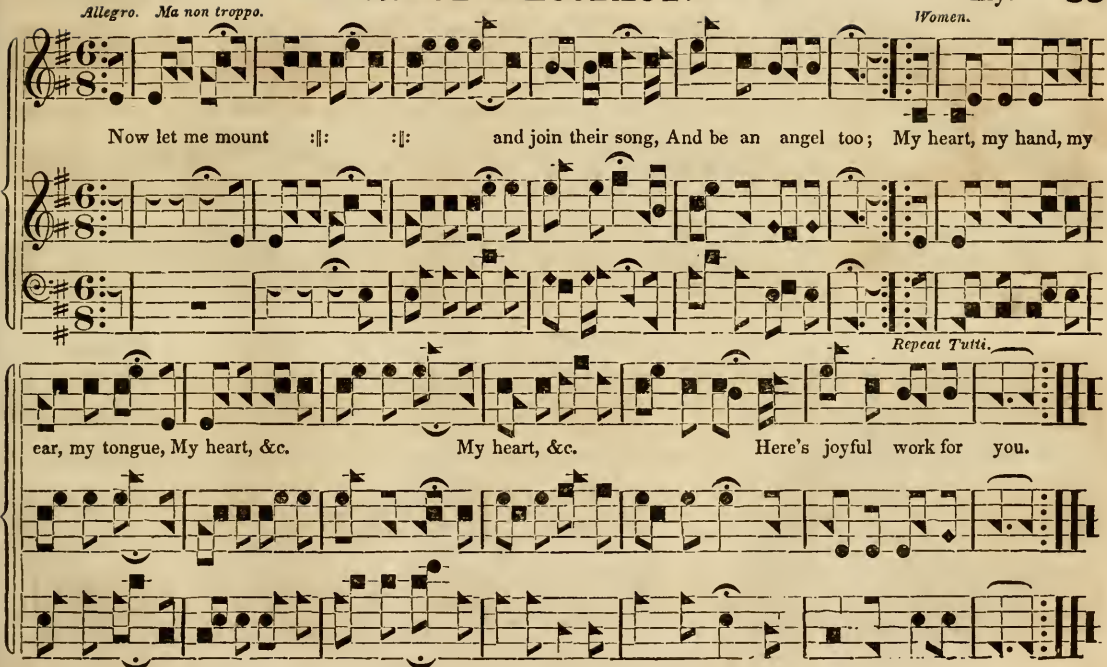
D. Reed.


Largo.
With songs and honors sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns
he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

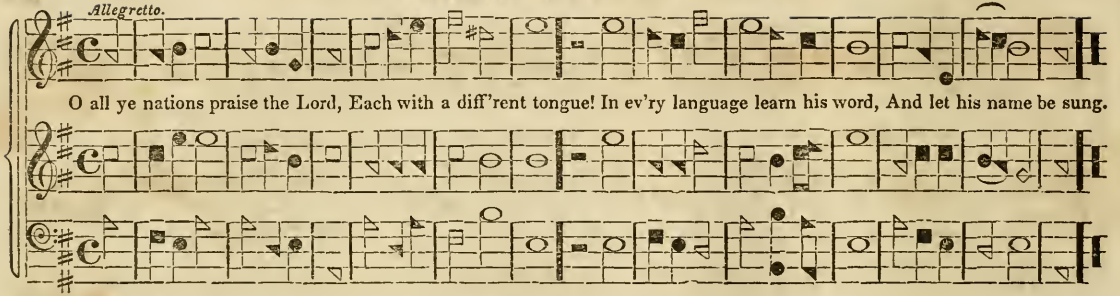
3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.


Allegro. Ma non troppo.
Women.
Now let me mount :‖: :‖: and join their song, And be an angel too; My heart, my hand, my
Repeat Tutti.
ear, my tongue, My heart, &c. My heart, &c. Here's joyful work for you.

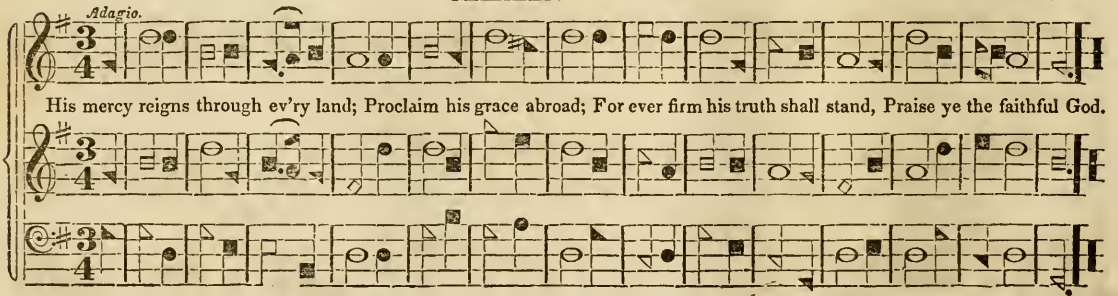
ROCHESTER. C. M.

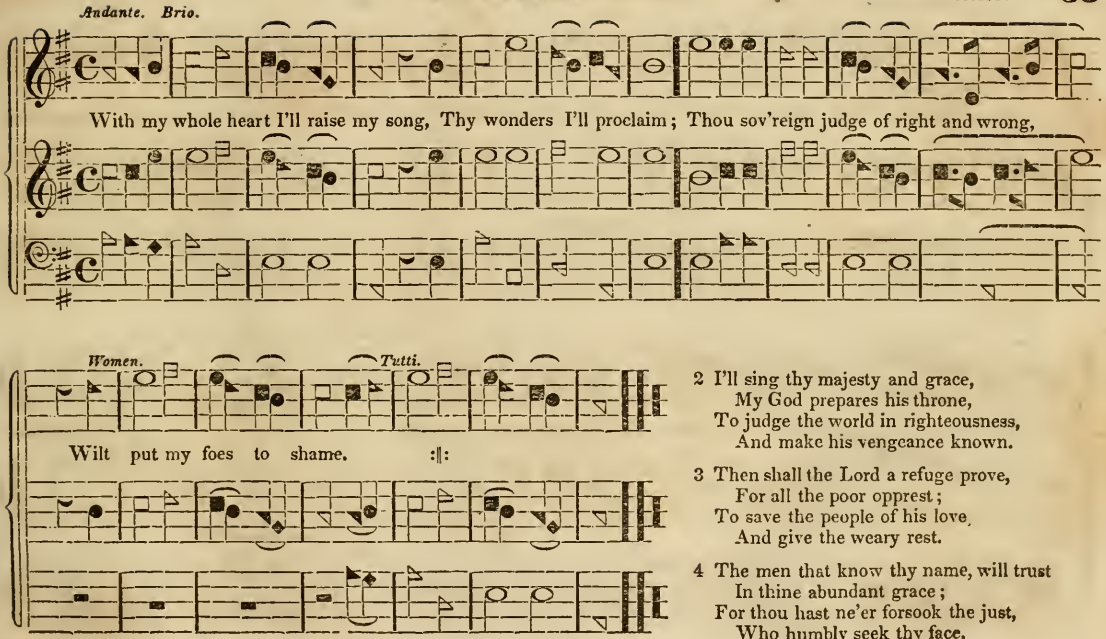
Williams.


Allegretto.
O all ye nations praise the Lord, Each with a diff'rent tongue! In ev'ry language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

MEAR. C. M.

Williams.


Adagio.
His mercy reigns through ev'ry land; Proclaim his grace abroad; For ever firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faithful God.


Andante. Brio.
With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy wonders I'll proclaim; Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong,
Women.
Tutti.
Wilt put my foes to shame. :‖:

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace,
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove,
For all the poor oppress;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thine abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

OVERTON. C. M.

T. Clarke.

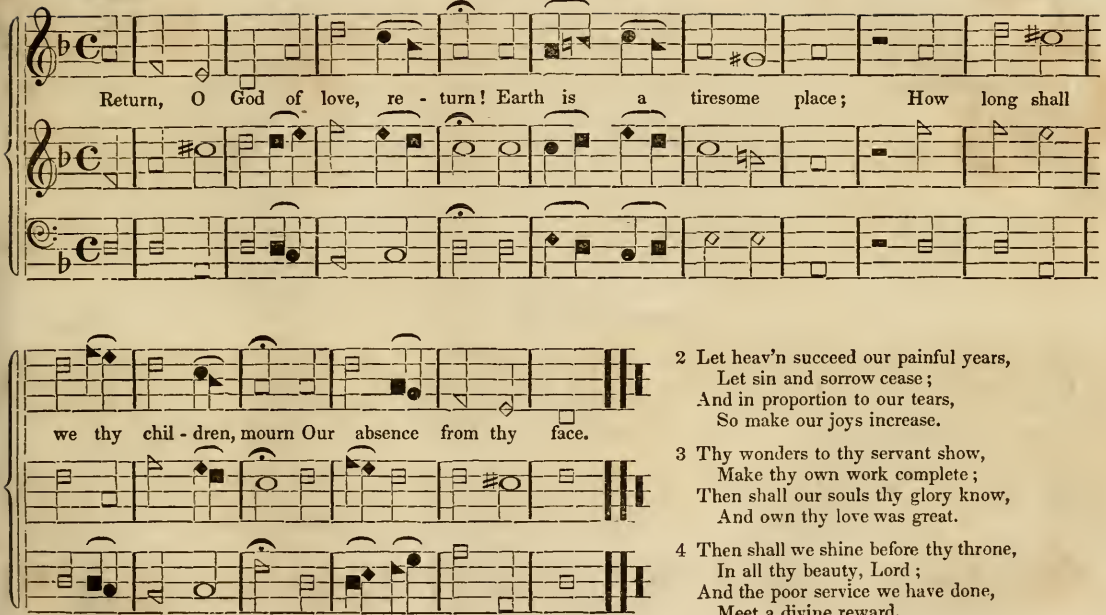
Vivace. Expressivo. *Pia.*

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover, :‖: :‖: round my

Cres. *For*

bed, And waft my spirit home, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft - - - - - my spirit home.

Andante.



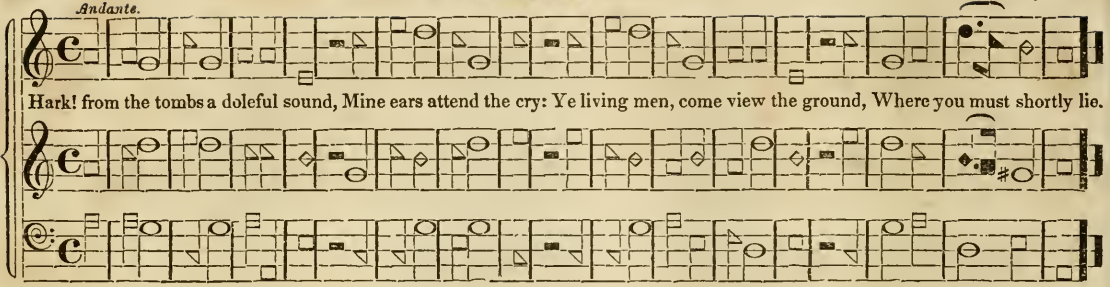
2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servant show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done,
Meet a divine reward.

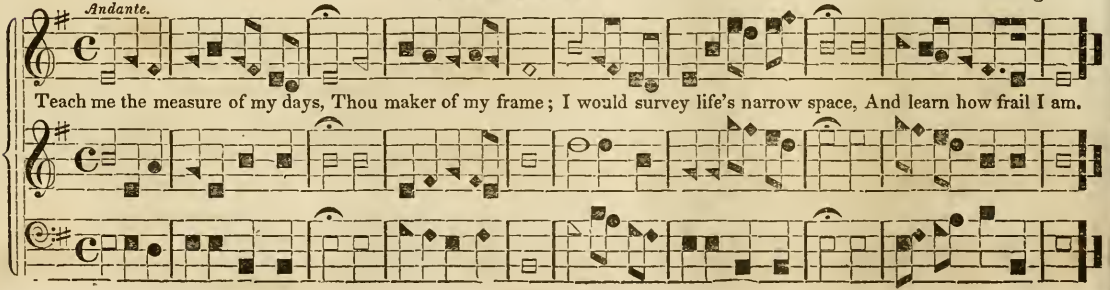
COLESHILL. C. M.

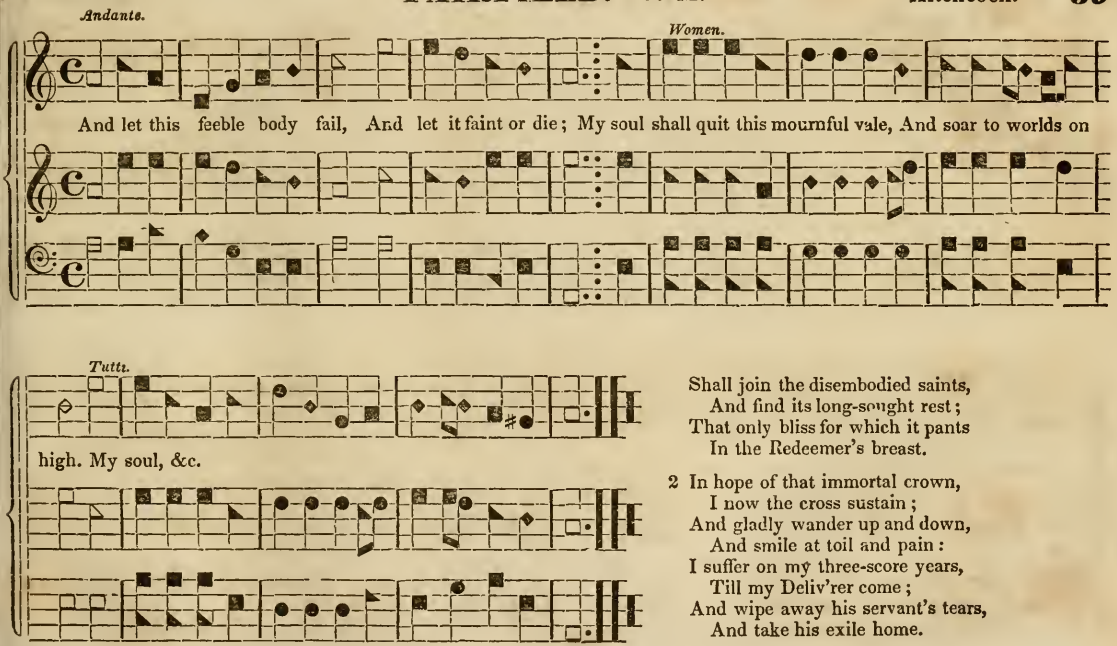
Kirby.


Andante.
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, Mine ears attend the cry: Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

SUFFIELD. C. M.

King.




Andante.
Women.
And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on
Tutti.
high. My soul, &c.

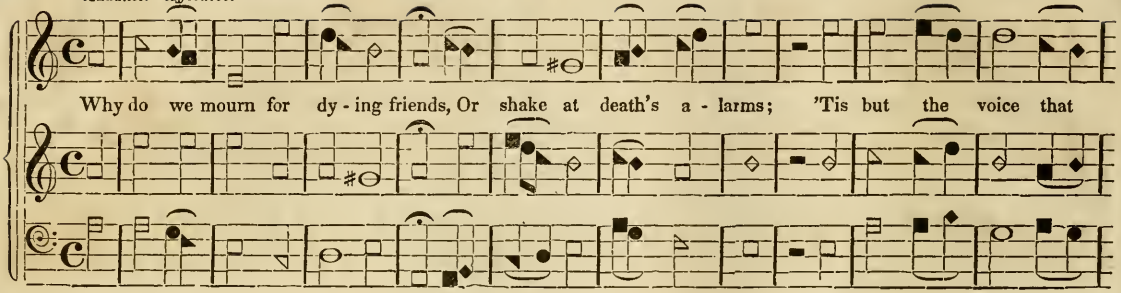
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

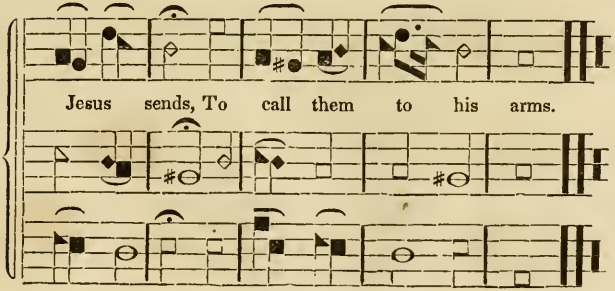
2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

WALSAL. C. M.

Purcell.

Andante. Affetuoso.

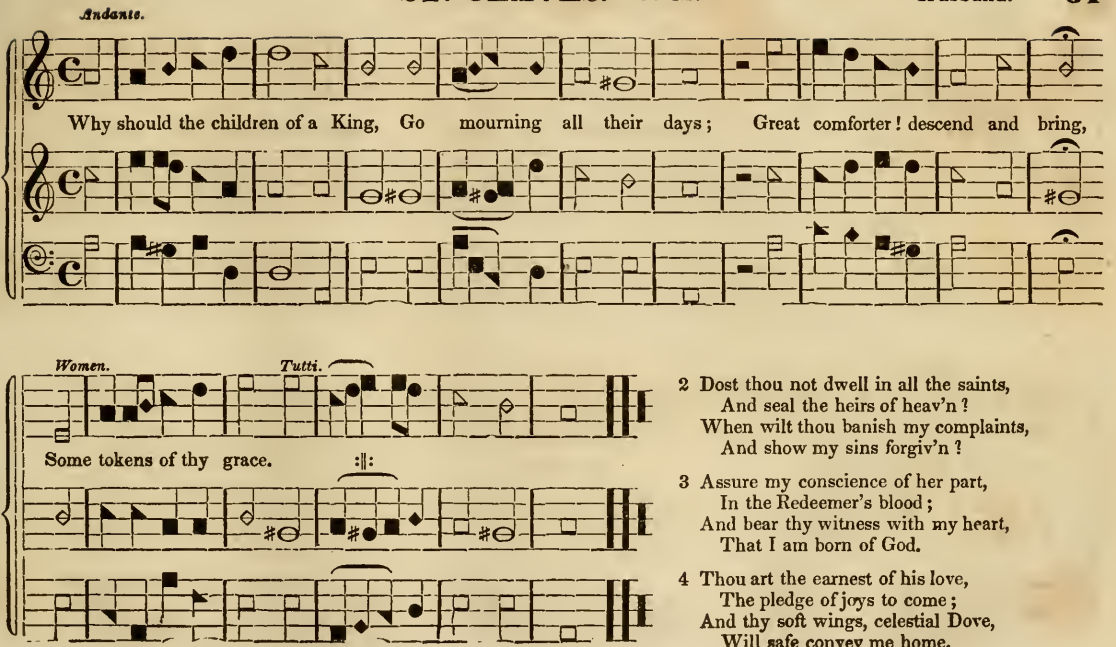




2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

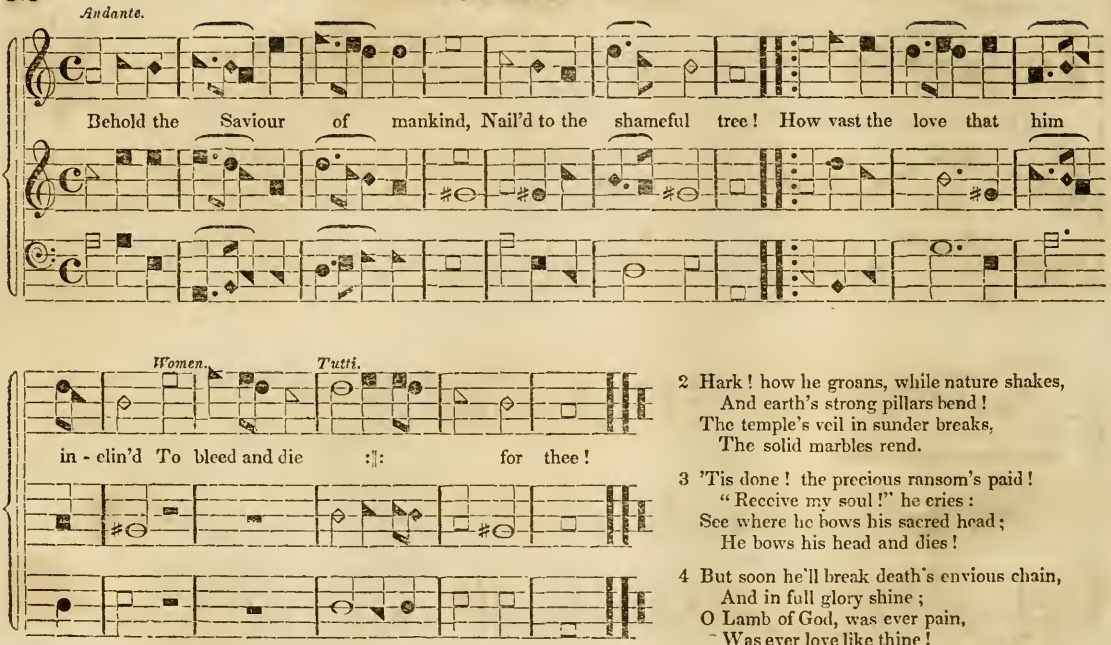

Andante.
Why should the children of a King, Go mourning all their days; Great comforter! descend and bring,
Women.
Tutti.
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

ASBURY. C. M.

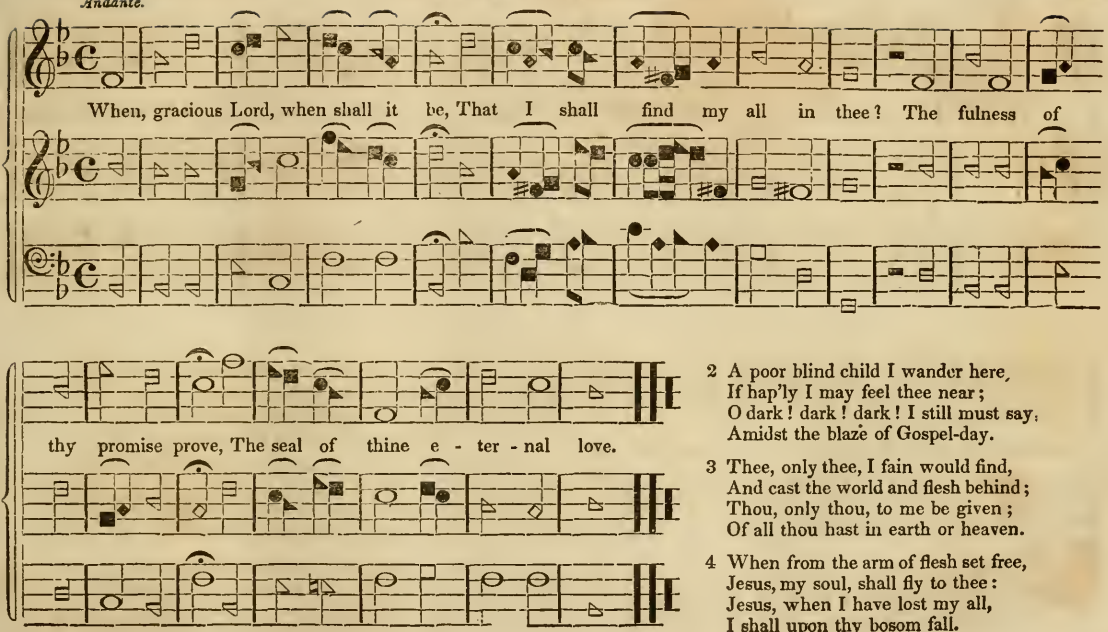

Andante.
Behold the Saviour of mankind, Nail'd to the shameful tree! How vast the love that him
Women.
Tutti.
in - clin'd To bleed and die :‖: for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

Andante.

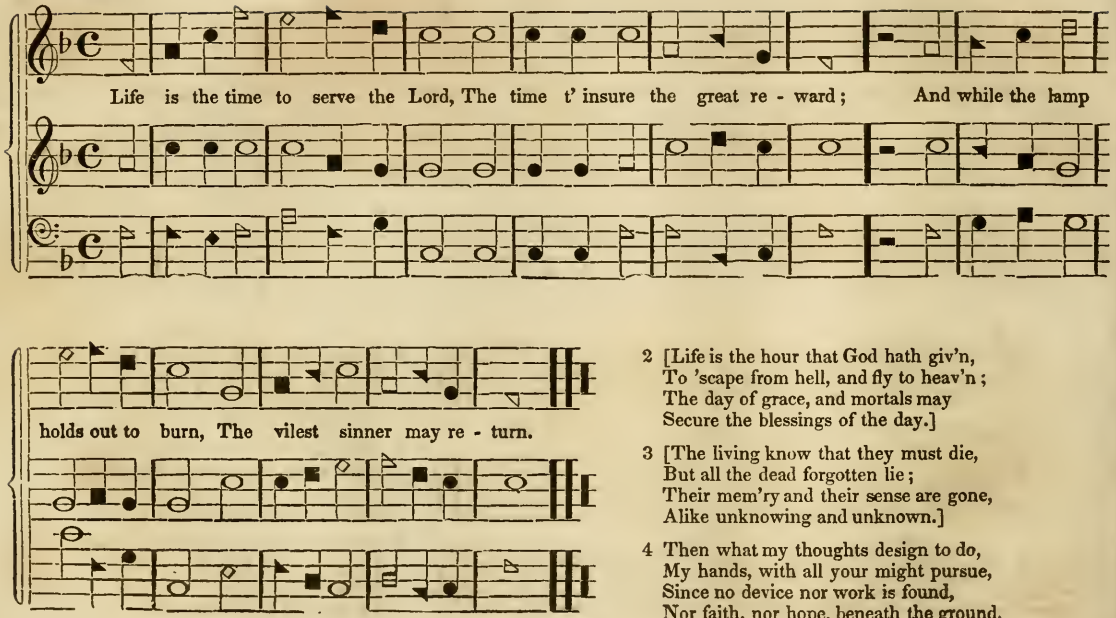

When, gracious Lord, when shall it be, That I shall find my all in thee? The fulness of
thy promise prove, The seal of thine e - ter - nal love.

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If hap'ly I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of Gospel-day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given;
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul, shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

Andante.

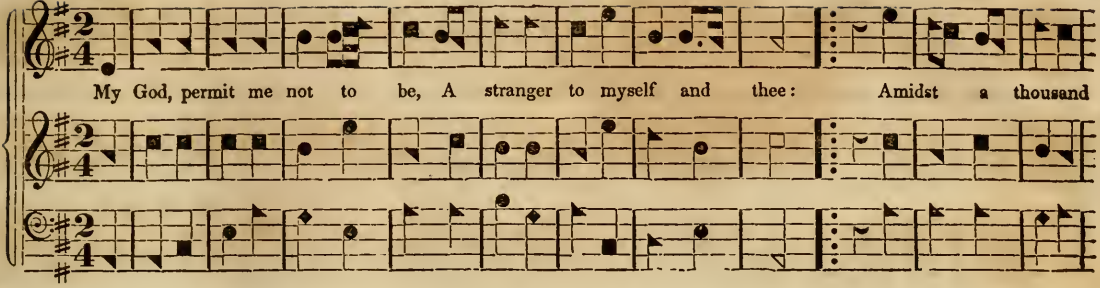

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great re - ward; And while the lamp
holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may re - turn.

2 [Life is the hour that God hath giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 [The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.]

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

Andante.



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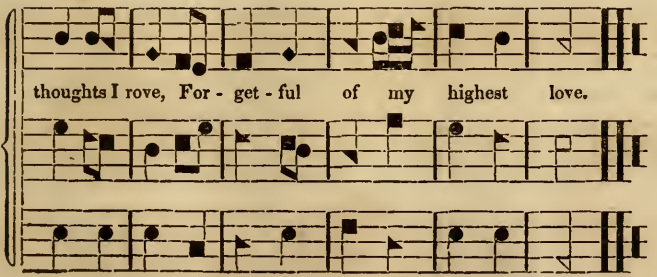


2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

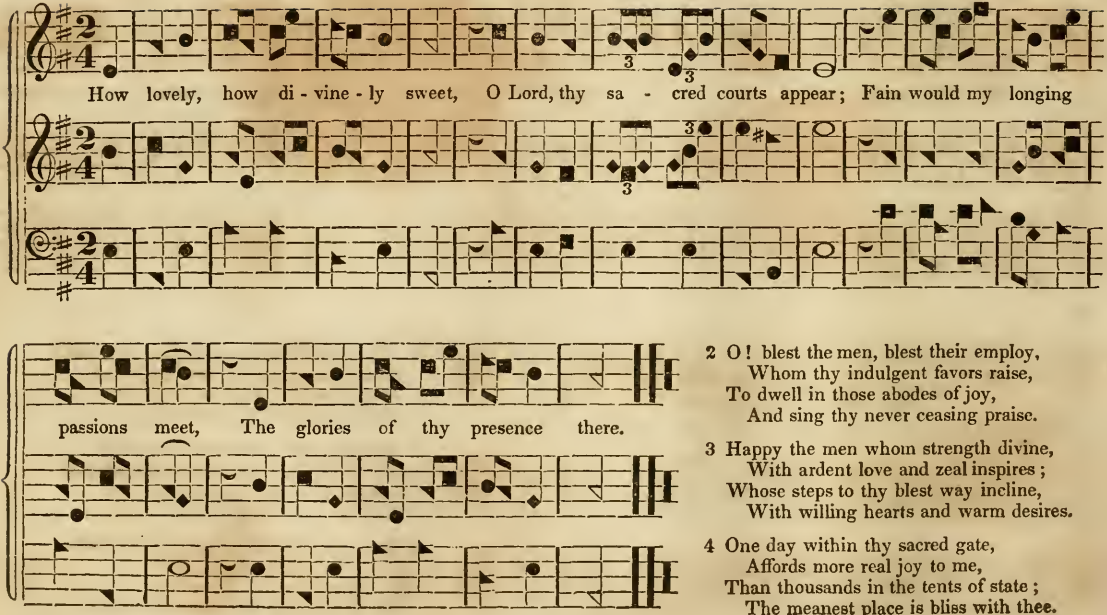
3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.

Largo.

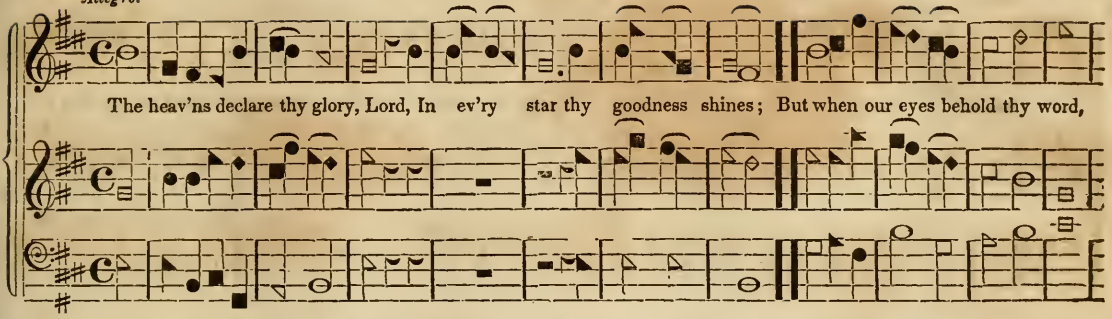

How lovely, how di - vine - ly sweet, O Lord, thy sa - cred courts appear; Fain would my longing
passions meet, The glories of thy presence there.

2 O! blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise,
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never ceasing praise.

3 Happy the men whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

Allegro.


The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, In ev'ry star thy goodness shines; But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines. :‖:

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

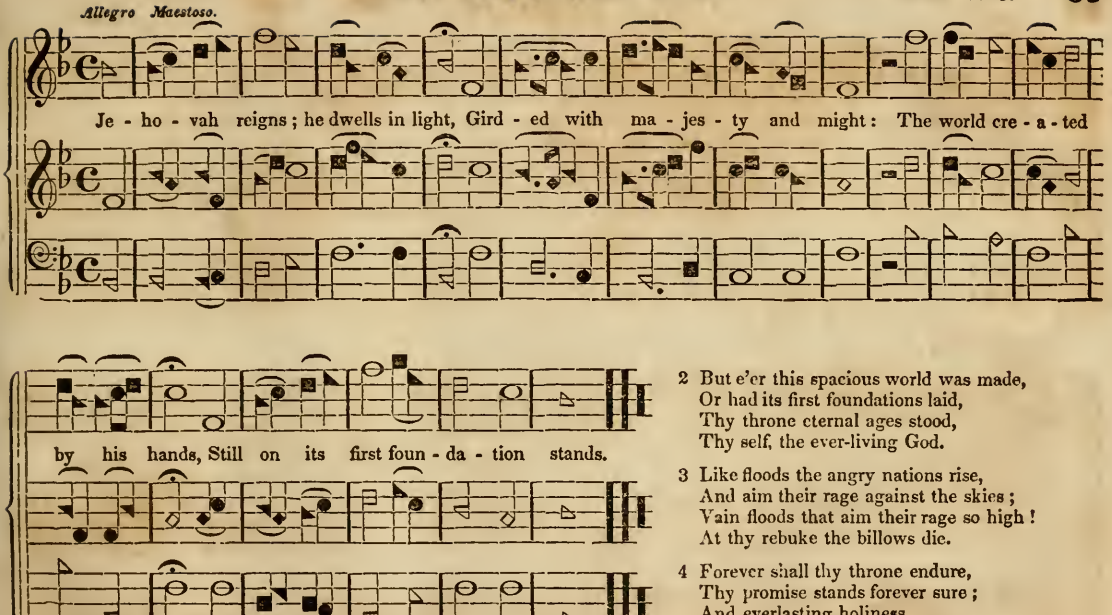
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall the spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

CASTLE STREET. L. M.

Madan.

Andante.
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by
Women.
Tutti.
morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night, And talk of all thy truth by night.

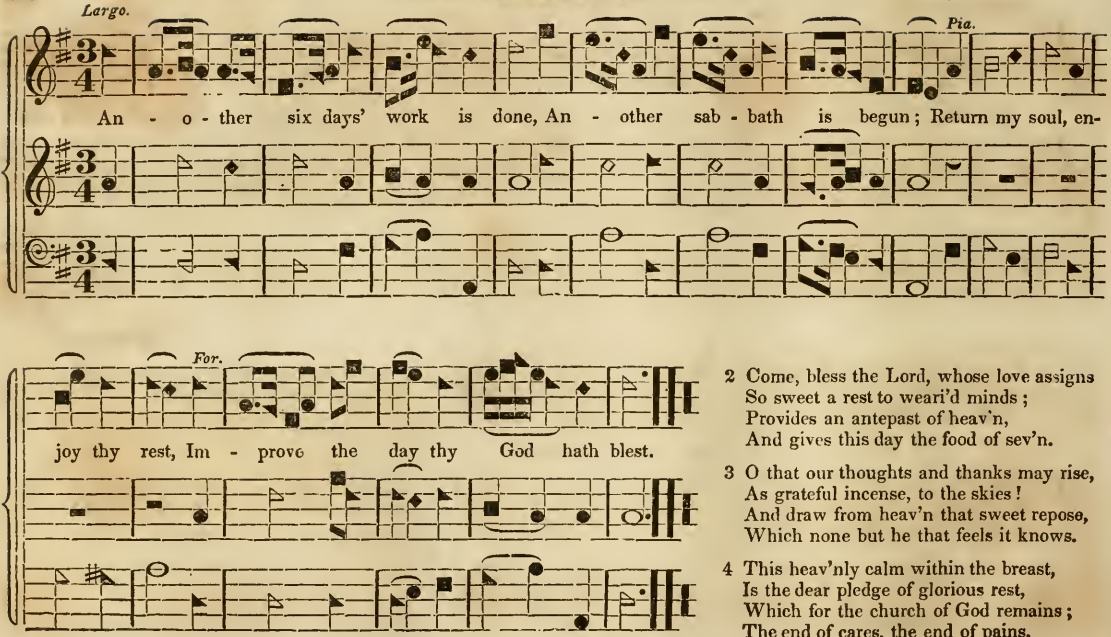

Allegro Maestoso.
Je - ho - vah reigns; he dwells in light, Gird - ed with ma - jes - ty and might: The world cre - a - ted
by his hands, Still on its first foun - da - tion stands.

2 But e'er this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thy self, the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

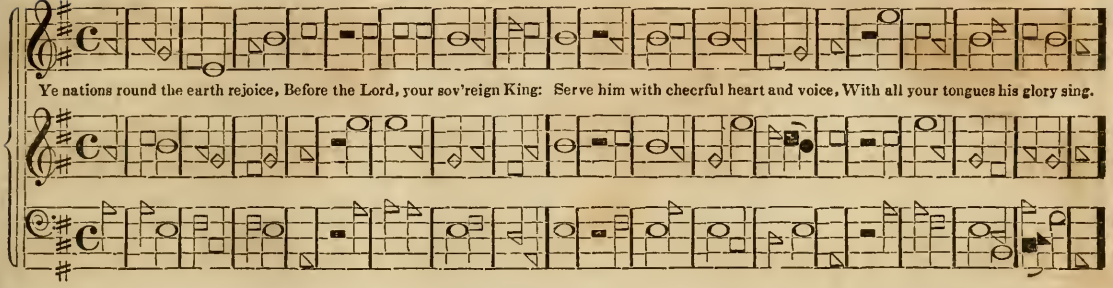

Largo.
Pia.
An - o - ther six days' work is done, An - other sab - bath is begun; Return my soul, en-
For.
joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weari'd minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies!
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heav'nly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

Andante.


Ye nations round the earth rejoice, Before the Lord, your sov'reign King: Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

FOREST. L. M. M. Harmonist.

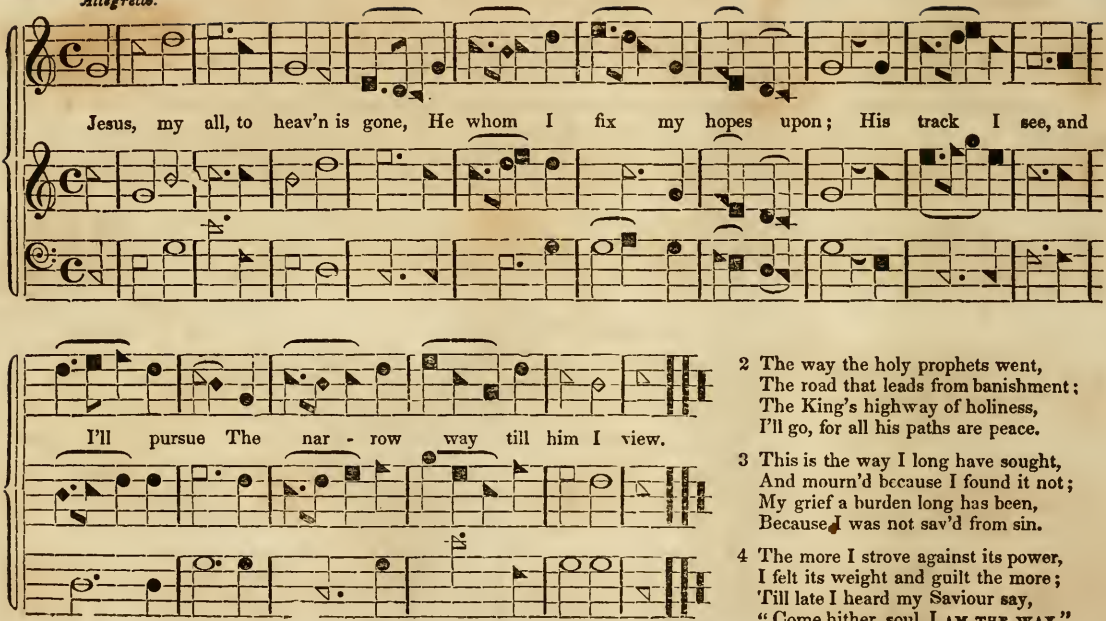
Andante.

Far from my tho'ts vain world begone, Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

ANTIGUA. L. M.

Leach.

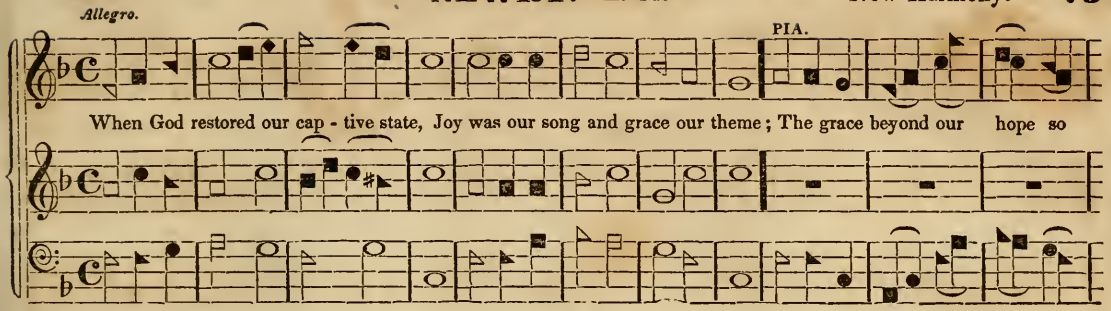
Allegretto.



2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."


Allegro.
PIA.
When God restored our cap - tive state, Joy was our song and grace our theme; The grace beyond our hope so
FOR.
great, That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While, we, with pleasure, shout thy praise.
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Allegro.
Great God, indulge my hum - ble claim, Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries
that compose thy name, Stand all engaged to make me blest. :||:

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy Son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

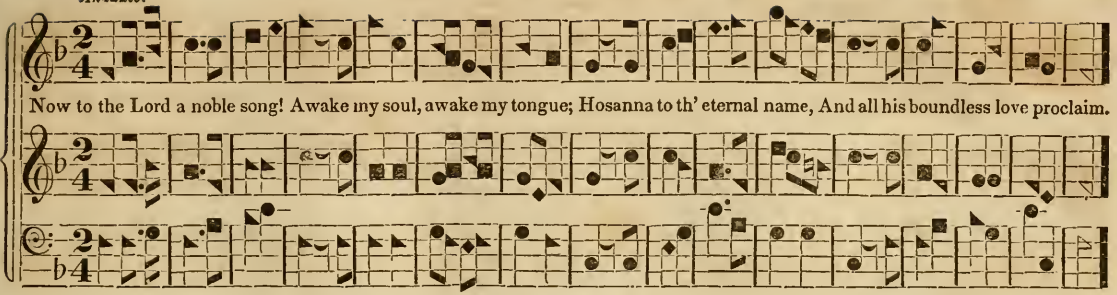
4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

TRURO. L. M.

Handel.

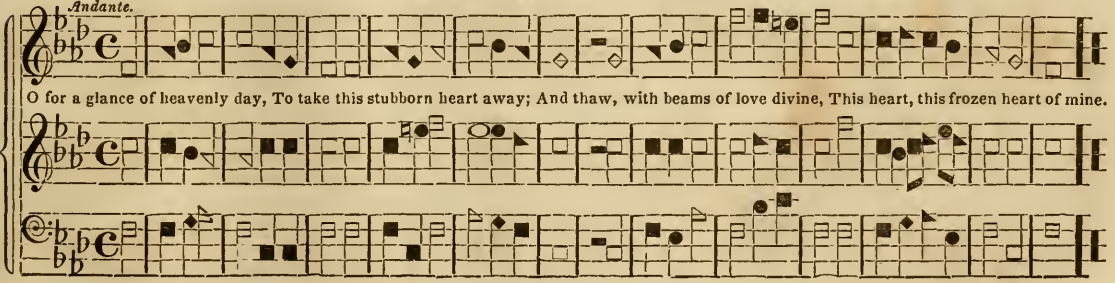
Andante.



WINDHAM. L. M.

Reed.

Andante.


O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away; And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

ALFRETON. L. M.

Andante.

So let our lips and lives express, The ho - ly gospel we profess; So let our works and vir-
tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Allegro. Spiritoso.
Would you be - hold the works of God, His wonders in the worlds abroad? With the bold mariner sur-
Women.
Tutti.
vey The unknown regions of the sea, The unknown re - gions of the sea.

Andante.

Lead - er of faithful souls, and guide Of all that travel to the sky, Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee a - lone rely. On thee a - lone our spirits stay, While held in life's un - even way.

PLYMOUTH DOCK. 6 lines 8.

Andante.
Come, O thou travel - er unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see! My company be - fore is gone, And
I am left alone with thee, With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

BROADMEAD. 6 lines 8.

Shoel.

Allegro
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shep - herd's care,
His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watchful eye.

6

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

MARTIN'S LANE. 6 lines 8. English.

Andante.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began:
Thou, when th' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb,
But God with God, was man with man.

3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain,
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliv'rer, and my God!
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conqu'ring blood.

4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil,
Thy gracious Father's sov'reign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous rev'rence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, Lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace be there.

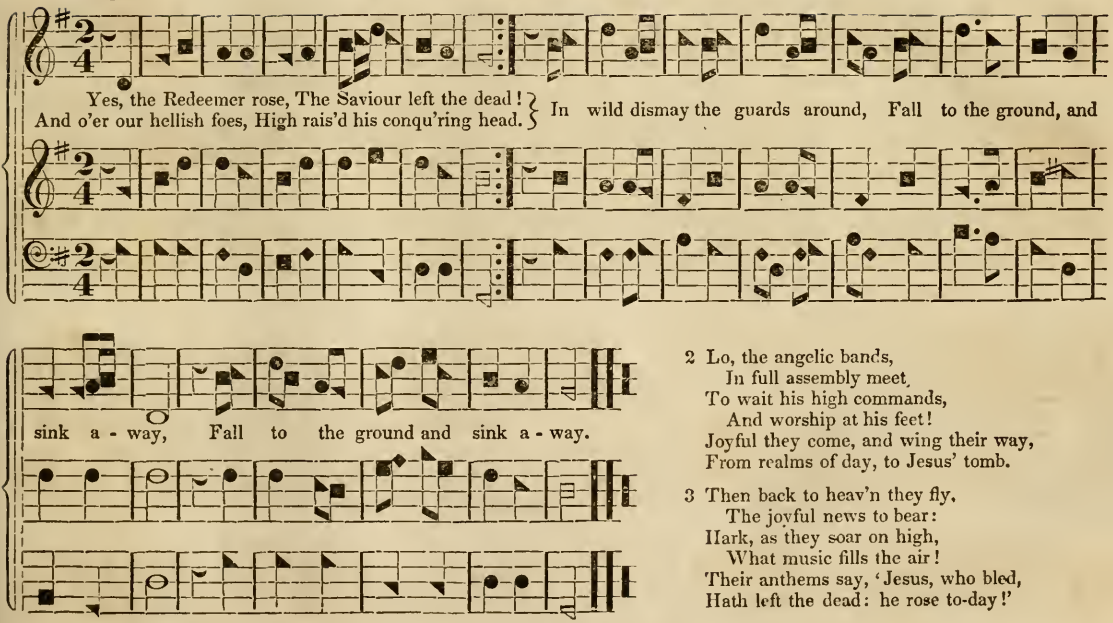
BURNHAM. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Clark.

Andante Maestoso.

Ye virgin souls a - rise! With all the dead a - wake; Unto sal - vation wise, Oil in your vessels take!
Women.
Tutti.
Upstarting at the midnight cry, Upstarting at the midnight cry, Behold, Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh.
Upstarting, &c.

Allegro.


Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead!
And o'er our hellish foes, High rais'd his conqu'ring head.
In wild dismay the guards around, Fall to the ground, and
sink a - way, Fall to the ground and sink a - way.

2 Lo, the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet!
Joyful they come, and wing their way,
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark, as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, 'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead: he rose to-day!'

PORTSMOUTH. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Handel.

Allegro.

Awake our drowsy souls, Shake off each slothful band; The wonders of this day, The wonders of this
day, Our noblest songs demand, :‖: Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays, Bright seraphs hail in

PORTSMOUTH, Concluded.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd;
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd!
Th' angelic host around him bends;
And, 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings,
While earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign."

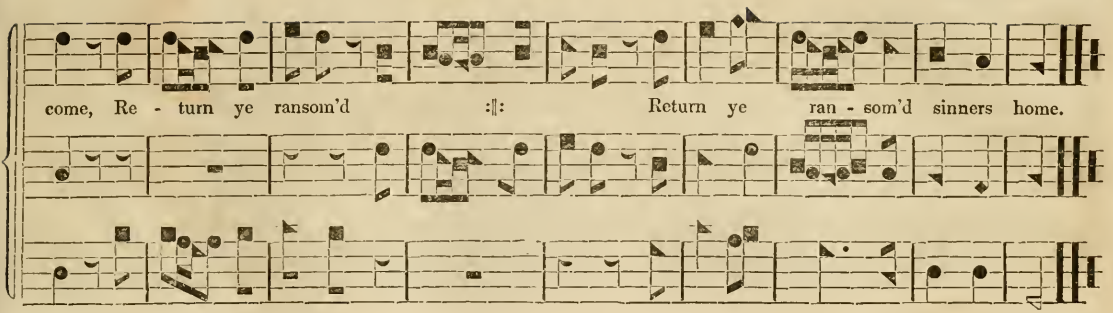
4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conq'ring car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell, in triumph lead.

DUNSTABLE. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Clark.

Andante. Spiritoso.

Blow ye the trum - pet, blow The gladly solemn sound, Let all the na - tions know,
To earth's ro - mo - test bound. The year of Jubi - lee is come, The year of Jubi - lee is



2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

BETHESDA. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Green.

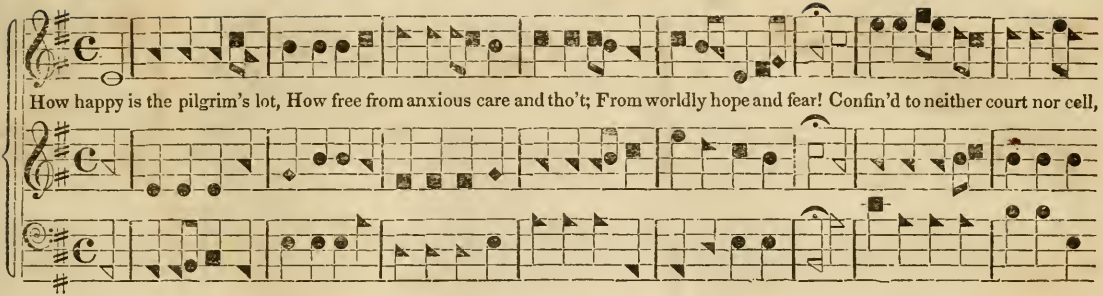
Moderato.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re - motest bound;
The year of Jubi - lee is come, Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for naught,
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Andante.

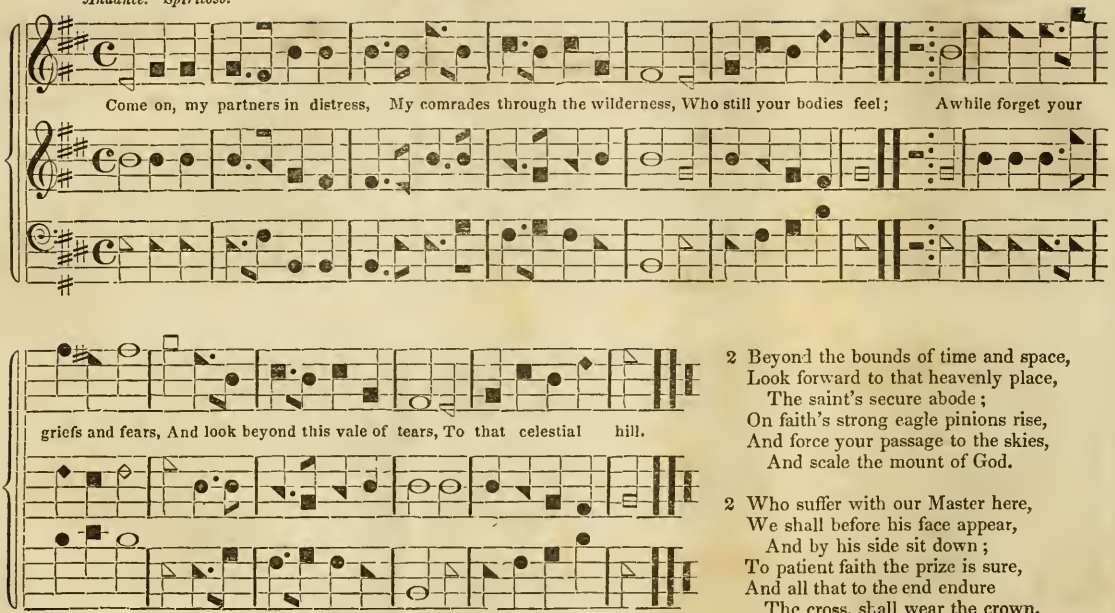

How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and tho't; From worldly hope and fear! Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature-love;
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good:
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant,
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

GORHAM.* 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. M. Harmonist.

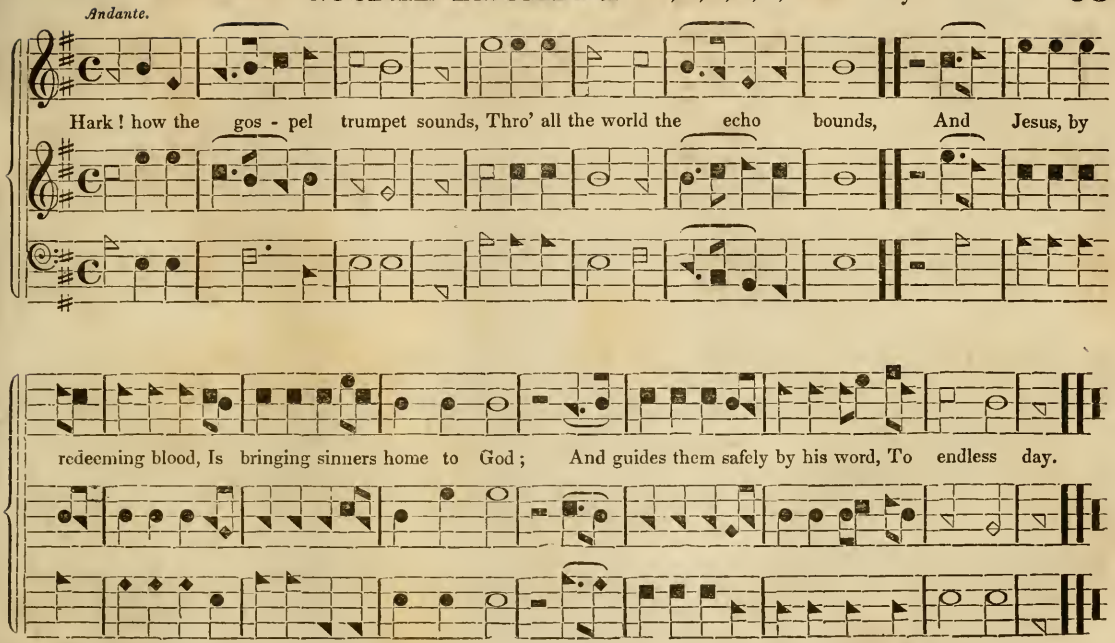
Andante. Spiritoso.


Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel; Awhile forget your
griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

2 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

* This tune is also called Ganges, and Indian Philosopher.


Andante.
Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds, Thro' all the world the echo bounds, And Jesus, by
redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners home to God; And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

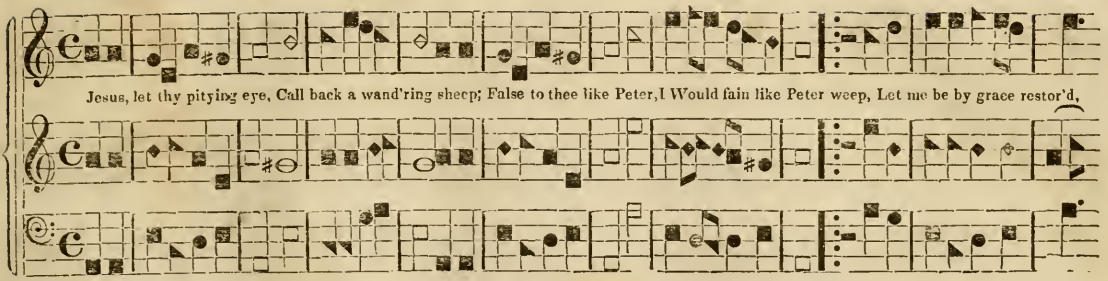
ZUARA. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

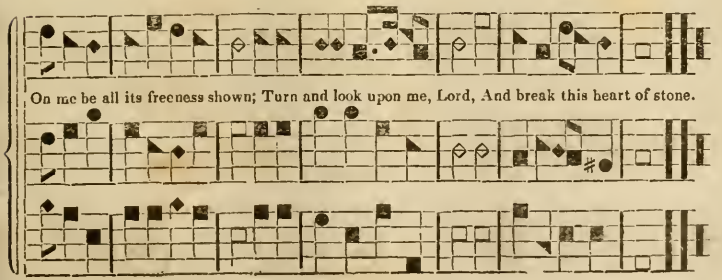
Clark.

Andante.

O glorious hope of perfect love, It lifts me up to things above; It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some moments feast, With Jesus' priests and kings.

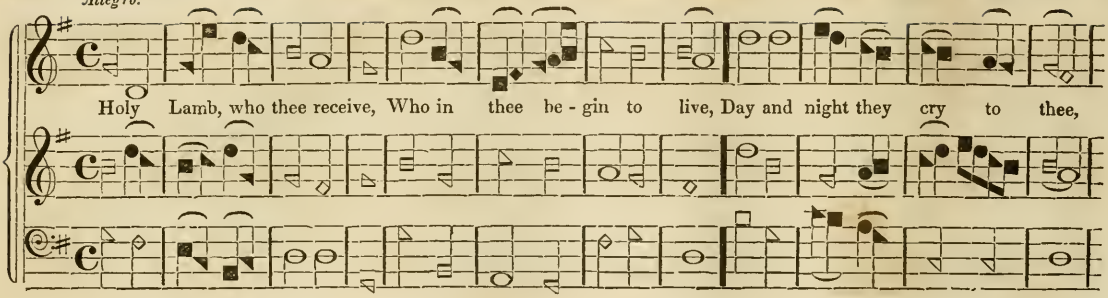
Adagio. Affetuoso.


Jesus, let thy pitying eye, Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep, Let me be by grace restor'd,



2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Allegro.

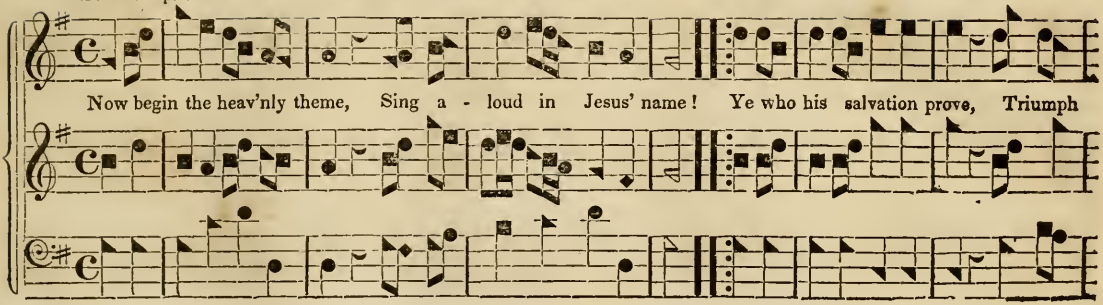


2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Andante Spiritoso.



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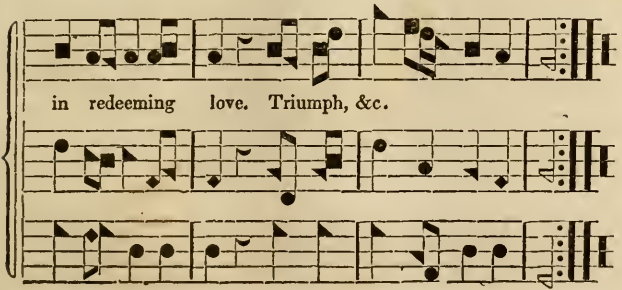


2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

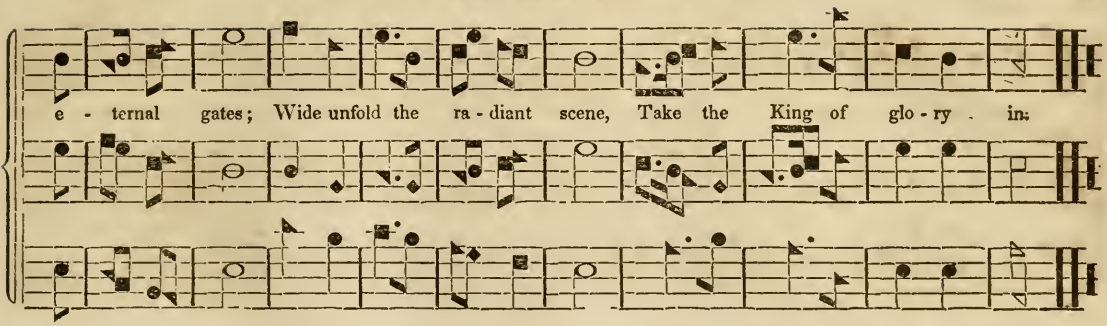
3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears:
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

MIDDLETOWN. 8 lines 7.

Andante.

Hail the day that saw him rise, Rav - ish'd from our wishful eyes; Christ a-
while to mortals giv'n, Re - ascends his native heav'n, There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads



2 Him, though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

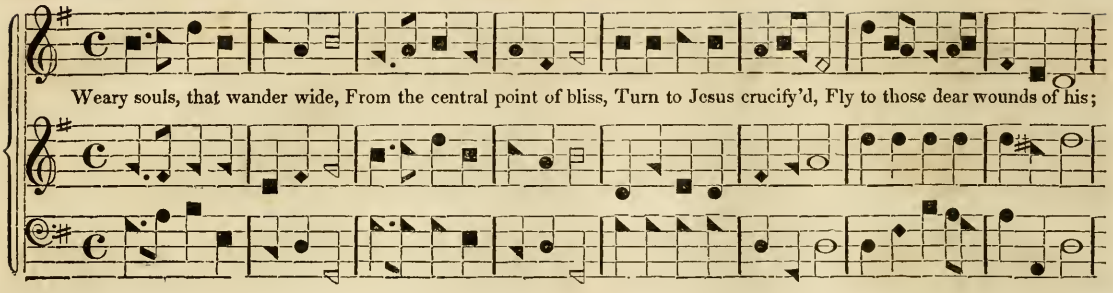
3 Master (may we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

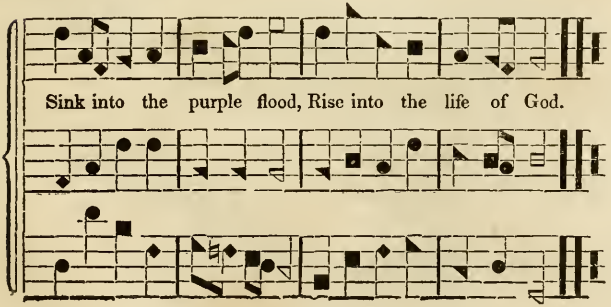
4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping, after home;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

FINEDON. 6 lines 7.

Lockhart.

Andante.

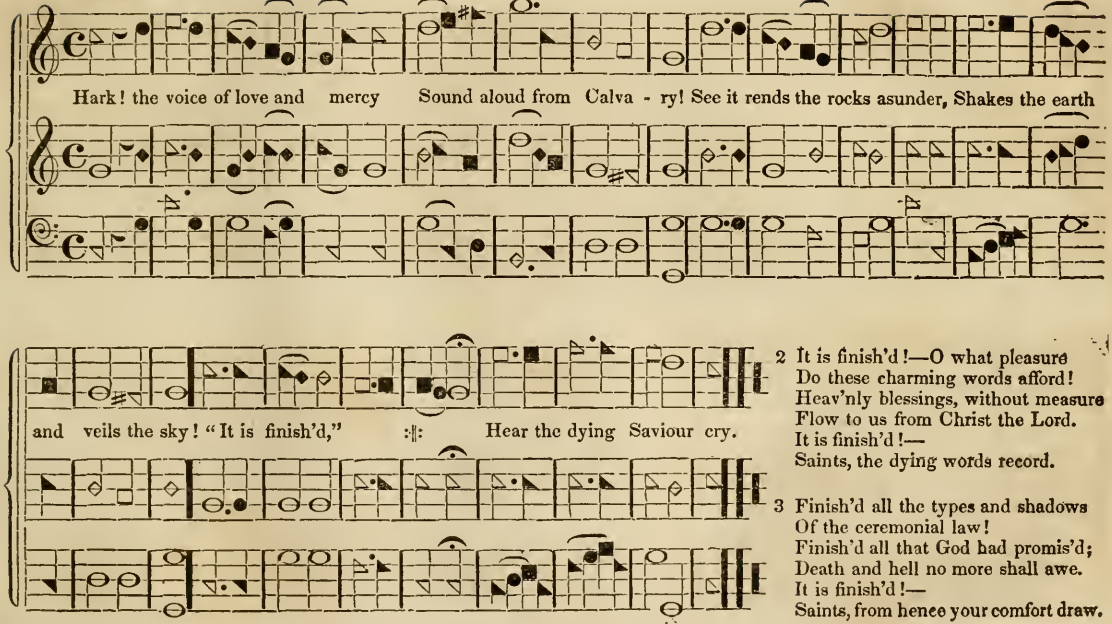




2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath giv'n;
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heav'n;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

Allegro.


Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sound aloud from Calva - ry! See it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth
and veils the sky! "It is finish'd," :‖: Hear the dying Saviour cry.

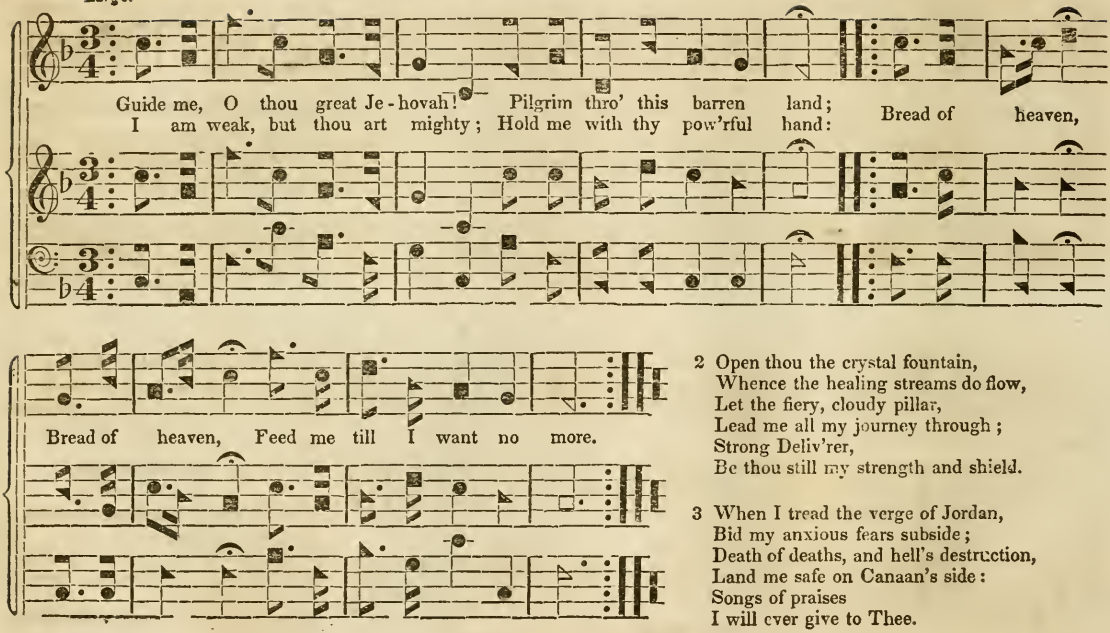
2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

TAMWORTH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

C. Lockhart.

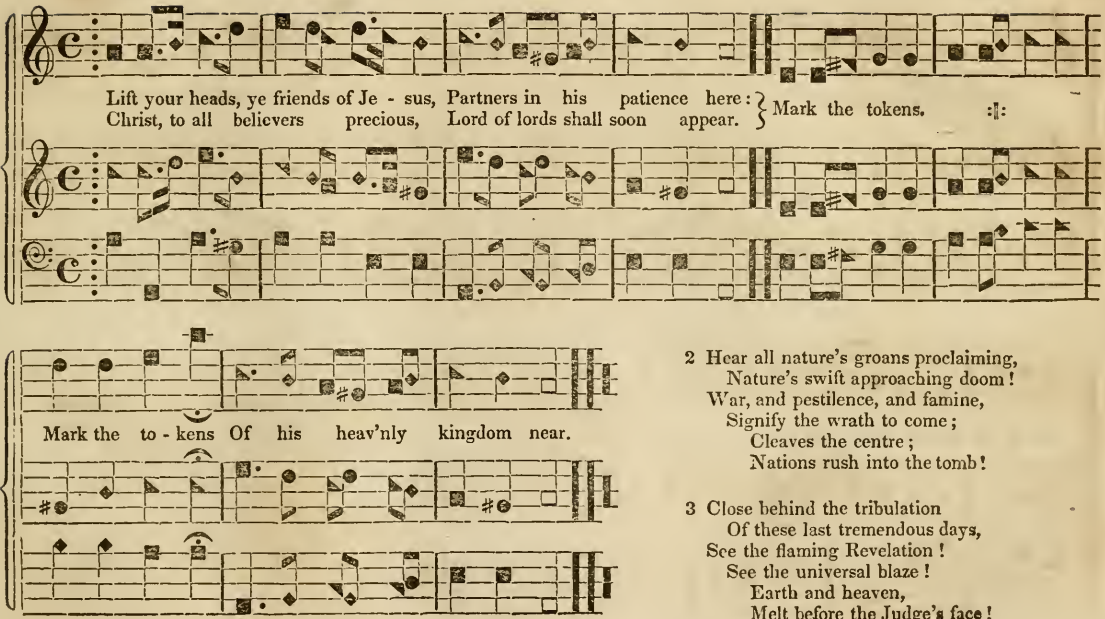
Largo.


Guide me, O thou great Je-hovah! Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Adagio.


Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all believers precious, Lord of lords shall soon appear.
Mark the tokens. :‖:
Mark the to - kens Of his heav'nly kingdom near.

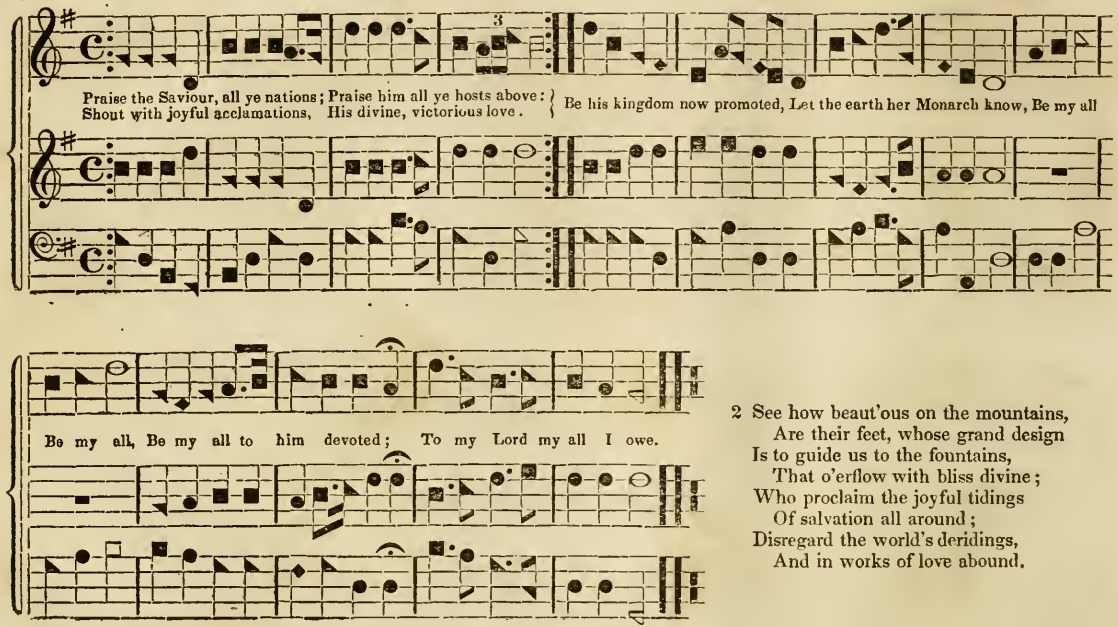
2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming,
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre;
Nations rush into the tomb!

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of these last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven,
Melt before the Judge's face!

JEWIN STREET. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

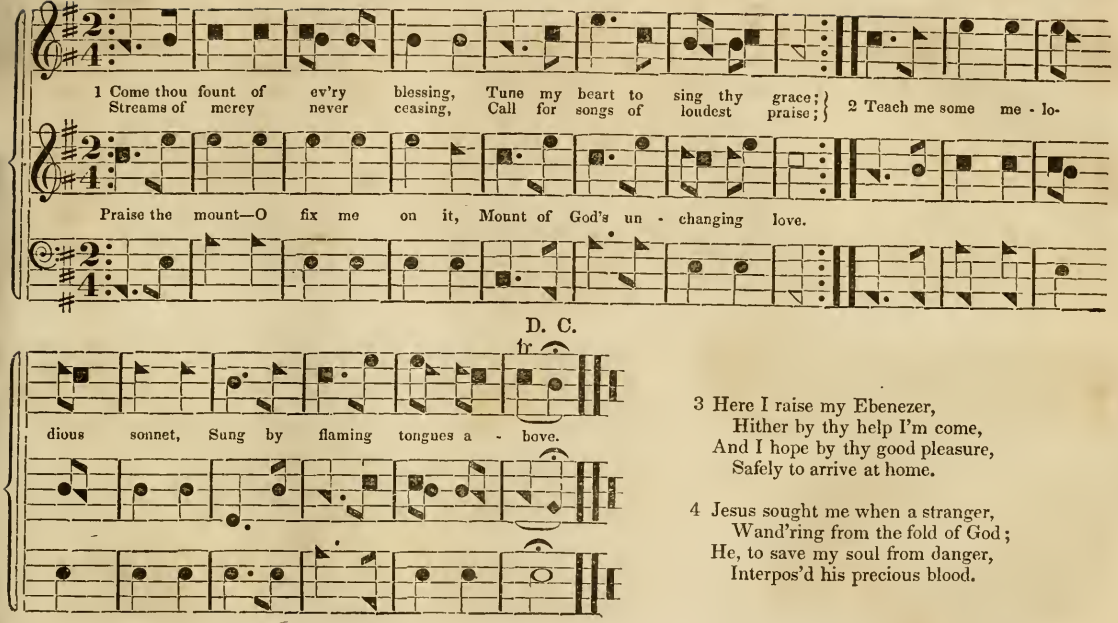
Billings.

Andante. Mezza Voce.


Praise the Saviour, all ye nations; Praise him all ye hosts above:
Shout with joyful acclamations, His divine, victorious love.
Be his kingdom now promoted, Let the earth her Monarch know, Be my all
Be my all, Be my all to him devoted; To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beaut'ous on the mountains,
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains,
That o'erflow with bliss divine;
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around;
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

Andante.


1 Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2 Teach me some me - lo-
Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un - changing love.
D. C.
tr
dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove.

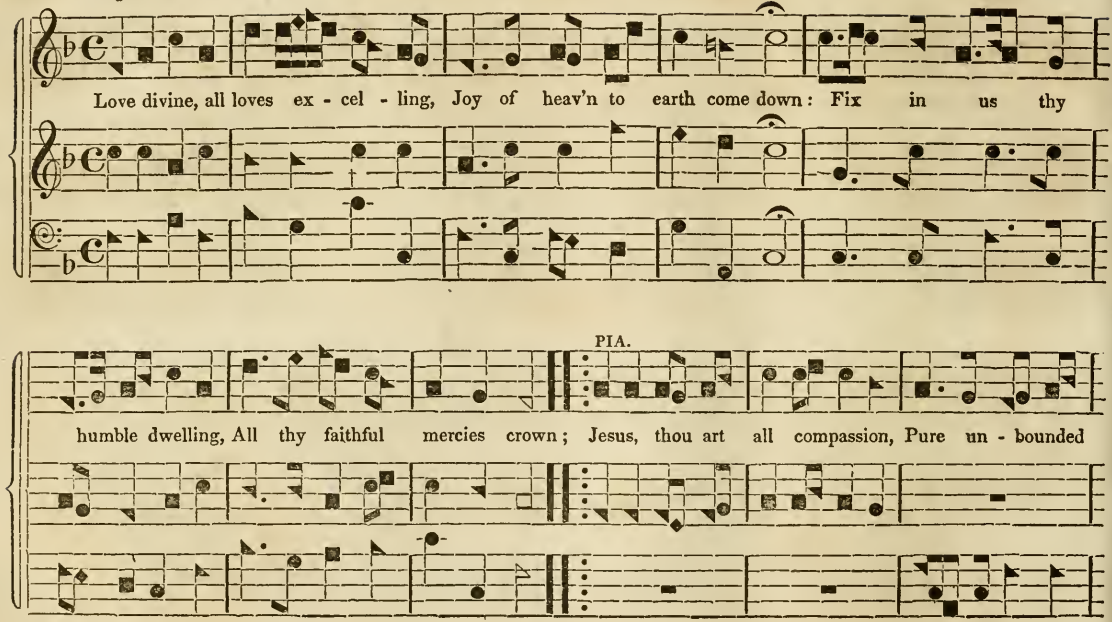
3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

QUEENSBOROUGH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Milgrove.

Adagio. Mezza Voce.


Love divine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down: Fix in us thy
PIA.
humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure un - bounded

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at Liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd in thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Italian.

Andante.

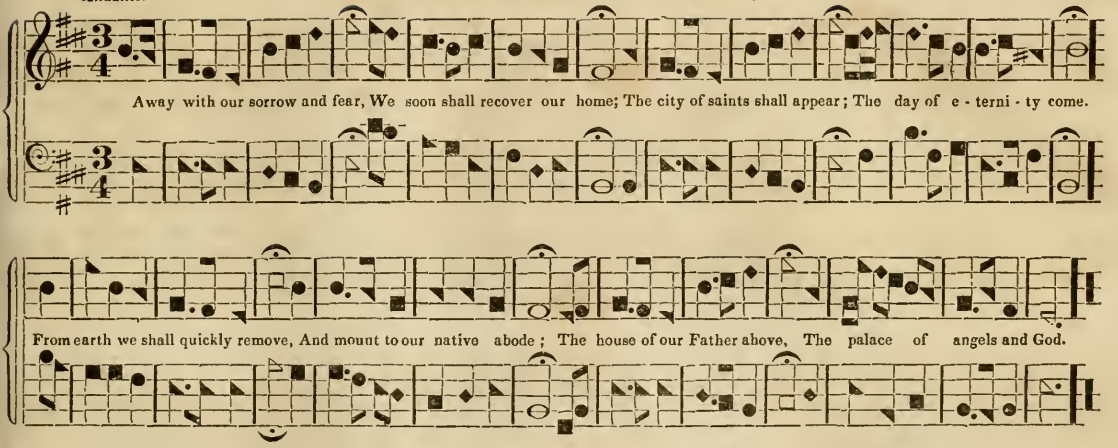
Women.

Repeat Tutti.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,—
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Andante.


Away with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recover our home; The city of saints shall appear; The day of e - terni - ty come.
From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode; The house of our Father above, The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When rais'd by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air,
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

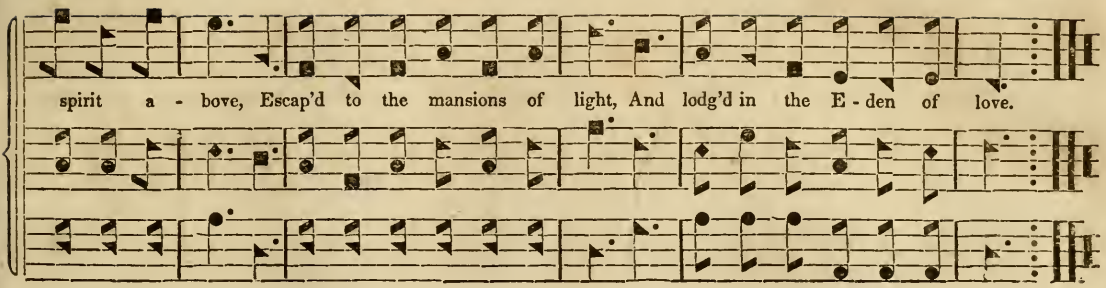
4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

ANAPOLIS. P. M.

Ely.

Adagio.

Rejoice for a brother deceas'd; Our loss is his infinite gain! A soul out of prison re-
leas'd, And freed from its bodily chain. With songs let us fol - low his flight, And mount with his



2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath:
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heav'n they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

BOURTON. 10, 11, 10, 11.

Keene.

Andante.

8

2 I languish and pine for the comfort divine!
O when shall I say my beloved is mine!
I've chose the good part; my portion thou art;
O love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart sighs; nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought; thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say, without money you may
Receive it, whoever, hath nothing to pay;
Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

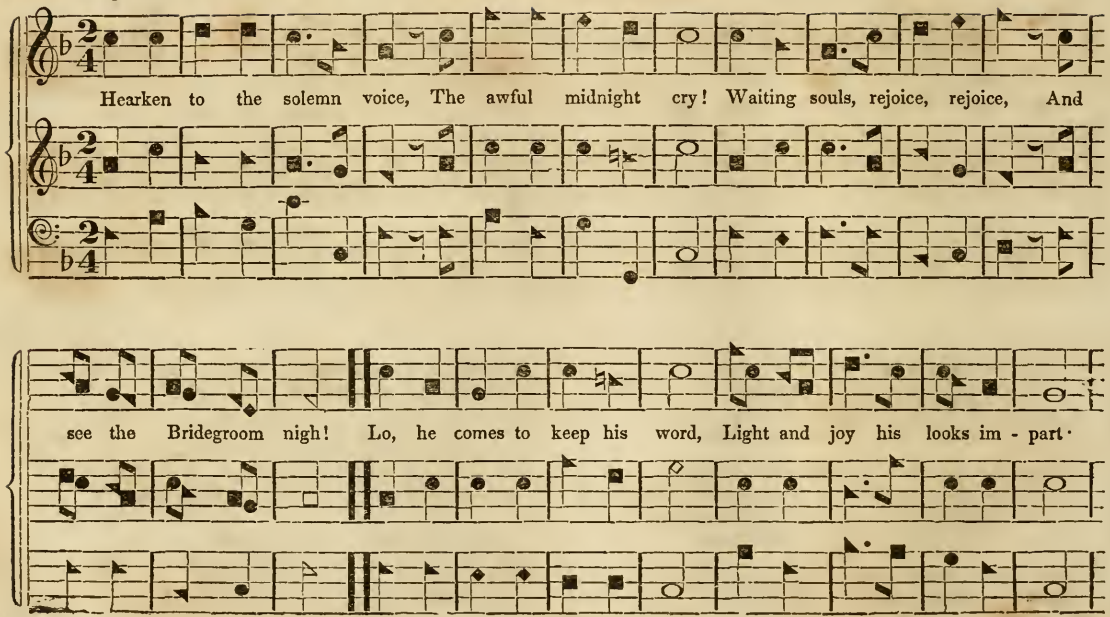
5 The blessing is free—so, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love should be giv'n to me;
I freely receive what thou freely dost give,
And consent to thy love, in thine Eden to live.

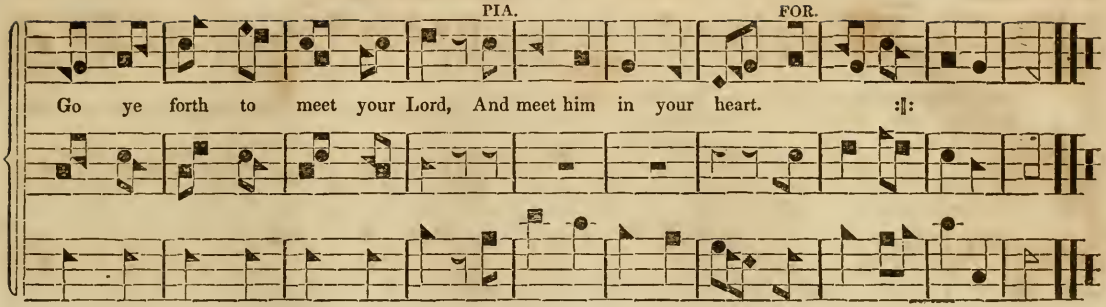
6 The gift I embrace, the giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus' grace:
It came from above; the foretaste I prove;
And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

PENSFORD. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

Clark.

Allegro.


Hearken to the solemn voice, The awful midnight cry! Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice, And
see the Bridegroom nigh! Lo, he comes to keep his word, Light and joy his looks im - part·



2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes and bids you hope!
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo, he brings you sure relief,
Believe and feel him here.

3 Ye, whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

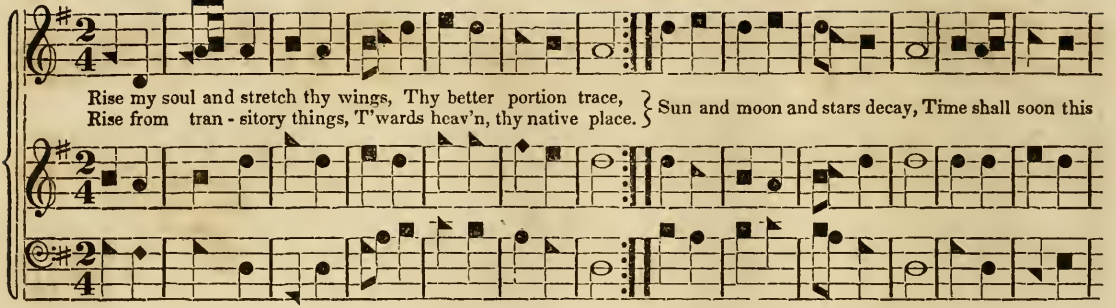
4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up,
To meet the general doom;
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

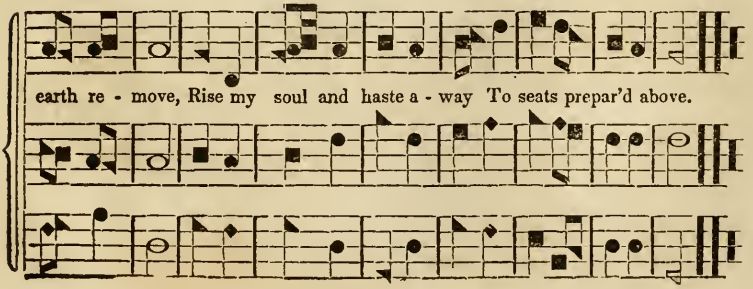
5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him, the Judge of all mankind,
Shall bear triumphant home.
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
'Rise, and come to Judgment!' Lord,
We rise and come away.

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

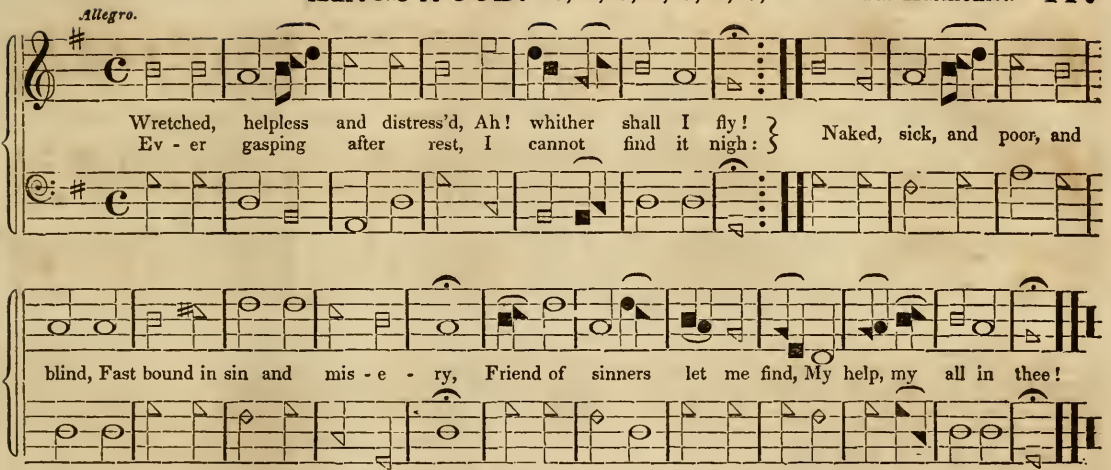
Williams.

Andante.


Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from tran - sitory things, T'wards heav'n, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this



2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.


Allegro.
Wretched, helpless and distress'd, Ah! whither shall I fly!
Ev - er gasping after rest, I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and
blind, Fast bound in sin and mis - e - ry, Friend of sinners let me find, My help, my all in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint;
Full of putrifying sores,
Of bruises and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

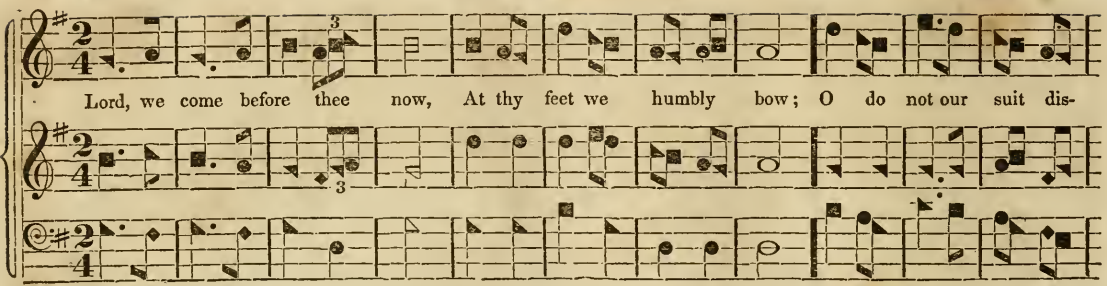
3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away,
Turn my darkness into light;
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone;
Unrenew'd, and unrestor'd,
I have not thee put on;
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love.

COOKHAM. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Rippon.

Andante.

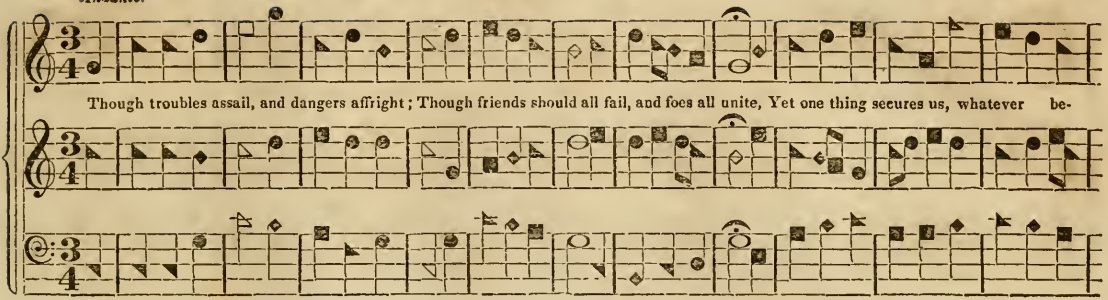


2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Andante.


Though troubles assail, and dangers affright; Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-
tide, The promise as - sures us The Lord will pro - vide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

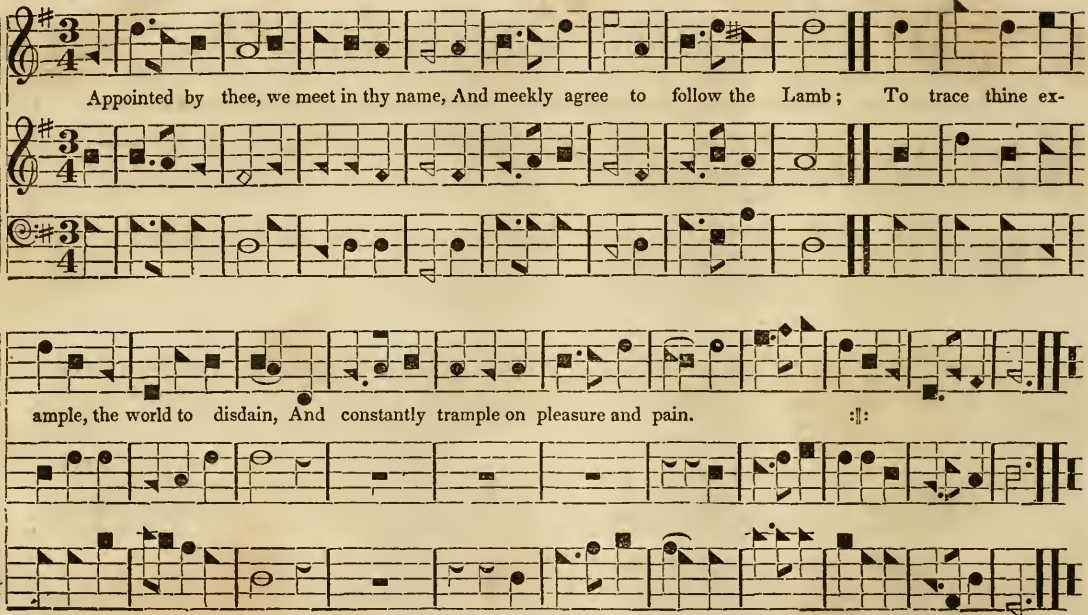
3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be toss'd,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

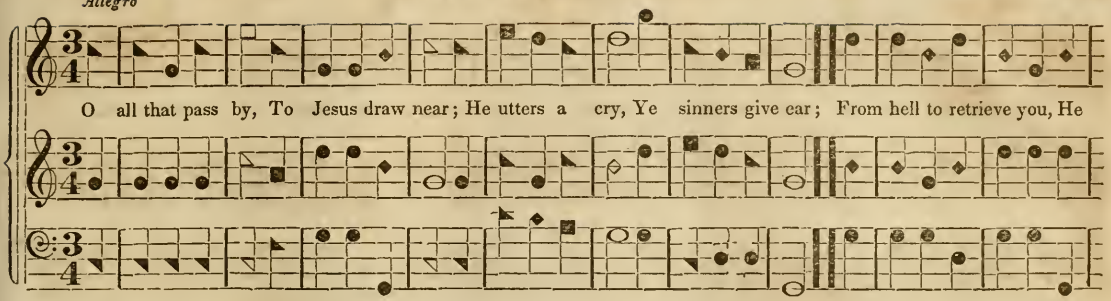
ROSELAND. 10, 10, 11, 11.

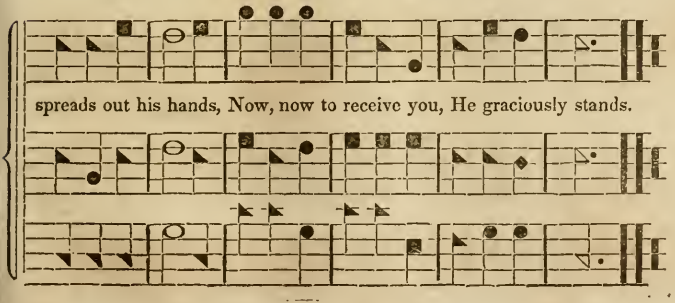
Clark.

Andante.


Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly agree to follow the Lamb; To trace thine ex-
ample, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain. :‖:

Allegro



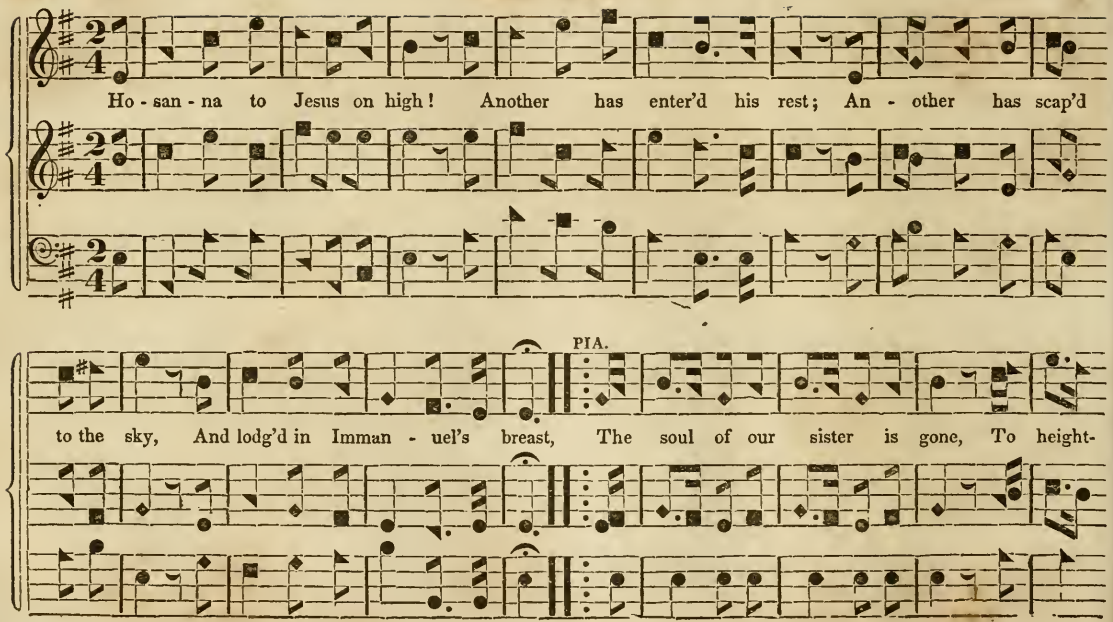


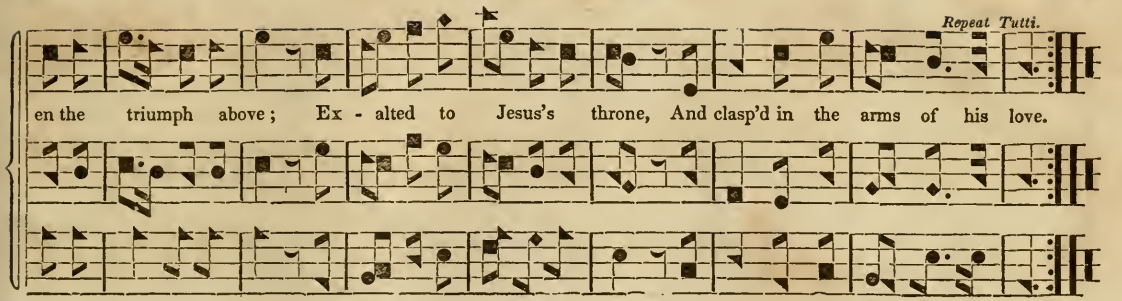
2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, Excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life shall arise;
Shall, in the believer, Spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey:
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay;
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
A thirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

Andante.


Ho - san - na to Jesus on high! Another has enter'd his rest; An - other has scap'd
PIA.
to the sky, And lodg'd in Imman - uel's breast, The soul of our sister is gone, To height-



2 What fulness of rapture is there,
While Jesus his glory displays;
And purples the heavenly air,
And scatters the odors of grace!
He looks—and his servants in light,
The blessings ineffable meet:
He smiles—and they faint at his sight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

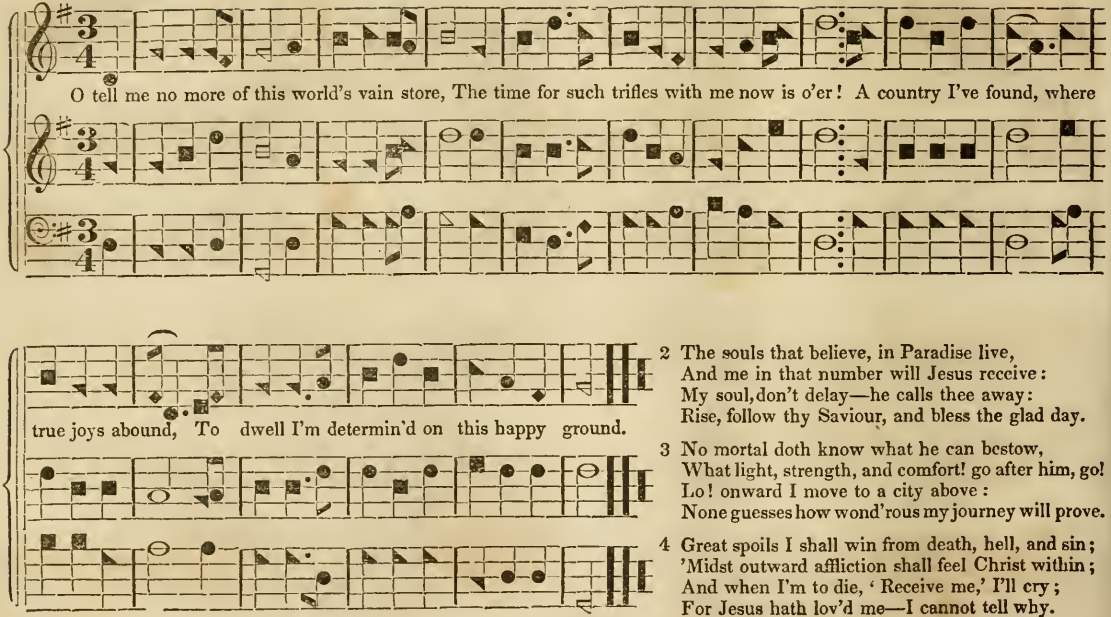
3 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call,
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away—?
My merciful Lord—is it I?

4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart;
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call in my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

UNITIA. 10, 11, 10, 11.

Chapin.

Andante.

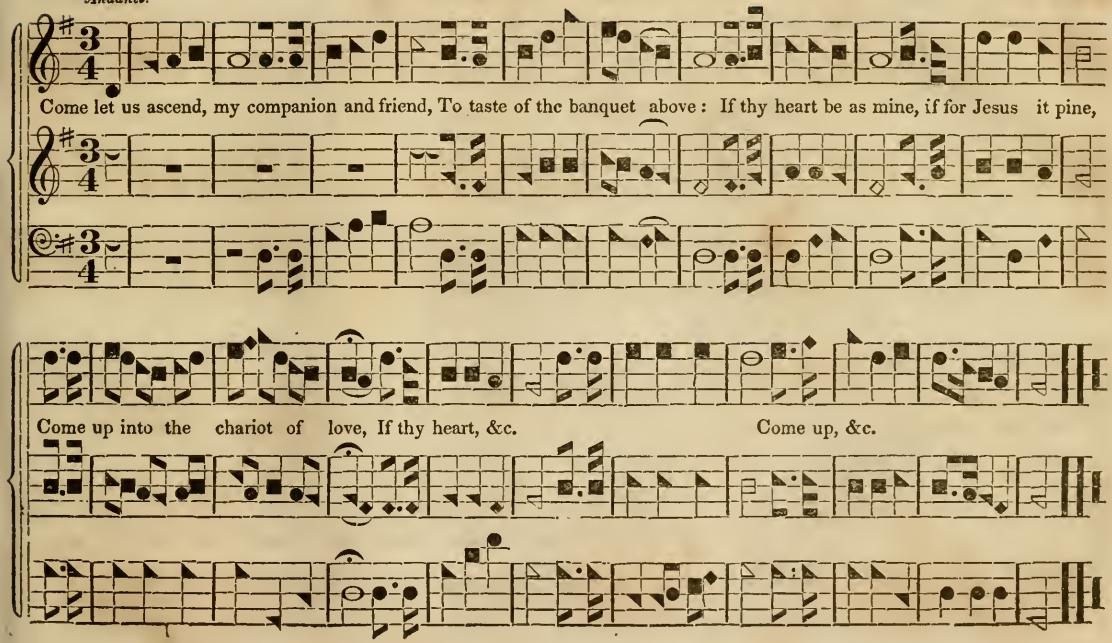

O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er! A country I've found, where
true joys abound, To dwell I'm determin'd on this happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort! go after him, go!
Lo! onward I move to a city above:
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

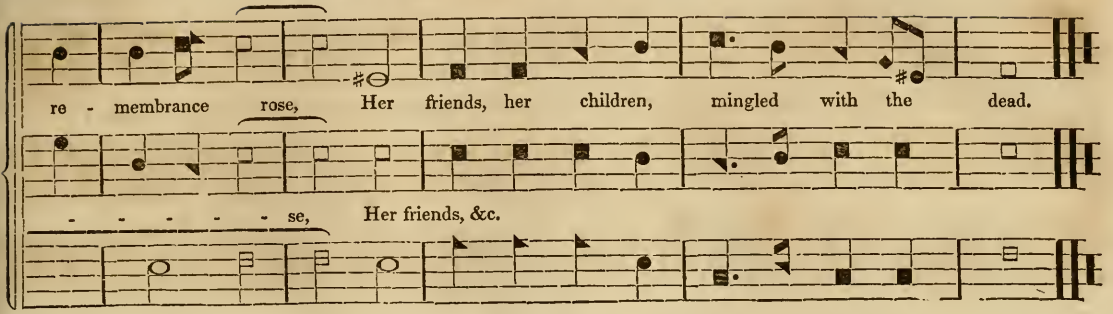
4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,' I'll cry;
For Jesus hath lov'd me—I cannot tell why.

Andante.


Come let us ascend, my companion and friend, To taste of the banquet above: If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love, If thy heart, &c.
Come up, &c.

Andante. Affetuoso.

A - long the banks where Ba - bel's cur - rent flows, Our cap - tive
bands in deep de - spondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance ro-



2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd, and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day

3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

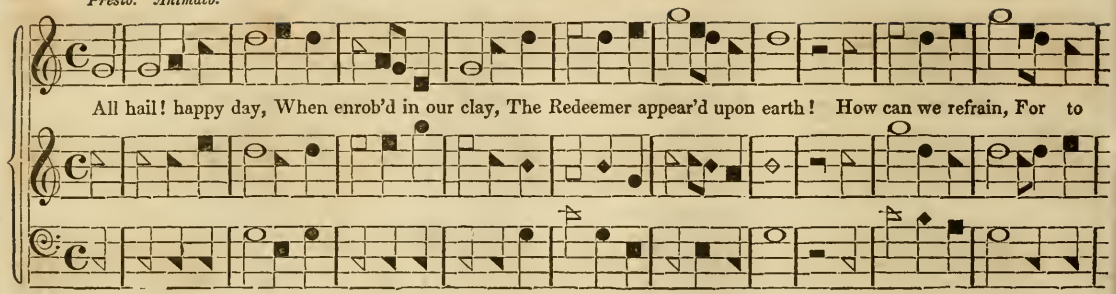
4 But how in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

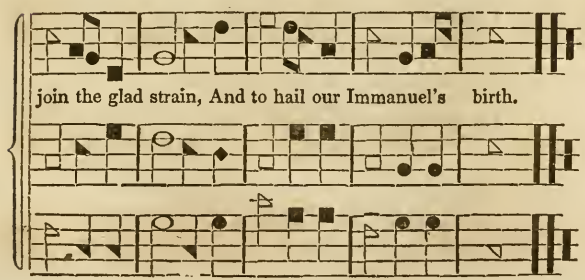
5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day.

BROWNSVILLE. P. M.

Presto. Animato.

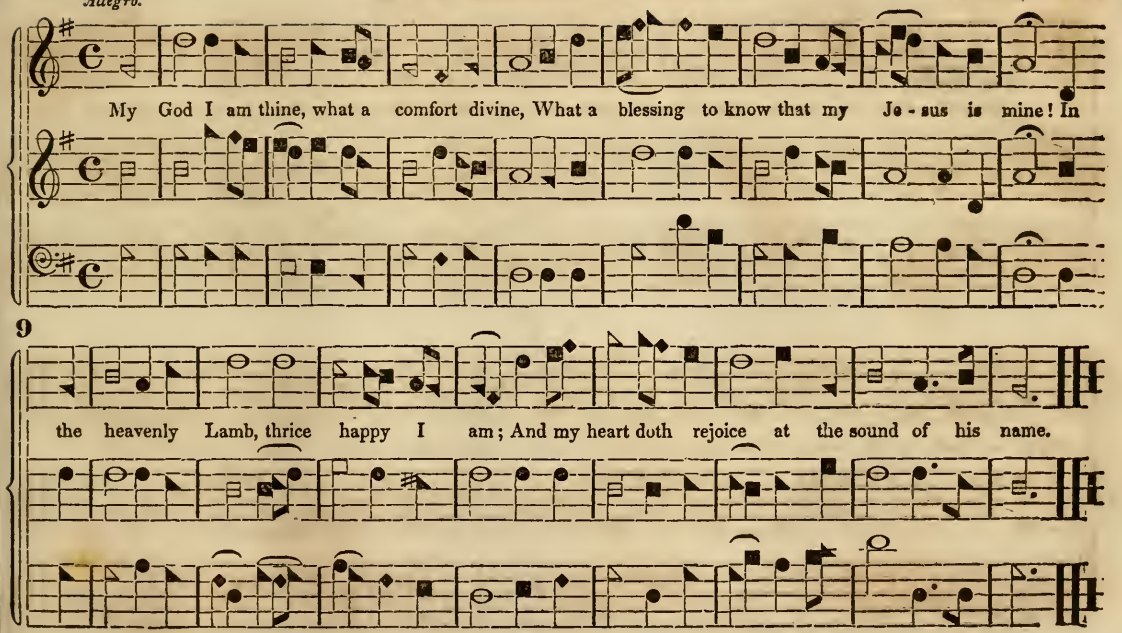




2 How boundless that love, First begotten above,
And through Jesus to sinners made known!
Lift, lift up your voice, And exulting rejoice,
For Jehovah to earth is come down!

3 Ye angels of God, Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM.
We also will join In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

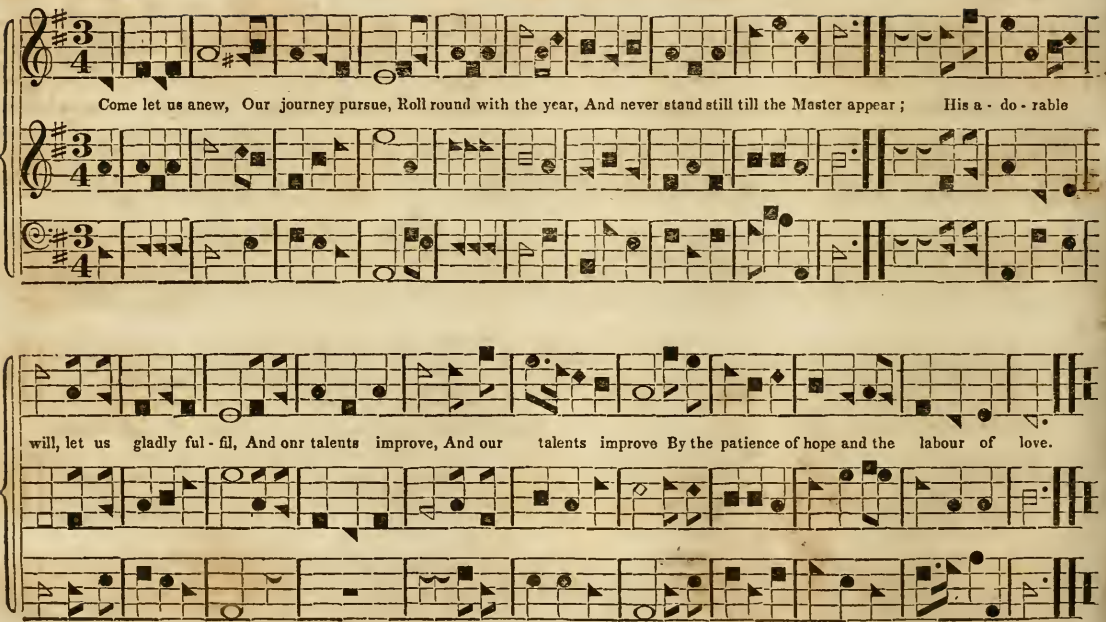
4 To Christ we will sing, As our High Priest and King,
And our Prophet to teach us the road:
But more than all this, For Almighty he is.
And we own him our Saviour and God.


Allegro.
My God I am thine, what a comfort divine, What a blessing to know that my Je - sus is mine! In
9
the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am; And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

NEW YEAR. 10, 5, 11, 12, 12, 12.

Carrell.

Andante


Come let us anew, Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear ; His a - do - rable
will, let us gladly ful - fil, And our talents improve, And our talents improve By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

Andante.

Again we lift our voice, And shout our solemn joy; Cause of highest raptures this, Rap-
tures that shall never fail; See a soul escap'd to bliss, Keep the christian festi - val.

FRANKFORT. P. M.

Ely.

Andante.

Come, let us a - new, our journey pursue, With vigor arise, And press to our per-
manent place in the skies. Of heaven - ly birth, though wand'ring on earth, This is not our place

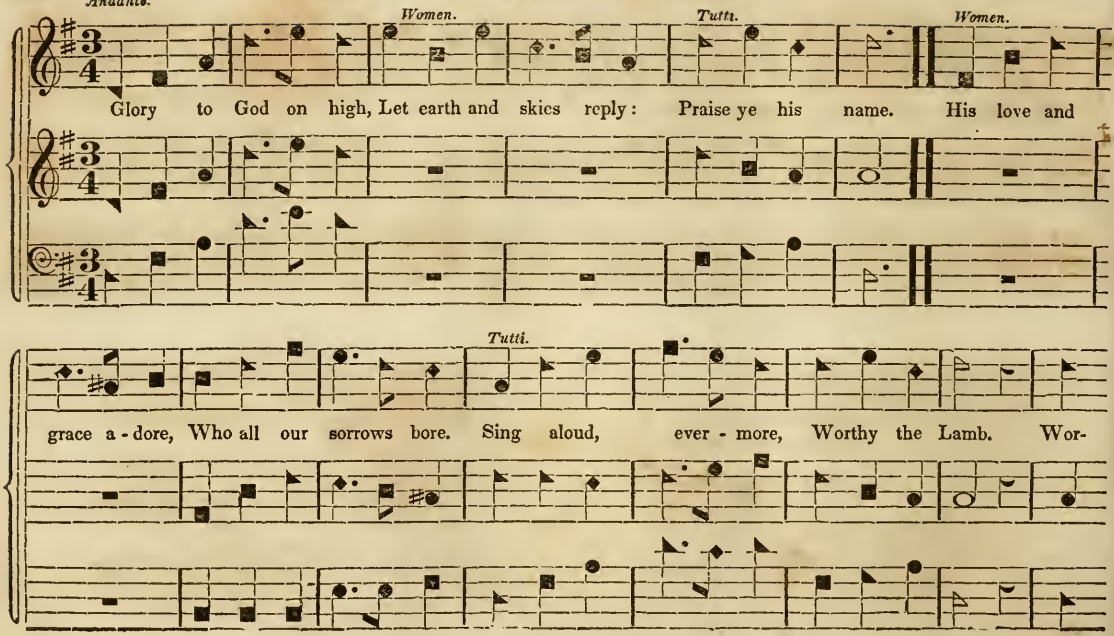
2 At Jesus's call we give up our all,
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below;
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onwards we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

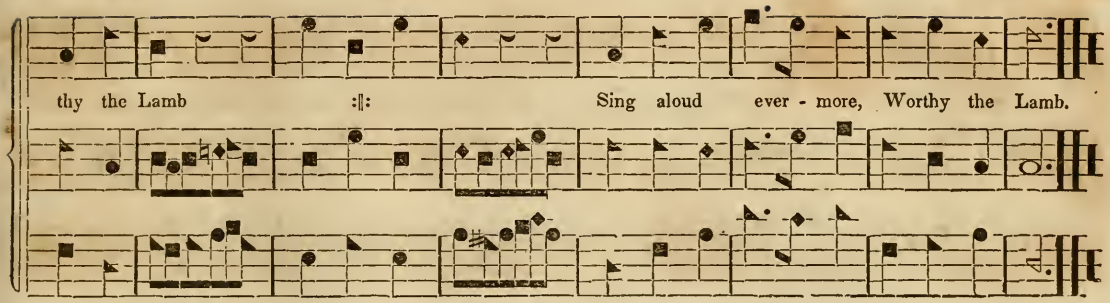
3 A country of joy, without any alloy;
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there,
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!

4 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise,
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past,
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue and hasten us home.

BERMONDSEY. 6, 6, 4, 6. 6, 6, 4.

Milgrove.


Andante.
Women.
Tutti.
Women.
Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply: Praise ye his name. His love and
Tutti.
grace a - dore, Who all our sorrows bore. Sing aloud, ever - more, Worthy the Lamb. Wor-



2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood,
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

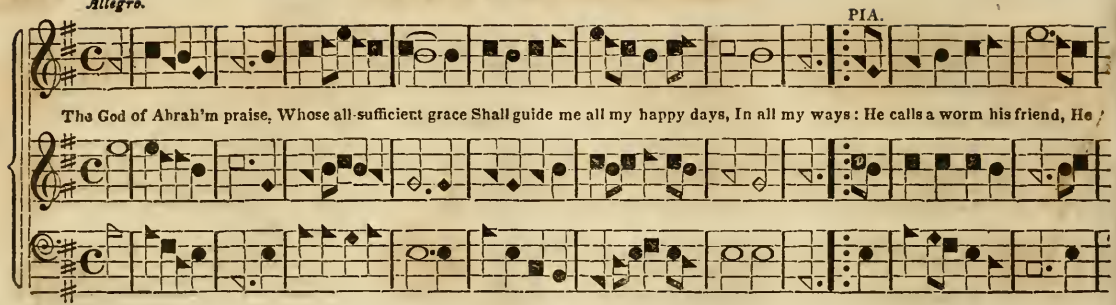
5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease,
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

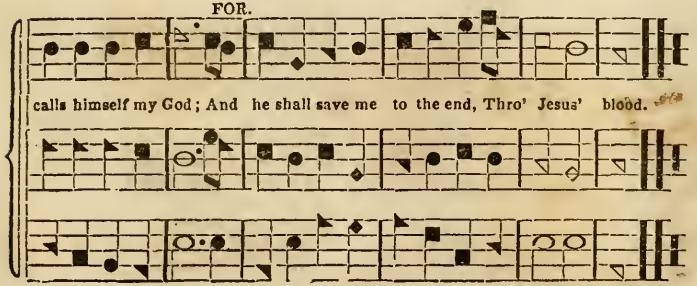
6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

ABRAHAM. 6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.

Beaumont.

Allegro.


PIA.
The God of Abrah'm praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide me all my happy days, In all my ways: He calls a worm his friend, He



2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heav'n confess'd:
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

Andante.

Ah! I shall soon be dying, Time swiftly glides away; But on my Lord relying, I hail the happy day. The day when I most enter Upon a world unknown; My helpless soul I venture, On Jesus Christ a - lone.

3 He once a spotless victim,
Upon mount Calv'ry bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.

4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am;
My soul most surely prizes,
The sin-atoning Lamb.

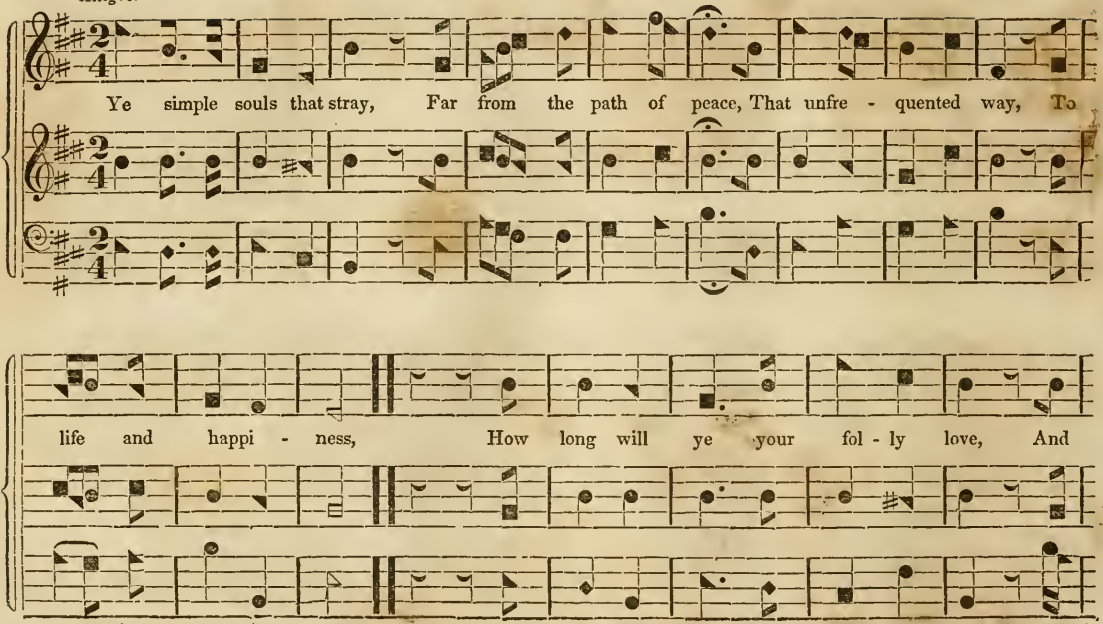
5 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone:
And now by faith delighted,
Behold him on his throne

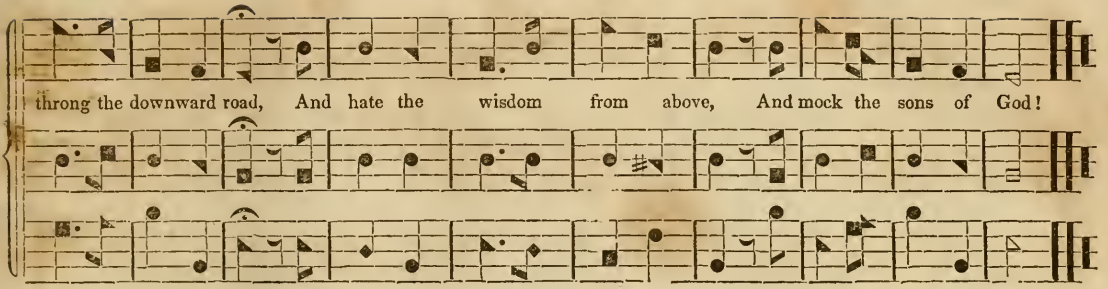
6 There he is interceding, For all who on him rest: The grace from him proceeding, Shall waft me to his breast.

BALTIMORE. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

Clark.

Allegro.


Ye simple souls that stray, Far from the path of peace, That unfre - quented way, To
life and happi - ness, How long will ye your fol - ly love, And



2 Madness and misery,
Ye count our lives beneath,
And nothing great can see,
Or glorious in our death!
As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 Poor, pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes;
More irksome than a gaping tomb,
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom,
Of fanciful despair.

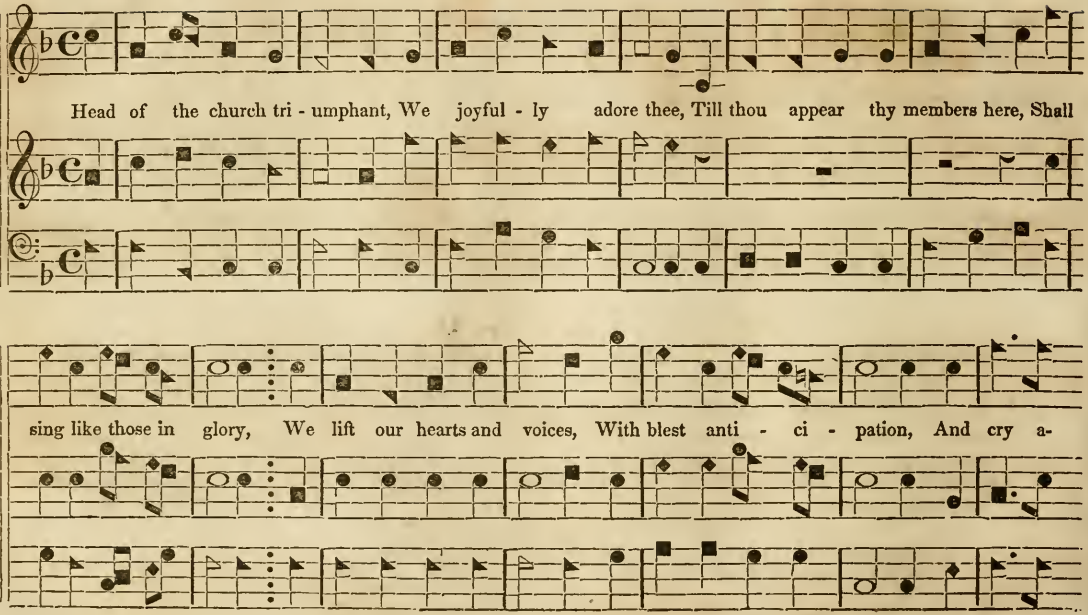
4 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things:
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

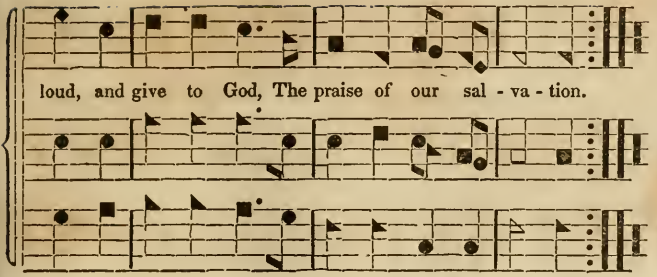
5 With him we walk in white,
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness divine.
On all the grov'ling kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

TRIUMPH. 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.

Leach.

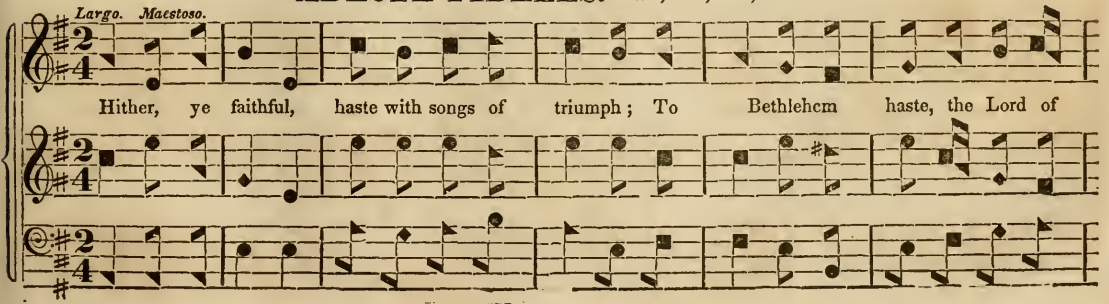
Allegro.

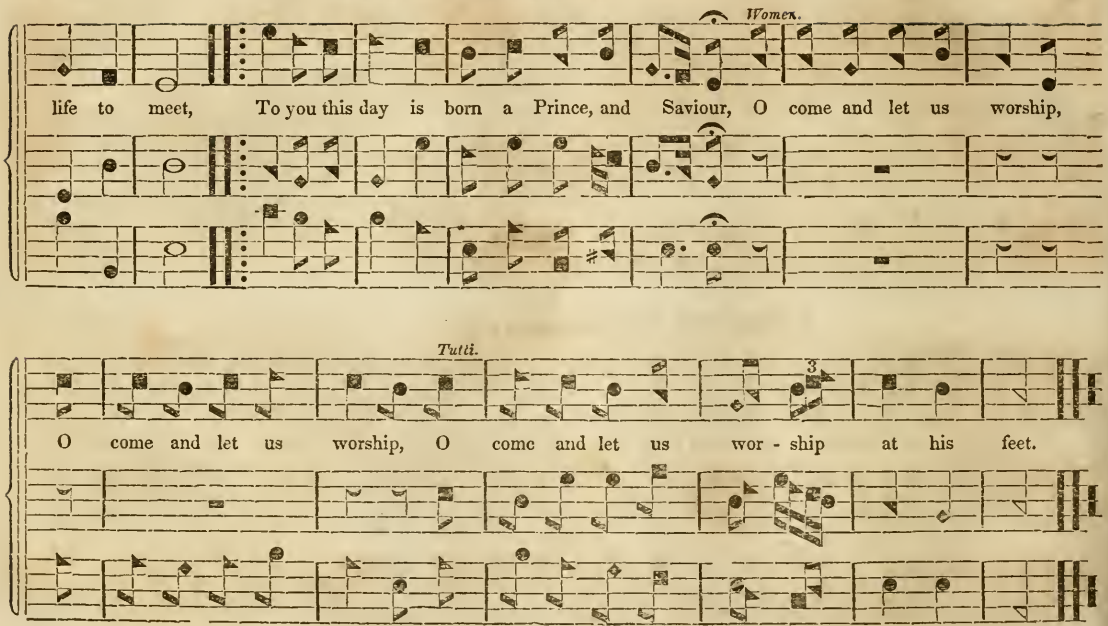

Head of the church tri - umphant, We joyful - ly adore thee, Till thou appear thy members here, Shall
sing like those in glory, We lift our hearts and voices, With blest anti - ci - pation, And cry a-

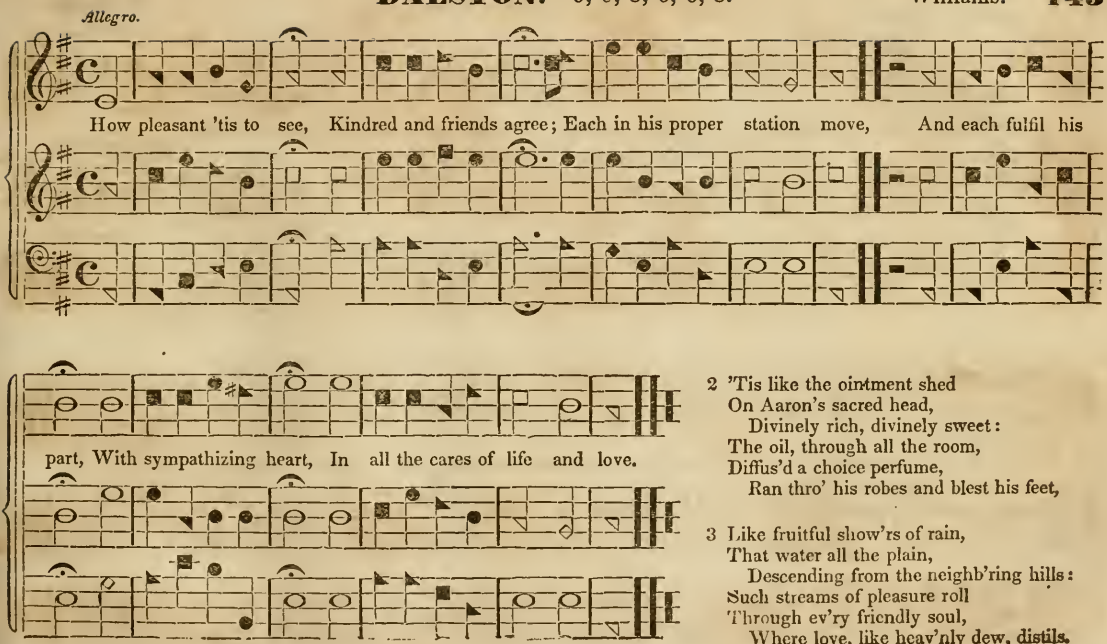


2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favor:
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine forever.

ADESTE FIDELES. 11, 11, 11, 10. Webbe.




Women.
life to meet, To you this day is born a Prince, and Saviour, O come and let us worship,
Tutti.
3
O come and let us worship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.


Allegro.
How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree; Each in his proper station move, And each fulfil his
part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

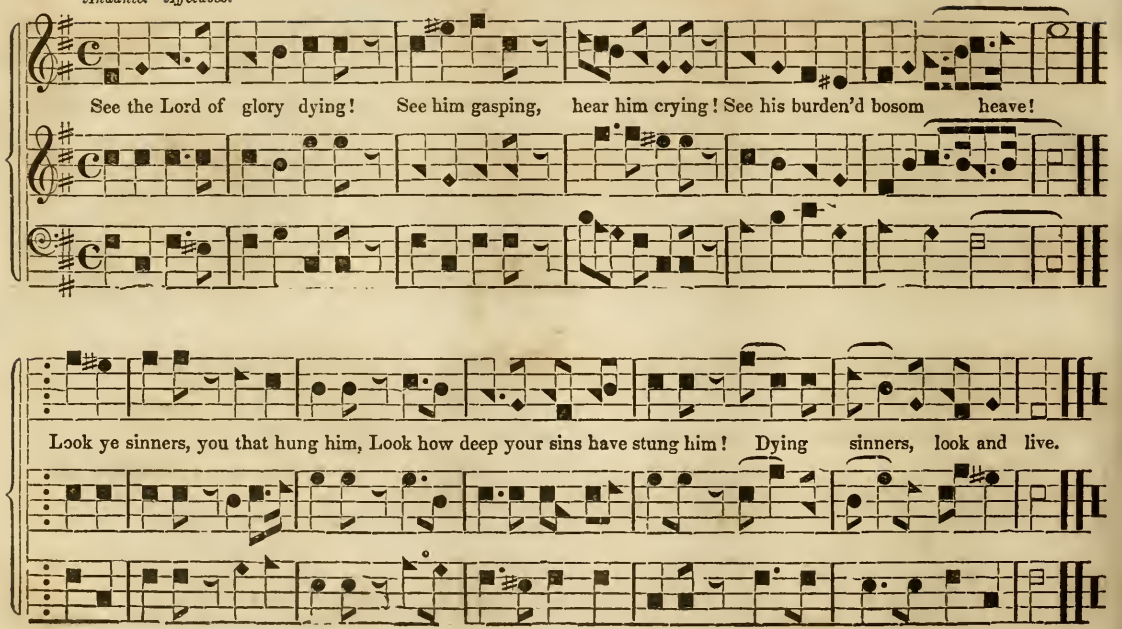
2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil, through all the room,
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes and blest his feet,

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.

LENA. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

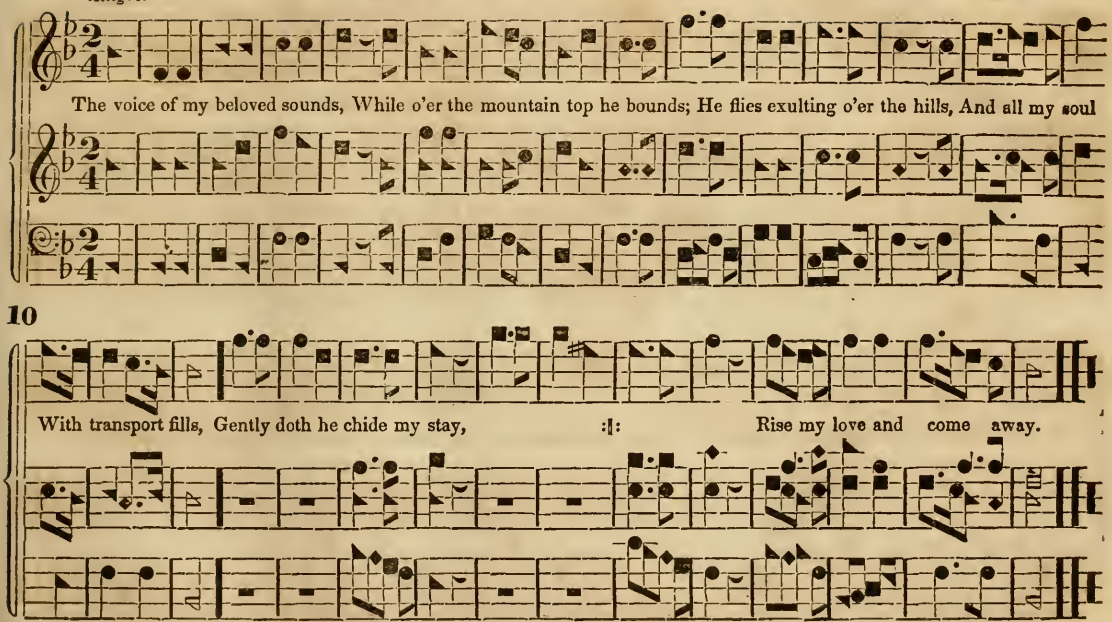
Belknap.

Andante. Affetuoso.


See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping, hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave!
Look ye sinners, you that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him! Dying sinners, look and live.

WARWICH. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 7.

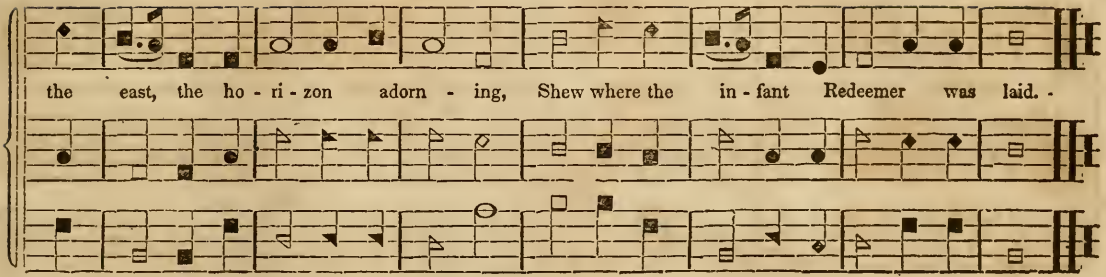
Allegro.


The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my soul
10
With transport fills, Gently doth he chide my stay, :|: Rise my love and come away.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Allegro.

Hail! the blest morn, when the great Medi - ator, Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds go visit the babe in the manger: Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Chorus.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star in



2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
All these his favor can never secure,
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

SWEET HOME. P. M. Franklin Harmony.

Adagio.

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence, in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

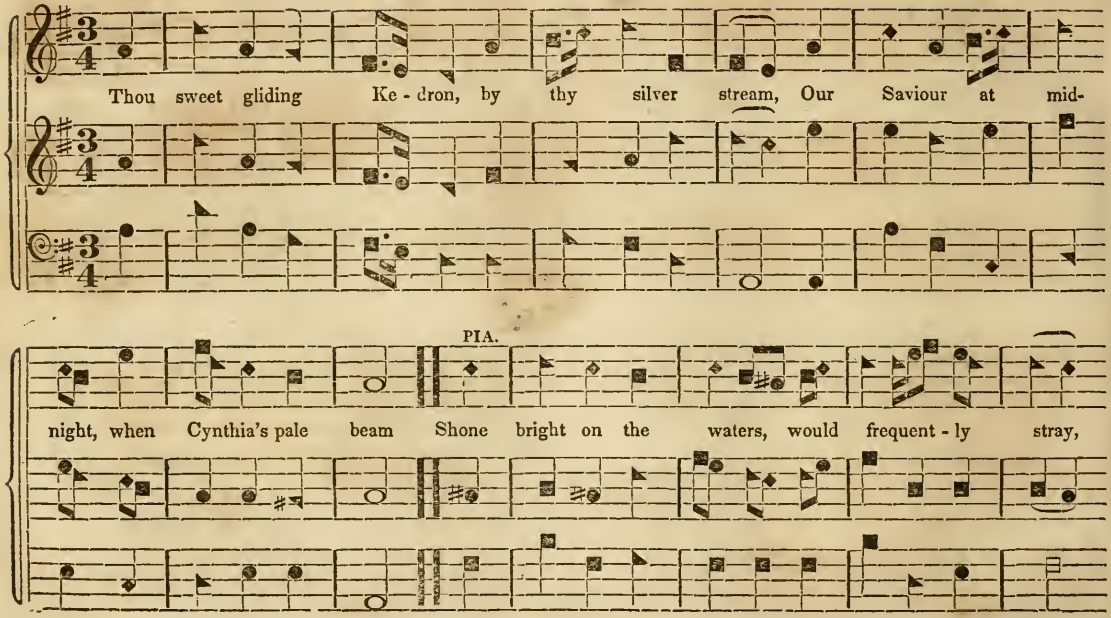
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day:
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

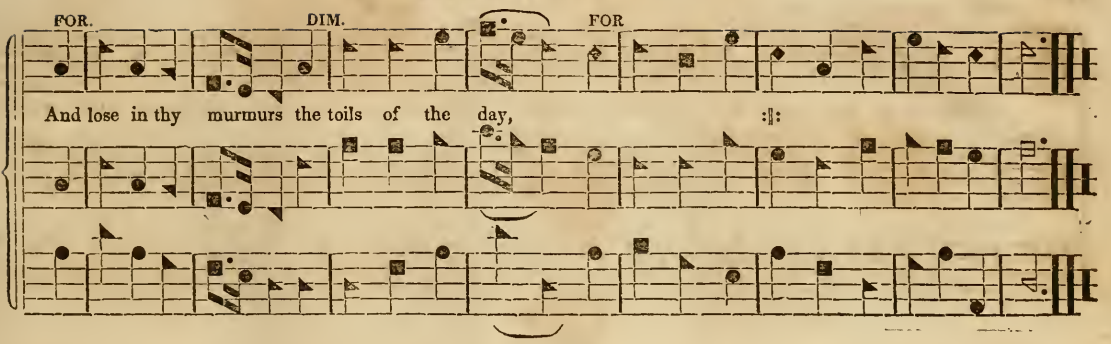
5 What e'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home,

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions, to praise thee at home.

Home, home, Sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Allegro. Animato.


Thou sweet gliding Ke - dron, by thy silver stream, Our Saviour at mid-
PIA.
night, when Cynthia's pale beam Shone bright on the waters, would frequent - ly stray,



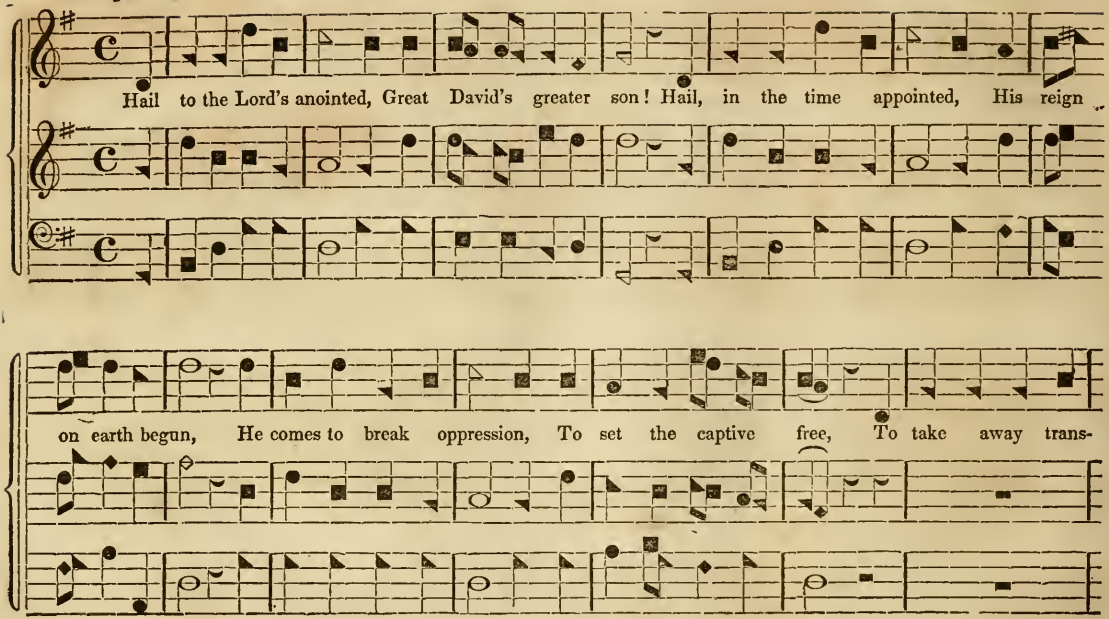
2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels, astonish'd, grew pale at the sight,
And follow'd their master with solemn delight.

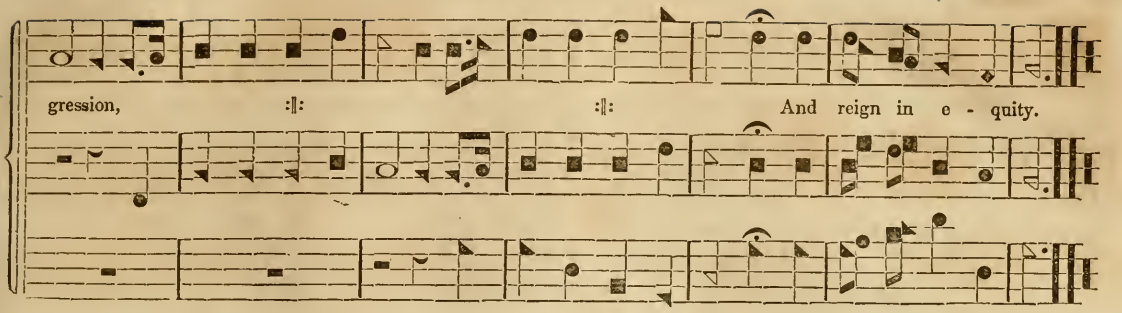
3 O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot,
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumphs of sorrow, the triumphs of love.

ROMAIN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Banister.

Allegro


Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign
on earth begun, He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away trans-



2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in mis'ry dying,
Were precious in his sight.

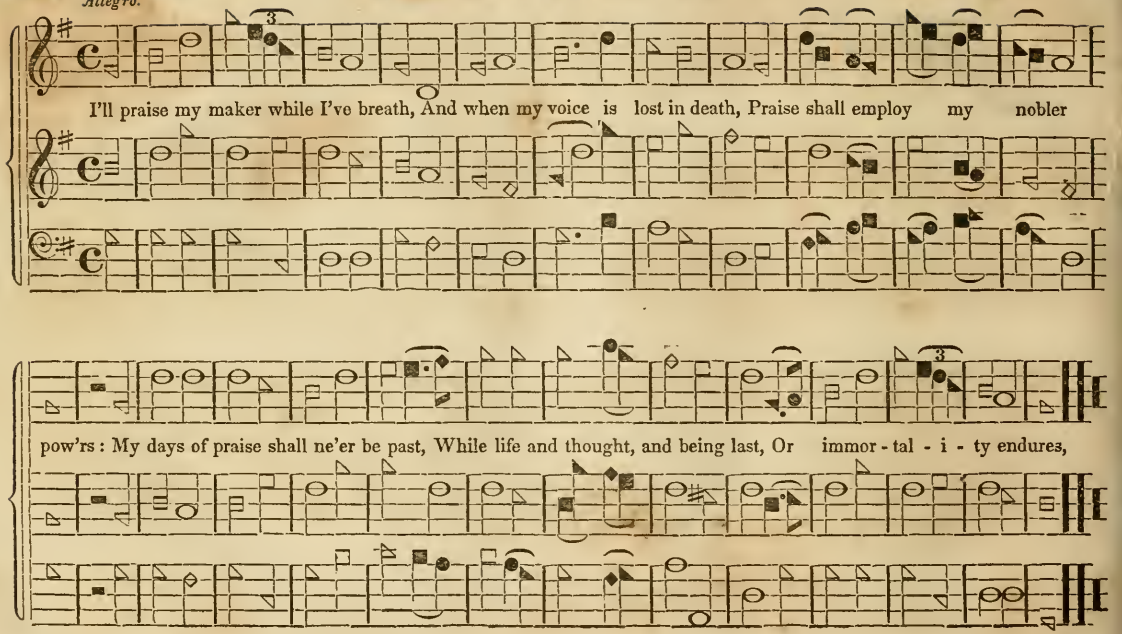
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth,
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His name—what is it? LOVE.

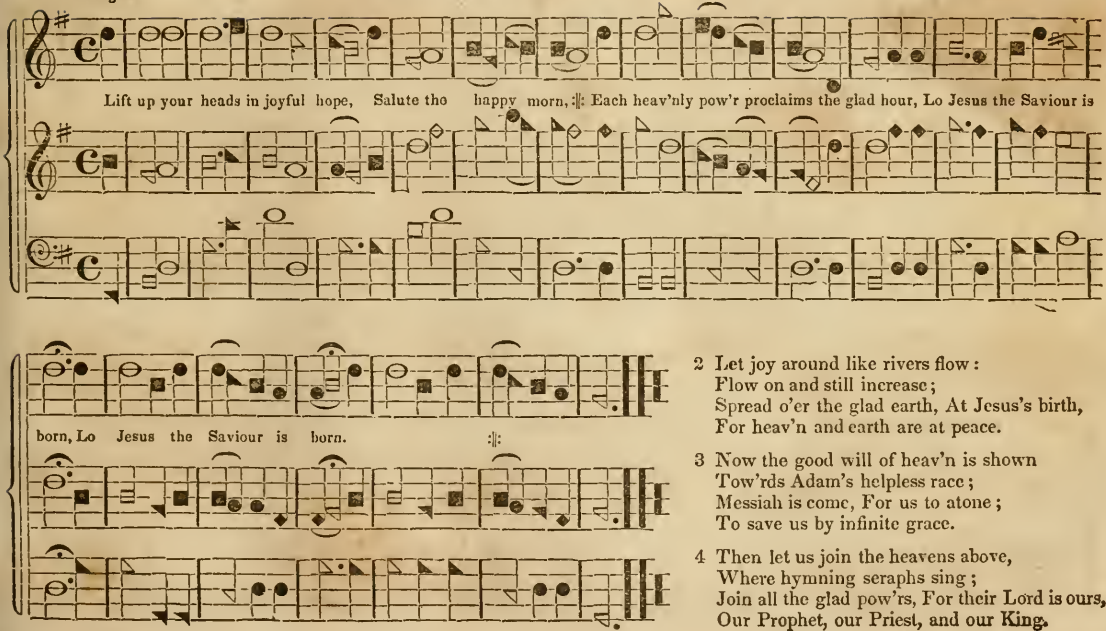
LANCASTER. 6 lines 8.

Ely.

Allegro.


I'll praise my maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler
pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and being last, Or immor - tal - i - ty endures,

Allegro.


Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn, :‖: Each heav'nly pow'r proclaims the glad hour, Lo Jesus the Saviour is
born, Lo Jesus the Saviour is born. :‖:

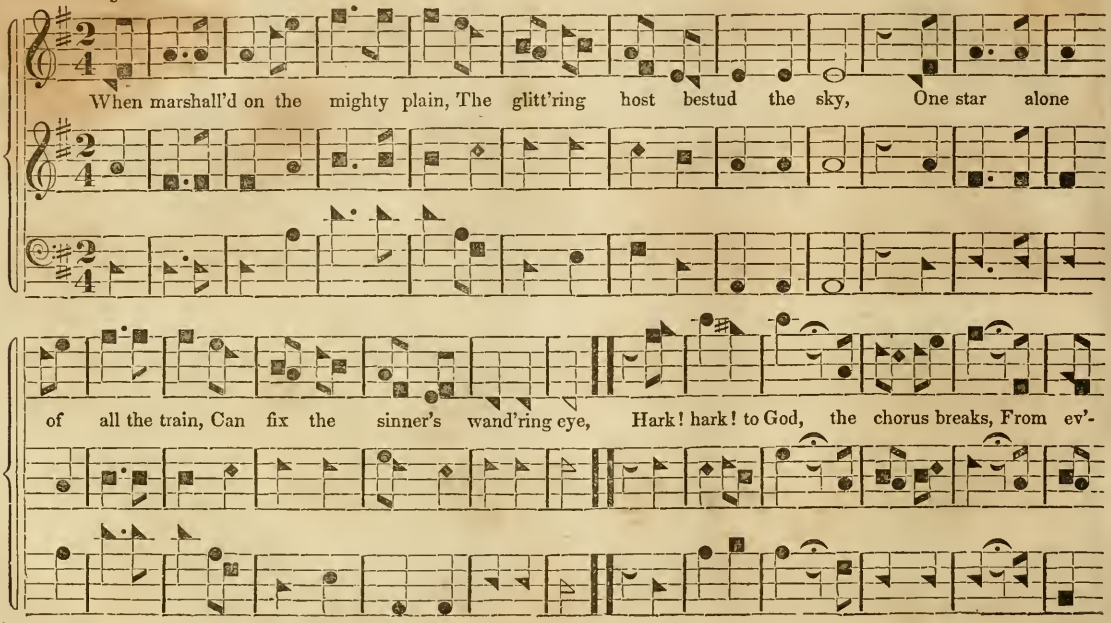
2 Let joy around like rivers flow:
Flow on and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth, At Jesus's birth,
For heav'n and earth are at peace.

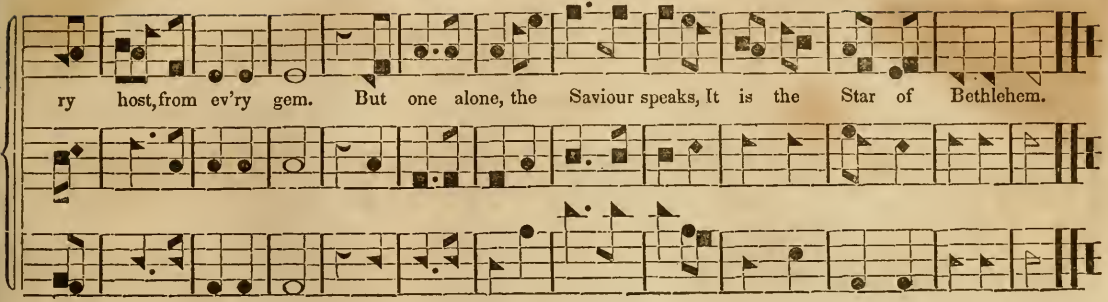
3 Now the good will of heav'n is shown
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race;
Messiah is come, For us to atone;
To save us by infinite grace.

4 Then let us join the heavens above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
Join all the glad pow'rs, For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. Harmonized by S. Wakefield.

Allegro.


When marshall'd on the mighty plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky, One star alone
of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye, Hark! hark! to God, the chorus breaks, From ev'-



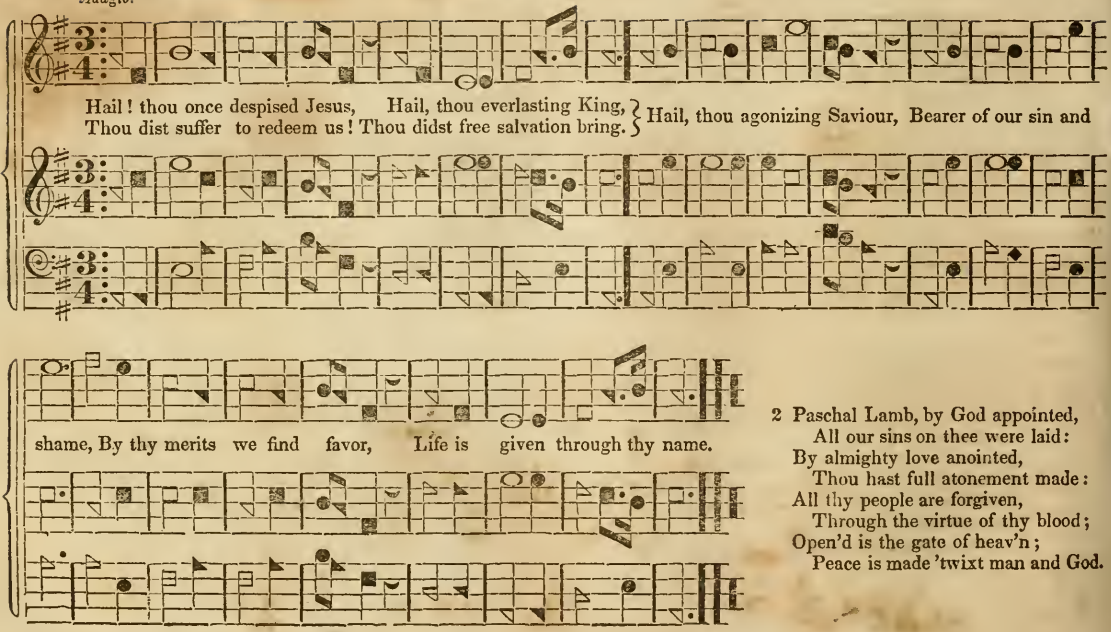
2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem.

ESTEP. P. M.

Harmonized by S. Wakefield.

Adagio.


Hail! thou once despised Jesus, Hail, thou everlasting King,
Thou dist suffer to redeem us! Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and
shame, By thy merits we find favor, Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heav'n;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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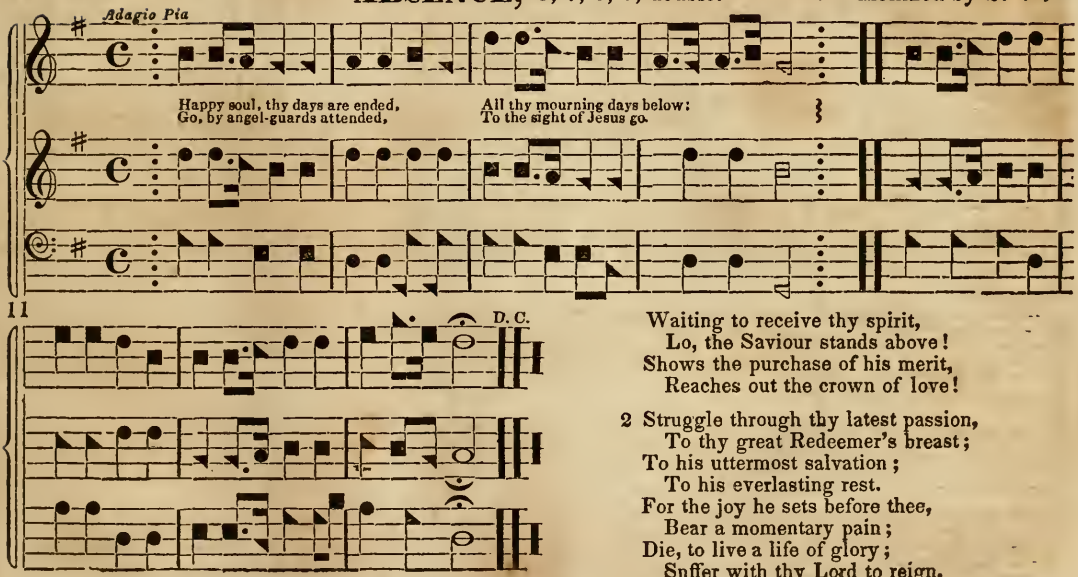
ABSENCE, 8, 7, 8, 7, double. Harmonized by S. W.


Adagio Pia
Happy soul, thy days are ended,
Go, by angel-guards attended,
All thy mourning days below:
To the sight of Jesus go.
D. C.

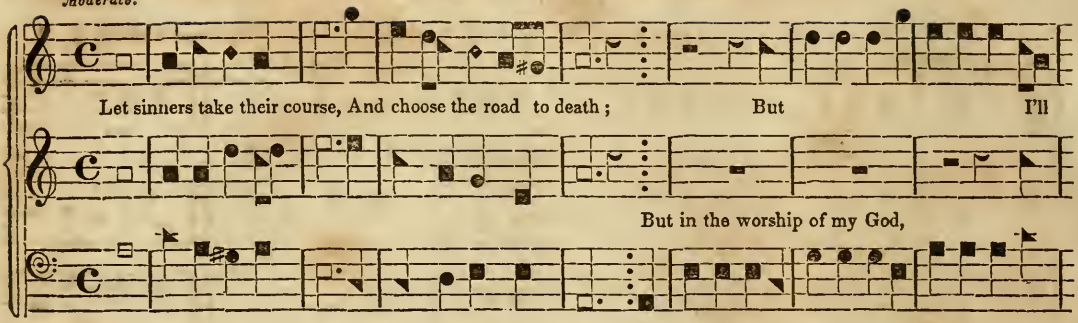
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above!
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love!

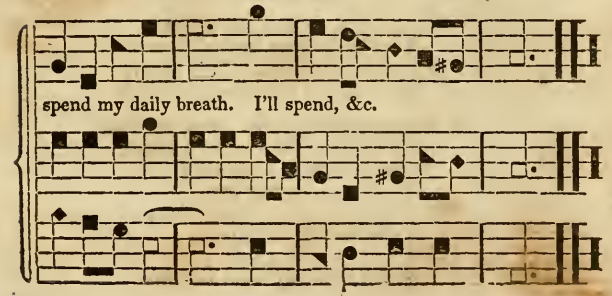
2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation;
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

AMERICA. S. M.

Whetmore.

Moderato.

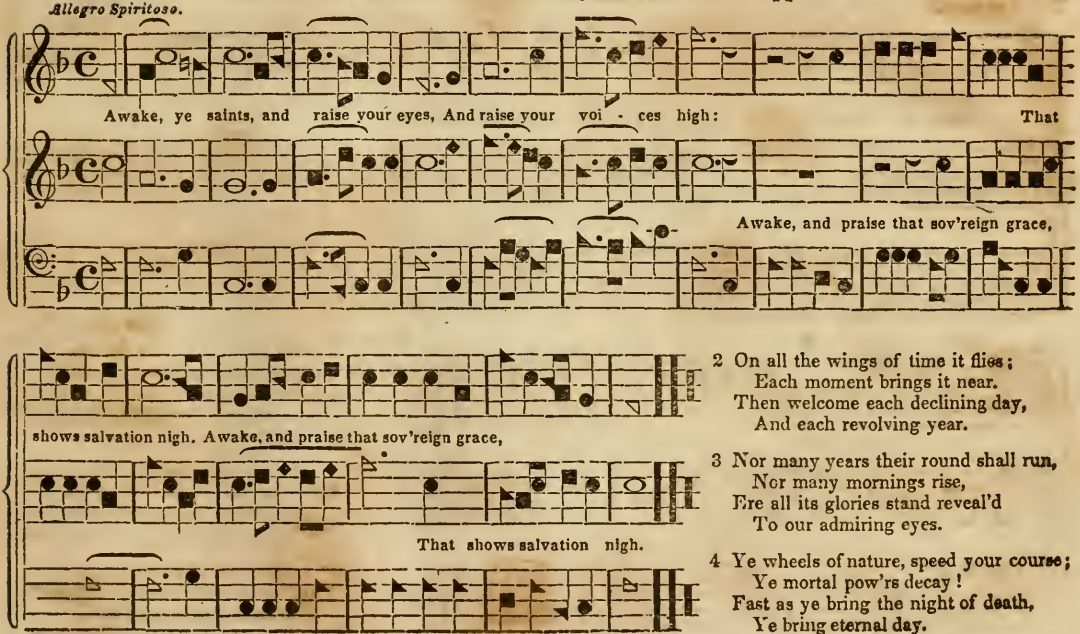




2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.


Allegro Spiritoso.
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voi - ces high:
That
Awake, and praise that sov'reign grace,
shows salvation nigh. Awake, and praise that sov'reign grace,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near.
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

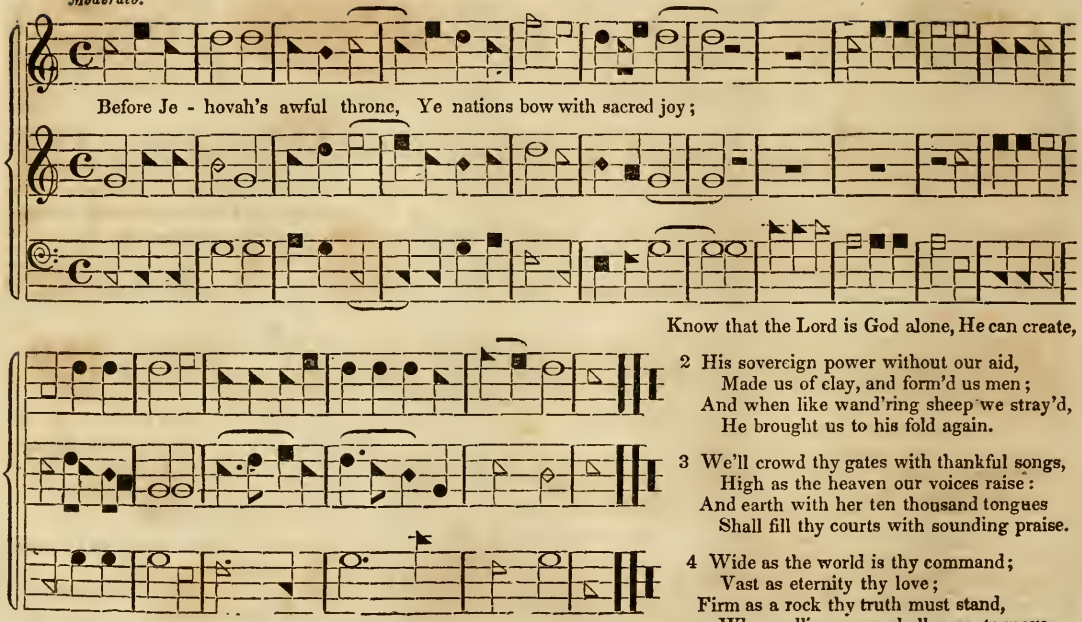
3 Nor many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

Edson.

Moderato.



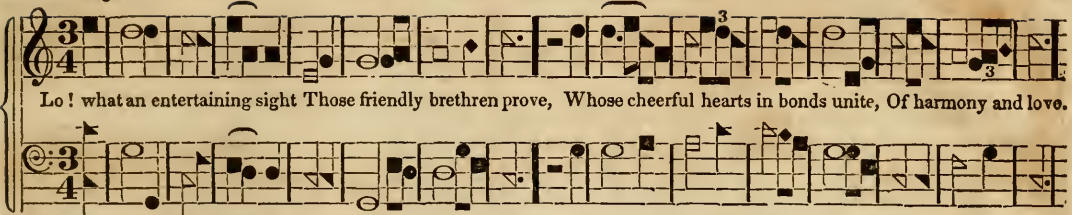
2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise:
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

CHINA. C. M.

Largo.

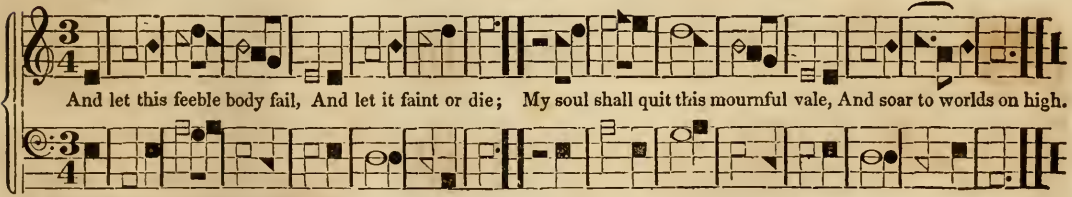


2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring, Descend on every soul ; And heavenly peace with halmy wing Shades and revives the whole.
3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews That fall on Zion's hill, Where God his mildest glory shows, And makes his grace distil.

CONSOLATION. C. M.

Harmonized by S. W.

Moderato.



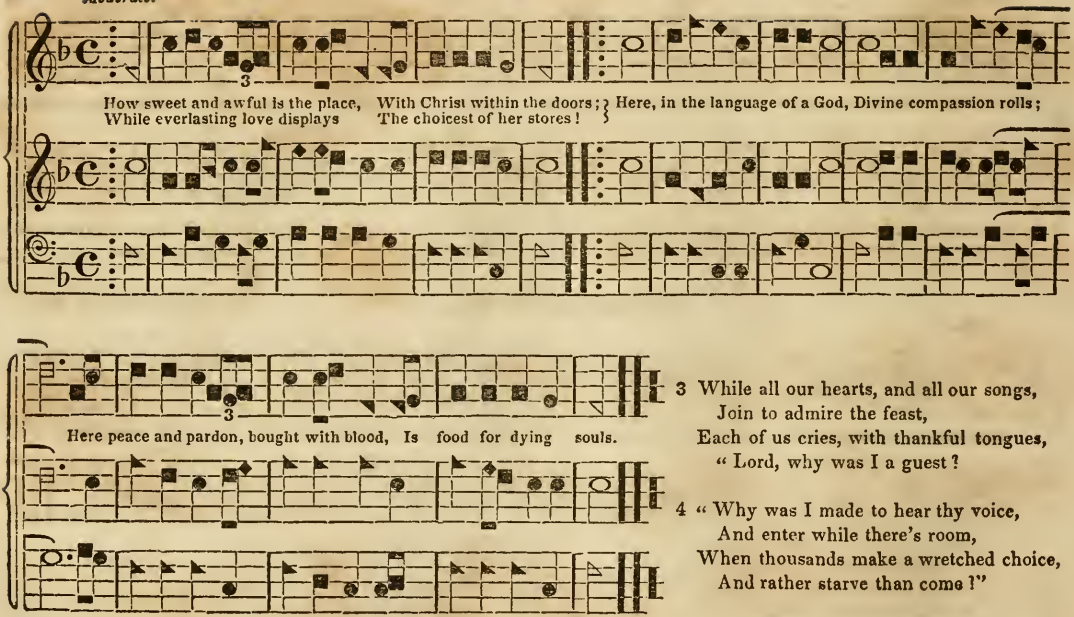
2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

COMMUNION. C. M.

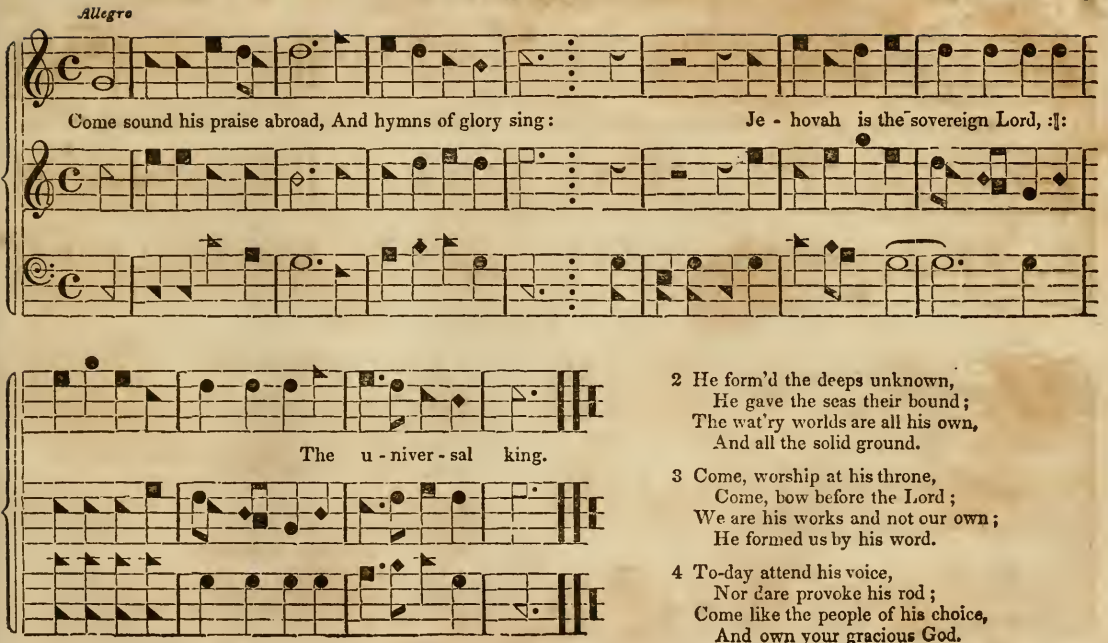
Robertson.

Moderate.


How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors; Here, in the language of a God, Divine compassion rolls;
While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores!
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood, Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

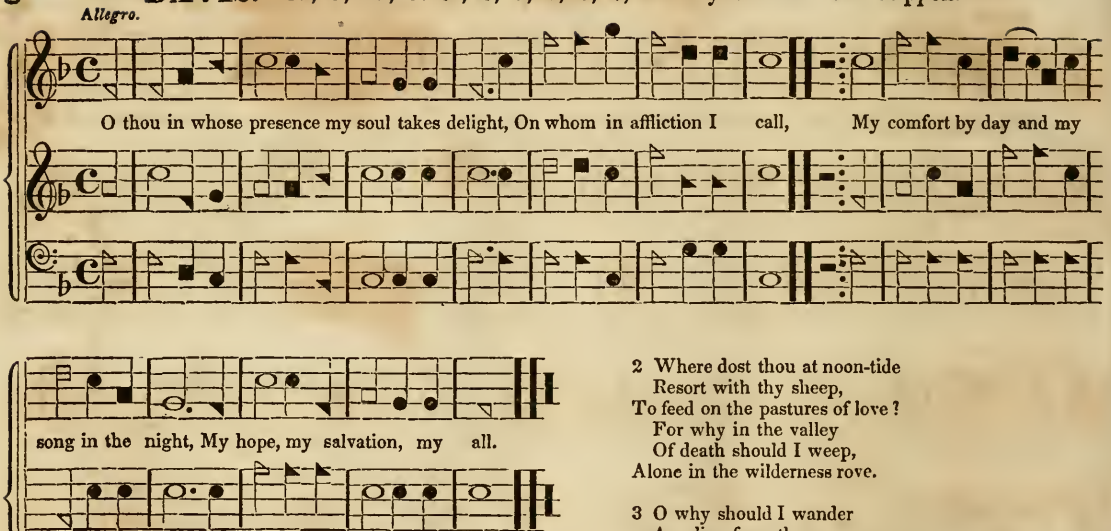


2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

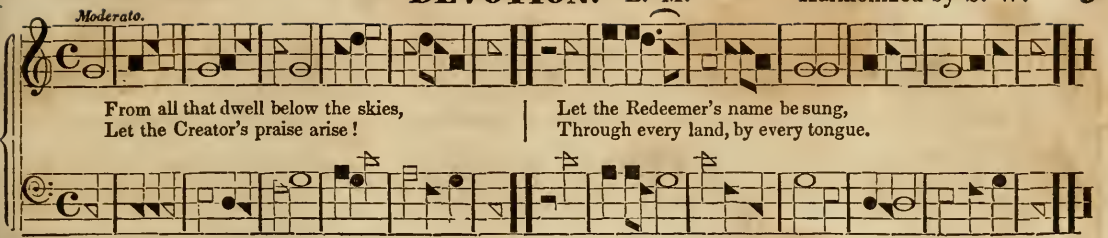
DAVIS. 11, 8, 11, 8. or, 6, 5, 8, 6, 5, 8. Hymn 110. Dr. Rippon.


Allegro.
O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day and my
song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

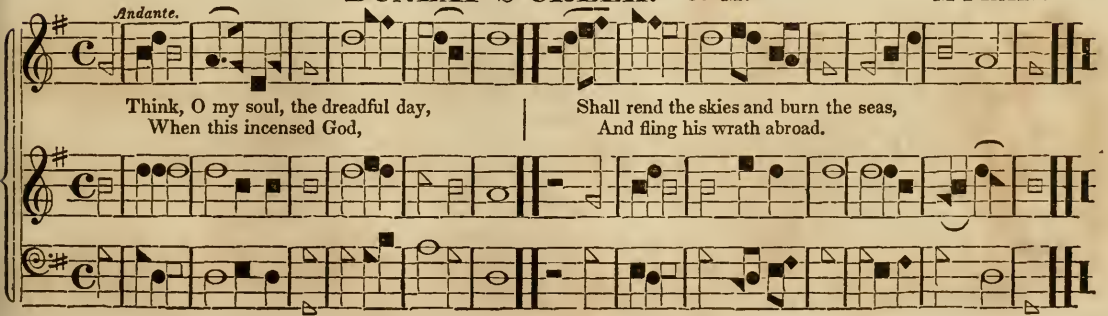
2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Alone in the wilderness rove.

3 O why should I wander
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread:
Thy foes will rejoice,
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

DEVOTION. L. M. Harmonized by S. W.


Moderato.
From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. M'Farland.


Andante.
Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God,
Shall rend the skies and burn the seas,
And fling his wrath abroad.

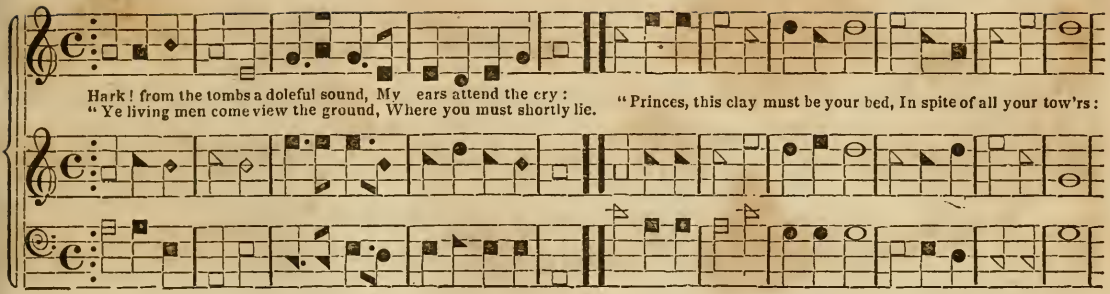
EXHORTATION. L. M.

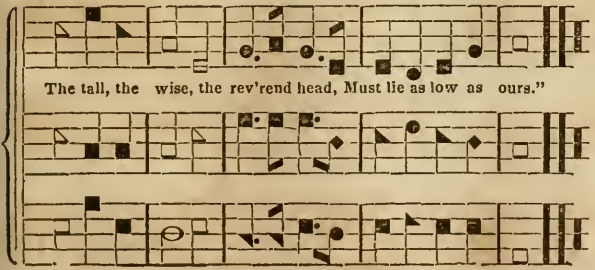
Doolittle.

Allegro.

Now in the heat of youth - ful blood, Remember your Cre - a - tor, God; Behold, &c.
Behold, the months come hast'ning on, When
Behold, &c.
You shall say, "My joys are gone."
Behold, &c.

Andante. Pia.


Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.
"Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs:

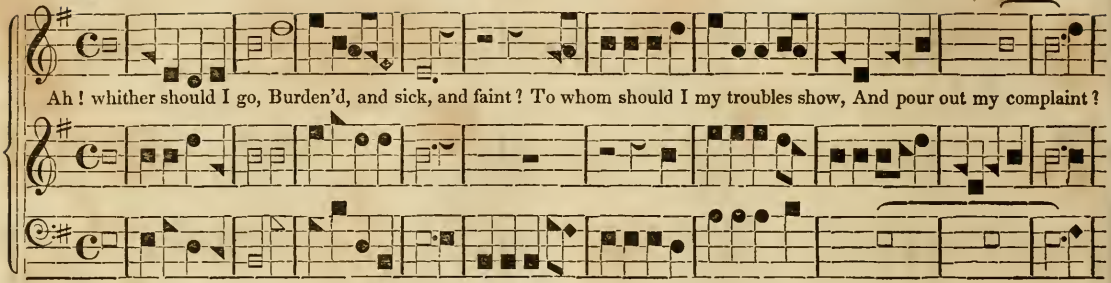


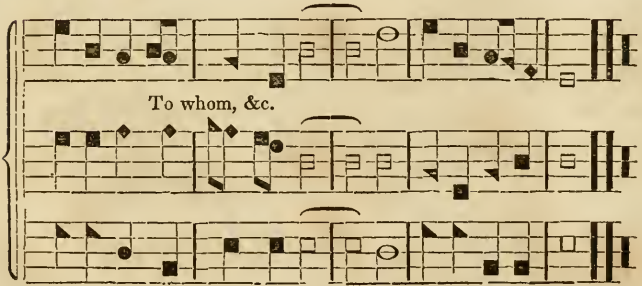
2 Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!
Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

FLORIDA. S. M.

Whetmore.

Moderato.



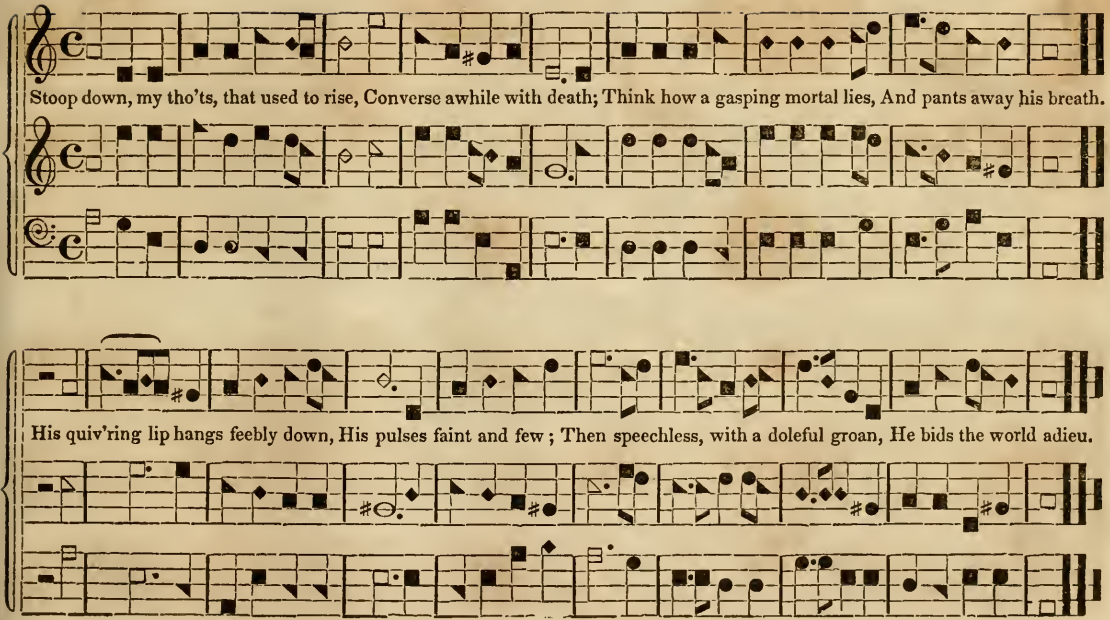


2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah, why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

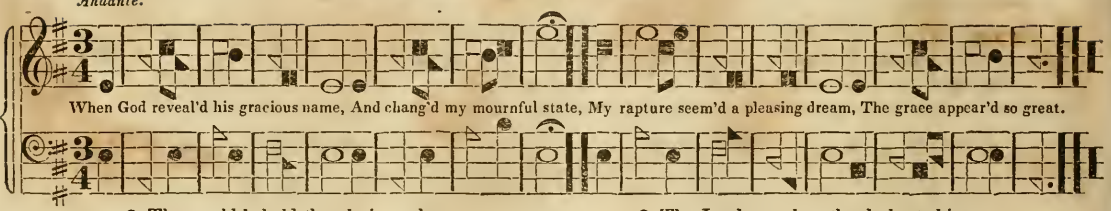
3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part;
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

Andante Doloroso.


Stoop down, my tho'ts, that used to rise, Converse awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.
His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down, His pulses faint and few; Then speechless, with a doleful groan, He bids the world adieu.

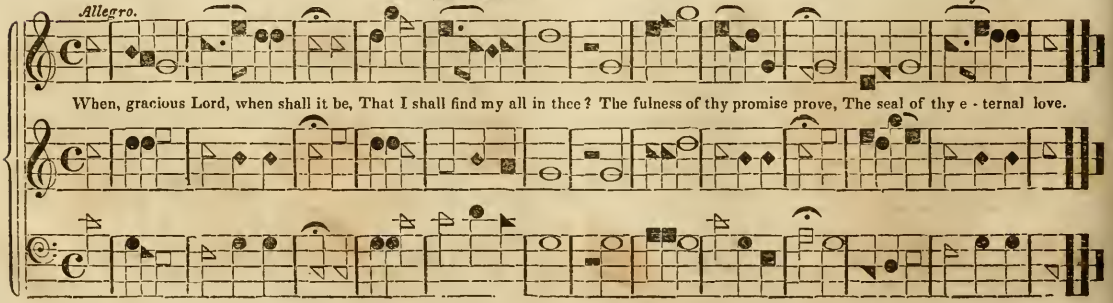
HARMONY GROVE. C. M. Harmonized by S. W.

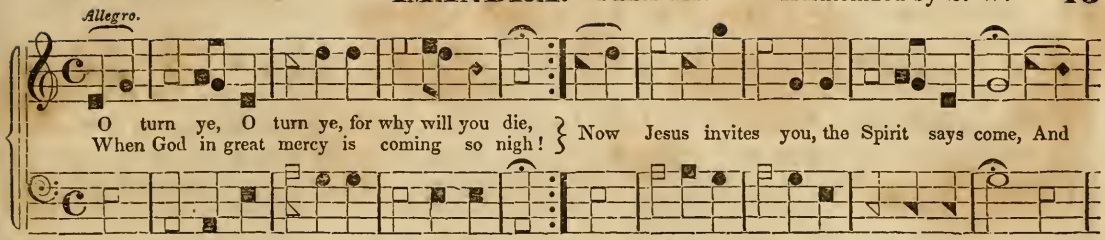

Andante.
When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

HUDSON. L. M. Harmonized by S. W.


Allegro.
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be, That I shall find my all in thee? The fulness of thy promise prove, The seal of thy e - ternal love.


Allegro.
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh!
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come, And
angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away,
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon if you will believe;
If sin is your burden why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To sooth your affliction or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high!

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart;
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? Why will you not come?
We'll journey together and soon be at home.

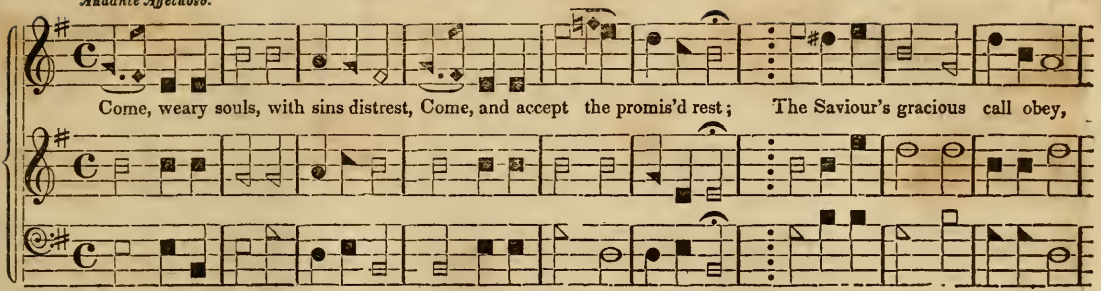
KIRKLAND. C. M.

Harmonized by S. W.

Andante Grazioso.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
And pleasures, &c.
And pleasures, &c.
Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

Andante Affetuoso.



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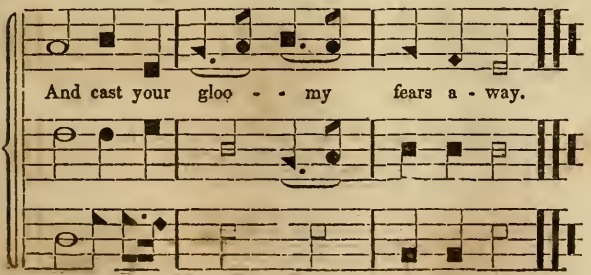


2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the load of guilt remove.

3 Here Mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace:
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

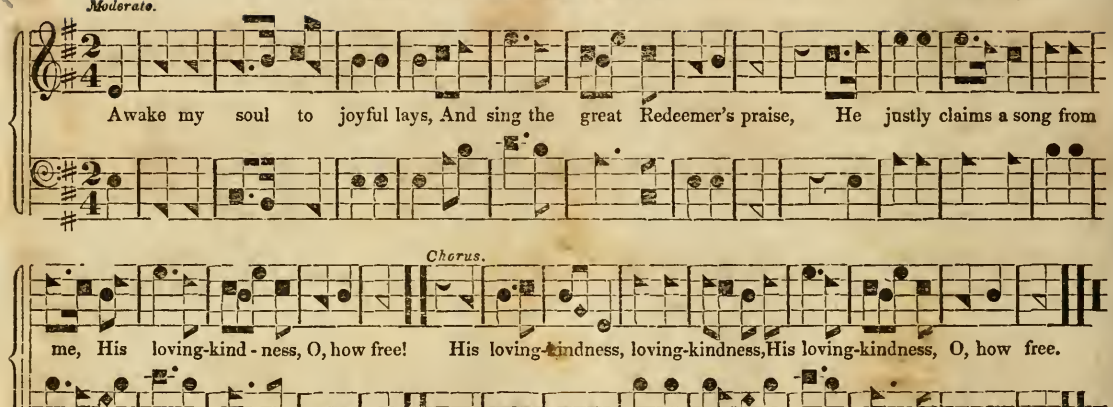
4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M. Psalm 69, First Part. Dr. Watts. Har. Sacra.

Adagio Affetuoso.

Moderate.
O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - fliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night; My hope, my sal - vation, my all.
2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the
valley of death should I weep, A - lone in the wilderness rove, Alone, &c.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.


Moderato.
Awake my soul to joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from
Chorus.
me, His loving-kind - ness, O, how free! His loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how free.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all,
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

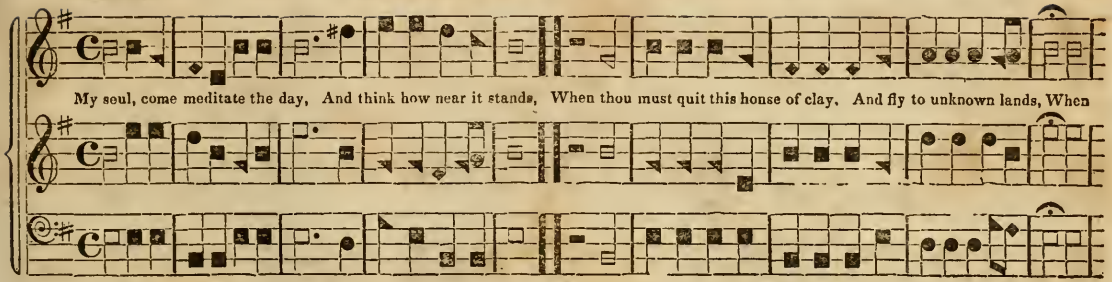
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

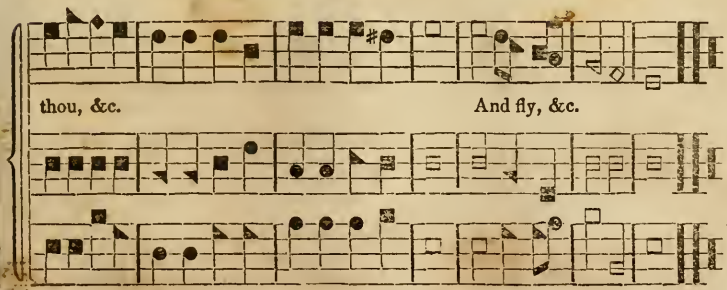
5 Although I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
And though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Moderate


My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands, When



2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view,
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
When e'er the summons come.

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

MILES' LANE. C. M. Hymn 177. Dr. Rippon. Shrubsole.

Moderato.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And
Pia.
Cres.
For.
crown him, crown him, :‖: :‖: Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Allegro
From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co - ral strand;
Where Afric's sun - ny fountains, Roll down their golden sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er,
From many a pal - my plain, They call us to de - liv - er, Their land from er - ror's chain.

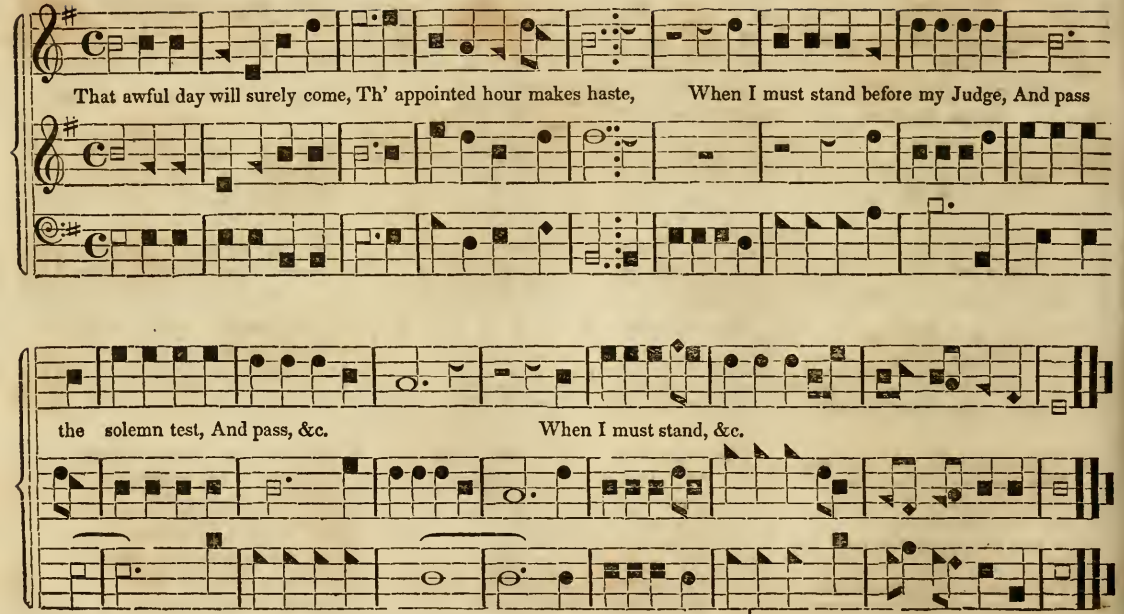
2 What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

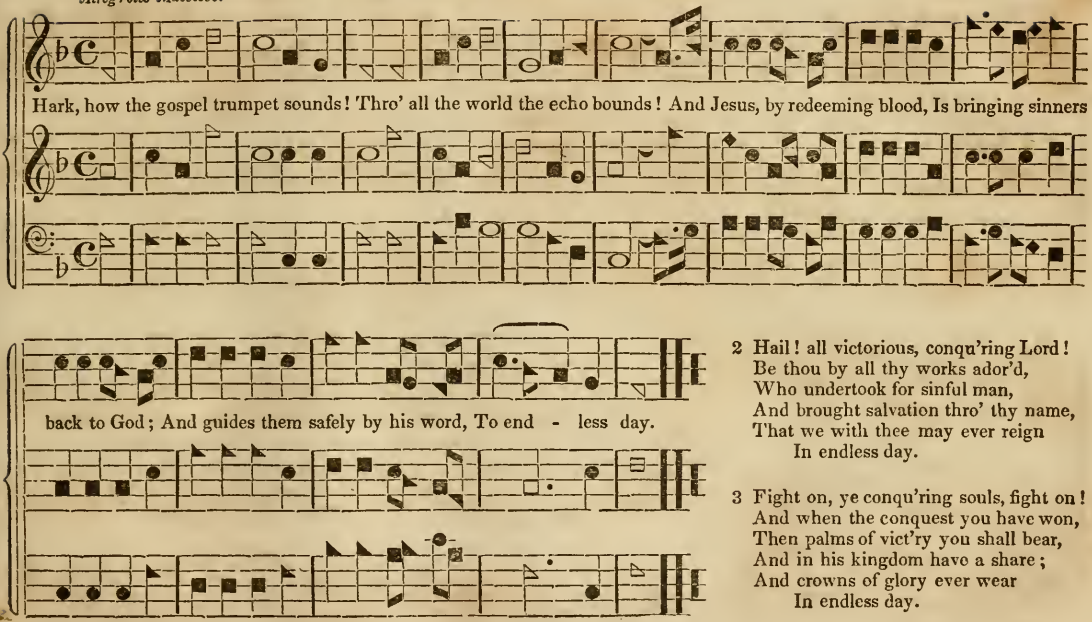
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

NORTH SALEM. C. M

Moderate.


That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass
the solemn test, And pass, &c. When I must stand, &c.

Allegretto Maestoso.


Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the echo bounds! And Jesus, by redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners
back to God; And guides them safely by his word, To end - less day.

2 Hail! all victorious, conqu'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

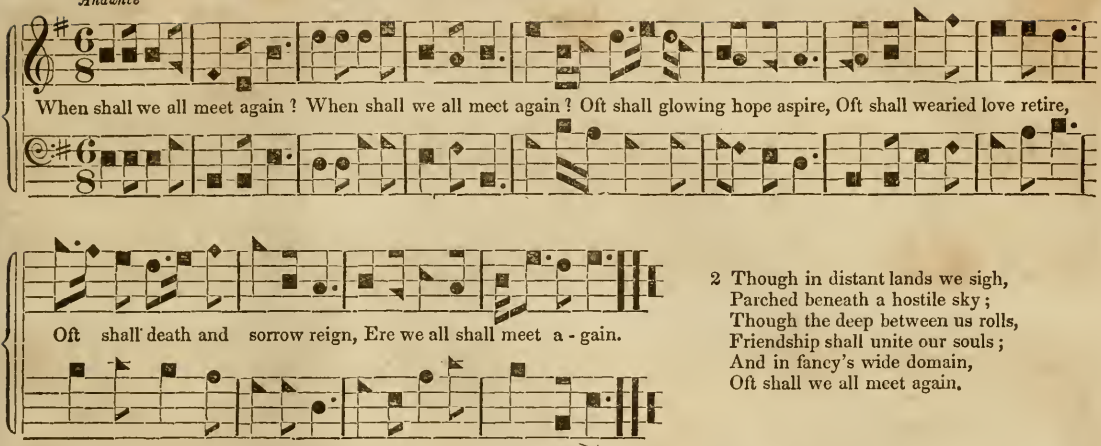
PARADISE. C. M.

T. Walker.

Adagio.
There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign, In - fi - nite
Pia.
For.
day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

PARTING FRIEND. 6 lines 7s. The air taken from C. Lyre.

Andante


When shall we all meet again ? When shall we all meet again ? Oft shall glowing hope aspire, Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky ;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.

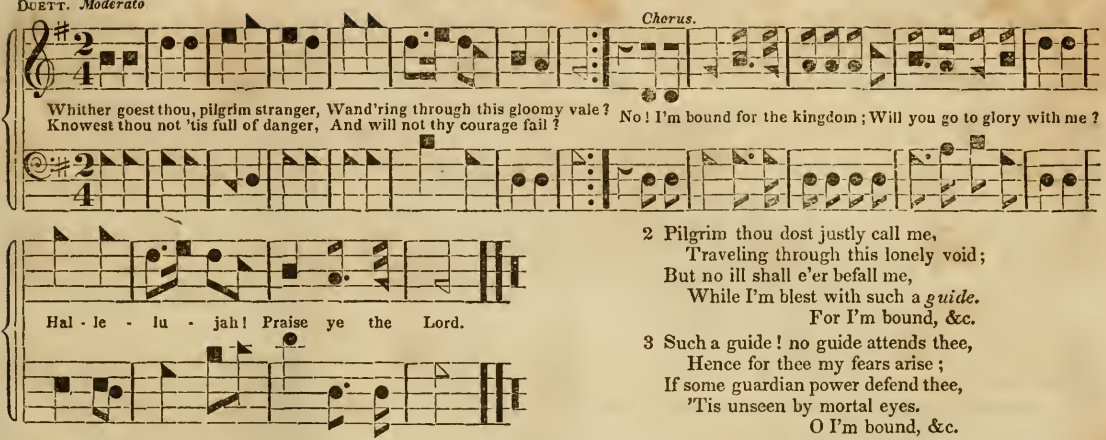
3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid ;
Where immortal spirits reign.
There may we all meet again.

PIETY. C. M.

T. Clark.

Allegro.
Pia.
For.
Happy is he that fears the Lord, And follows his com - mands, And follows, &c.
Pia.
For.
Who lends the poor with - out re - ward, Who lends, &c.
And gives with lib'ral hands.

Duett. *Moderato*


Chorus.
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring through this gloomy vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom; Will you go to glory with me?
Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound, &c.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a *guide.*
For I'm bound, &c.

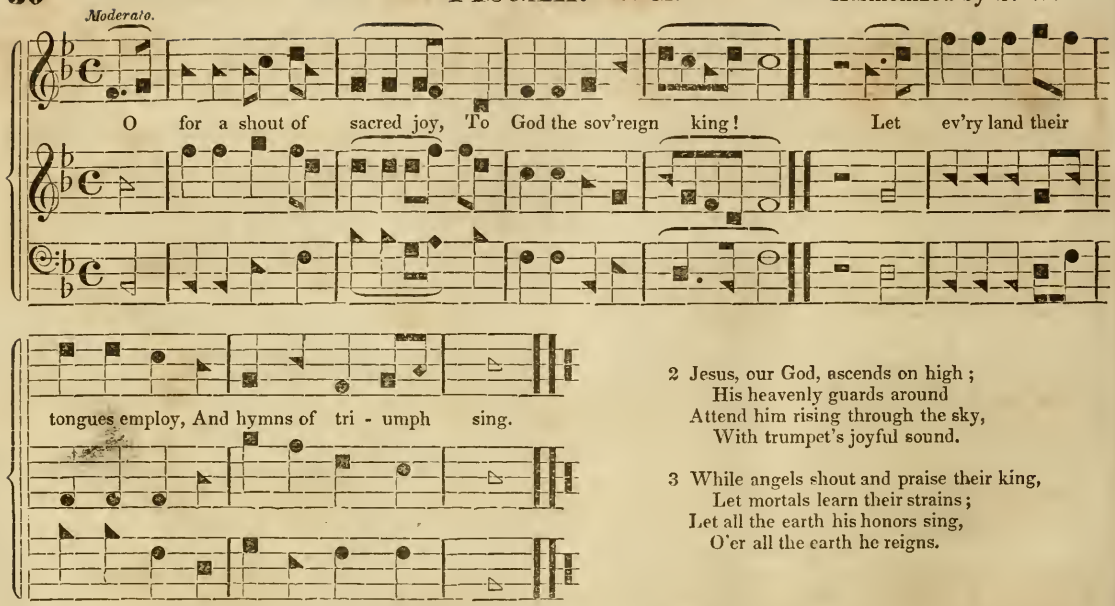
3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O I'm bound, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend;
Thence to plunge will be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end. For I'm &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight:
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light!
Oh! she's gone to the kingdom, will you follow her to glory?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

*PISGAH. C. M.

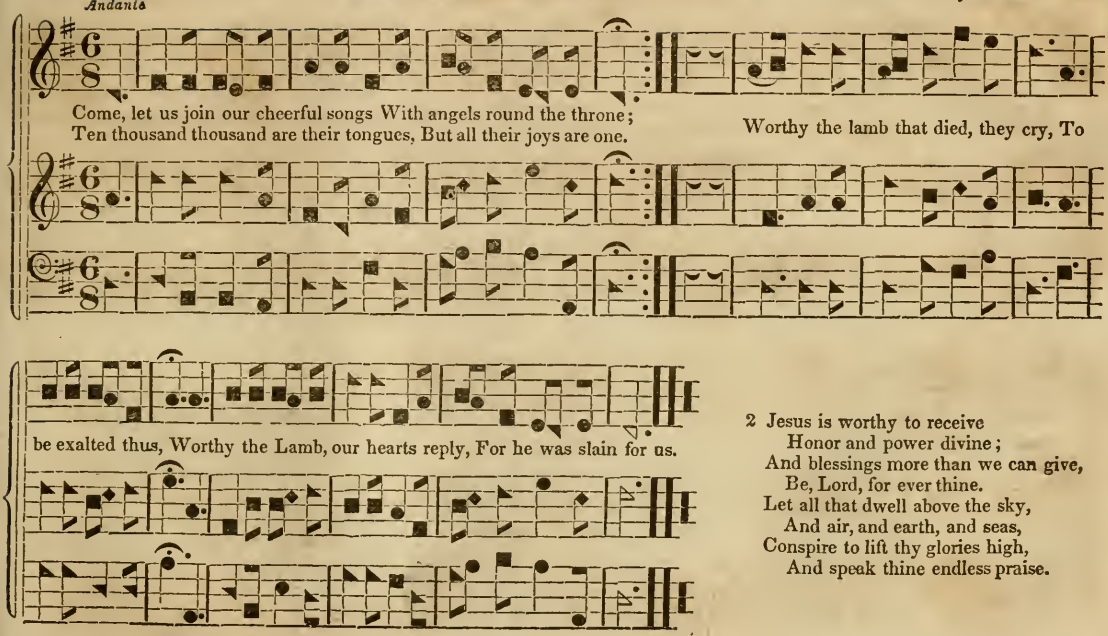
Harmonized by S. W.



2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their king,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honors sing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

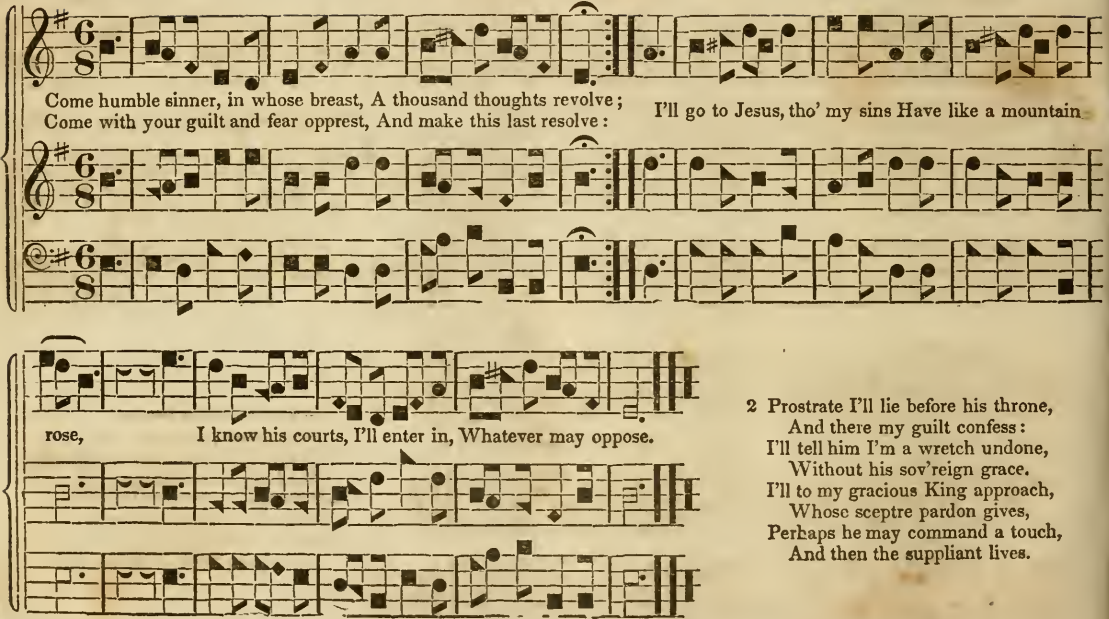
*The slur in the third measure of this tune is not used except when the two last lines of the verse are repeated.
This tune is altered in the harmony to make it more consistent with the rules of composition, than the way in which it is mostly published


Andante
Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
Worthy the lamb that died, they cry, To
be exalted thus, Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us.

2 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

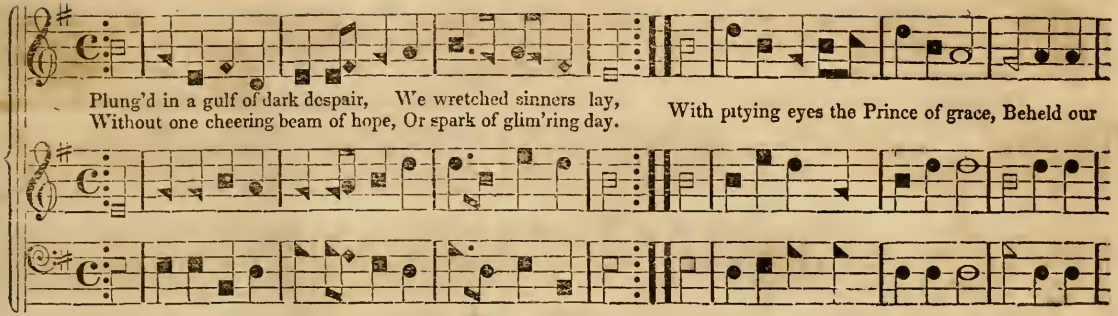
REPENTANCE. C. M. D. Harmonized by S. W.

Andante.

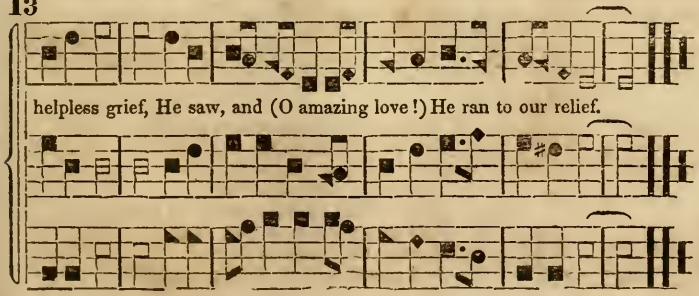

Come humble sinner, in whose breast, A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last resolve:
I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sins Have like a mountain
rose,
I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.

2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.
I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

Moderato


Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glim'ring day.
With pitying eyes the Prince of grace, Beheld our

13

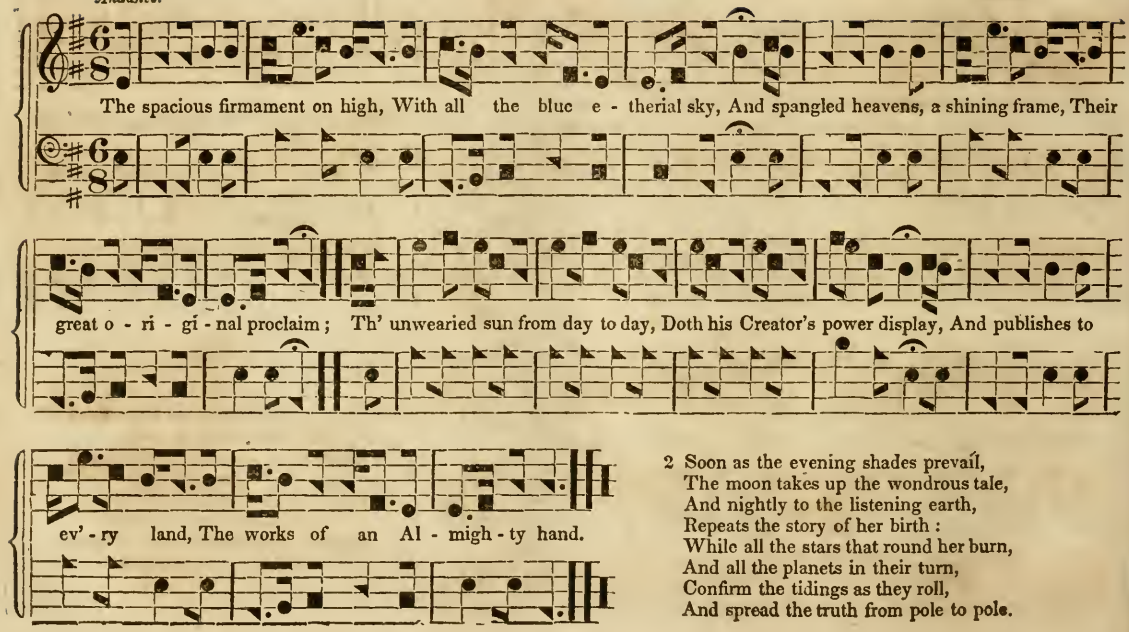


2 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

SCOTLAND. L. M.

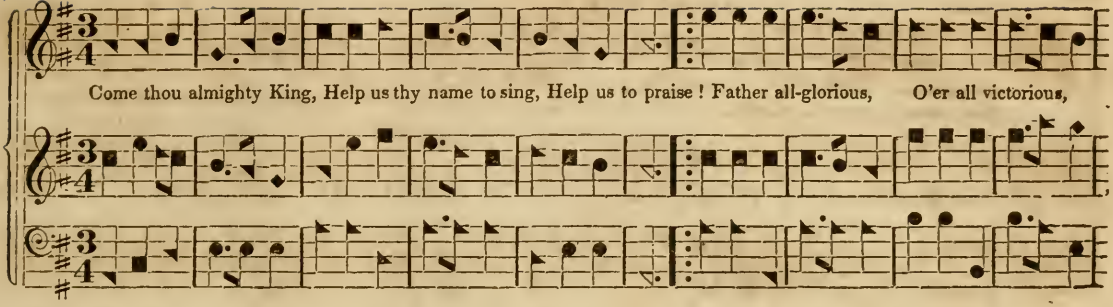
Scottish air.

Andante.


The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - therial sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their
great o - ri - gi - nal proclaim; Th' unwearied sun from day to day, Doth his Creator's power display, And publishes to
ev' - ry land, The works of an Al - migh - ty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Moderato.


Come thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stay'd,
Lord, hear our call.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

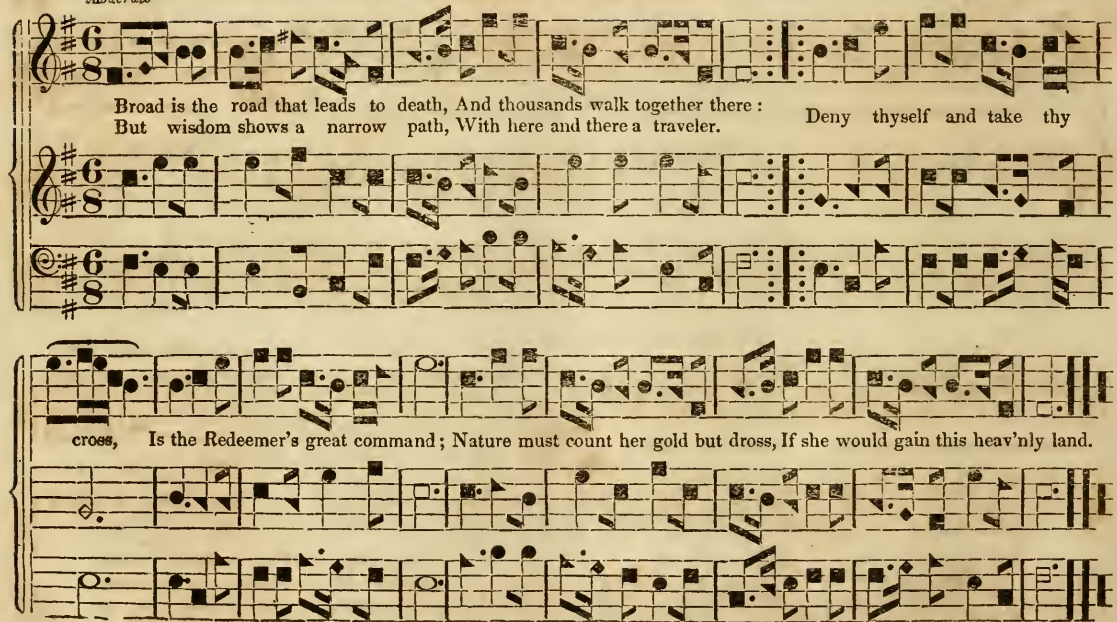
3 Come thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness
On us descend!

5 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

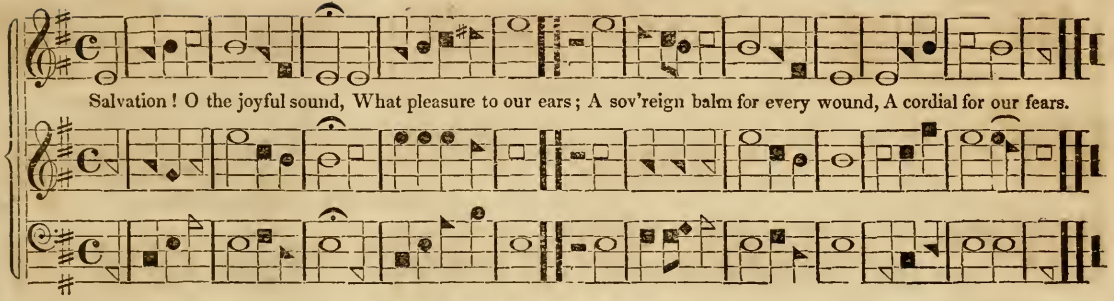
SOMERSET. L. M. D

Harmonized by S. W.

Moderate

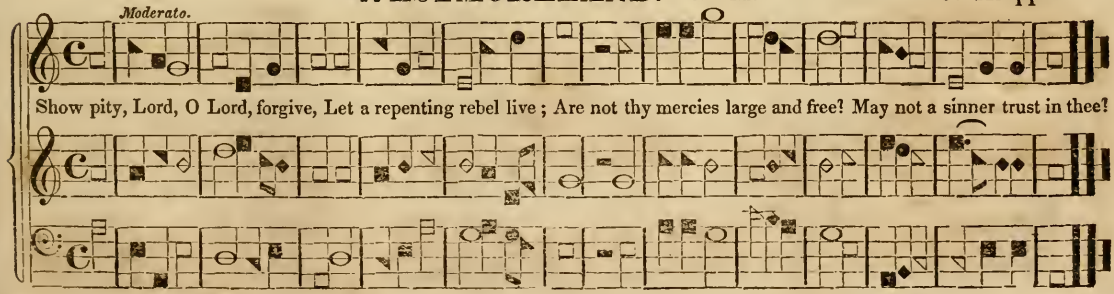

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there :
But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.
Deny thyself and take thy
cross, Is the Redeemer's great command ; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

Moderato.



WESTMORELAND. L. M. J. Krepps.

Moderato.

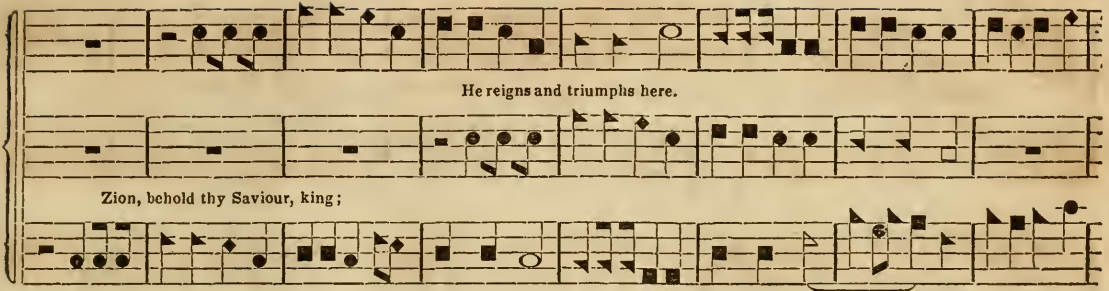


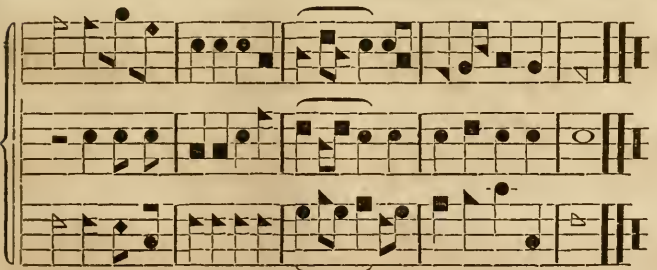
WORCESTER. S. M.

Wood.

Allegro.

Who stand on Zion's hill! Who, &c.
How beauteous are their feet, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!
How charming, charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are!





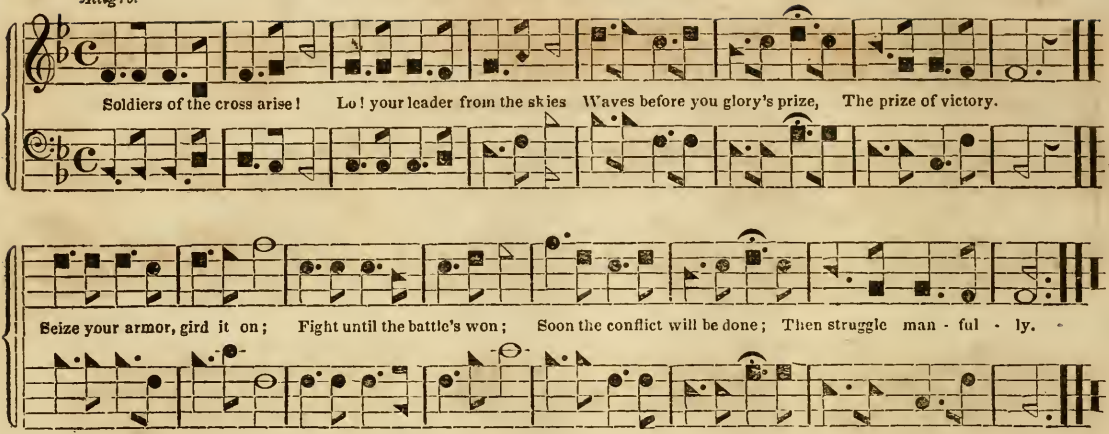
3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm, Through all the earth abroad! Let ev'ry nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.

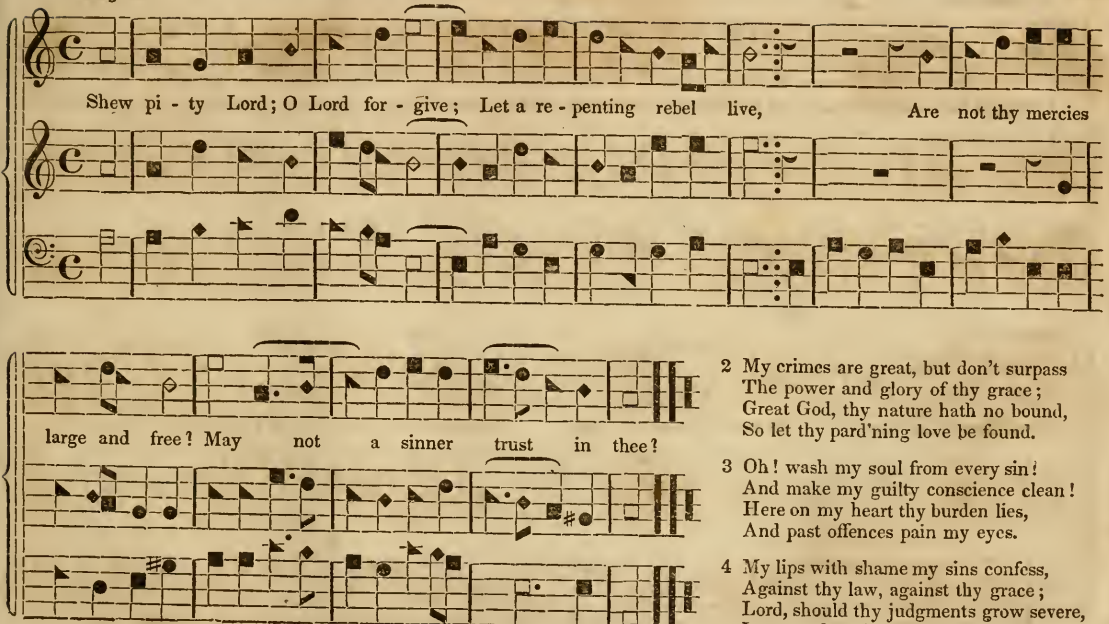
Allegro.


Soldiers of the cross arise! Lo! your leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize, The prize of victory.
Seize your armor, gird it on; Fight until the battle's won; Soon the conflict will be done; Then struggle man - ful - ly.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though your enemies appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Soon you'll join that glorious train,
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Allegretto.



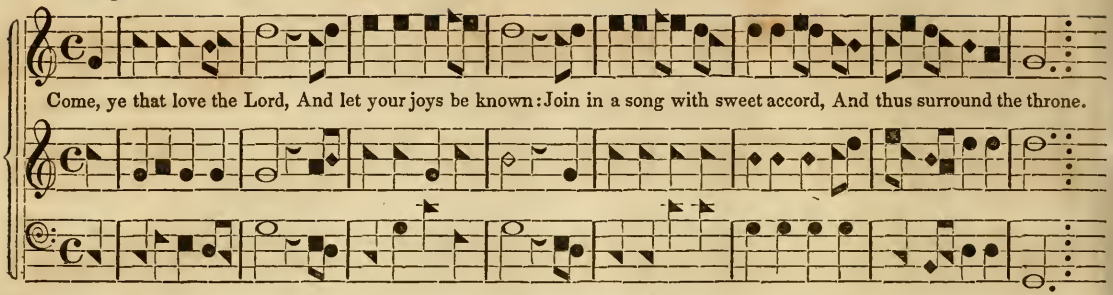
2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

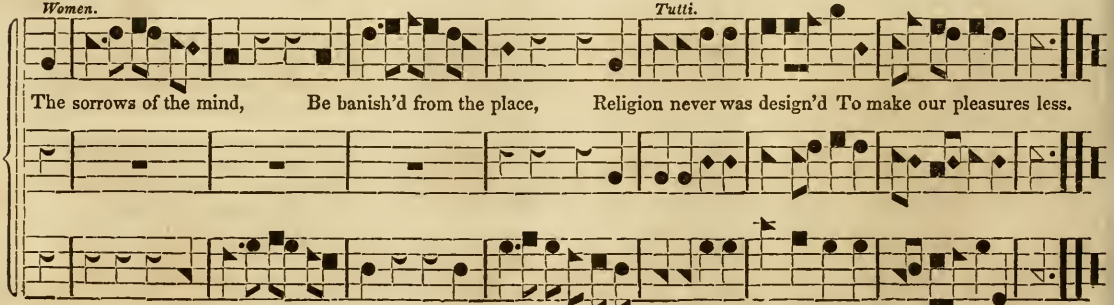
3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart thy burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

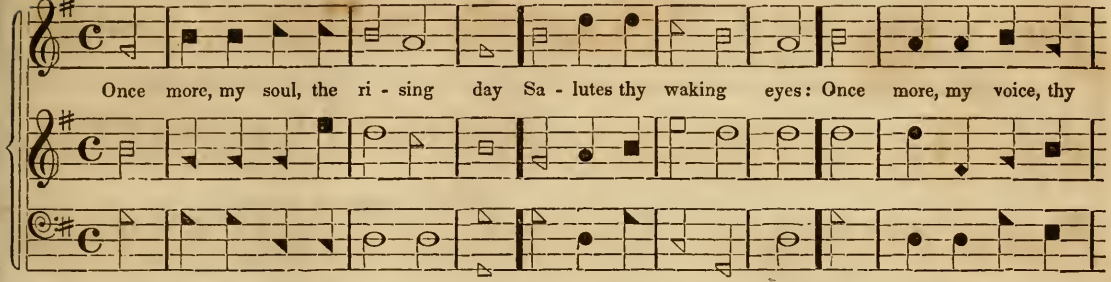
4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

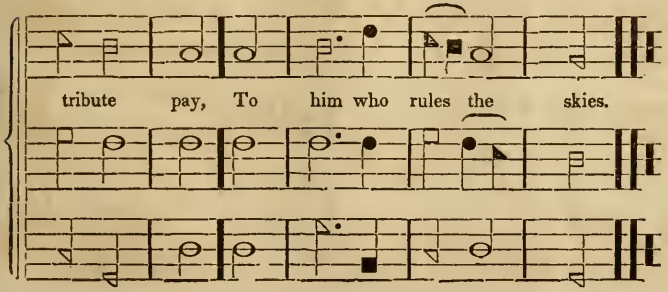
LONSDALE. S. M. Hymn 30, Book II. Dr. Watts. Corelli.

Allegretto.









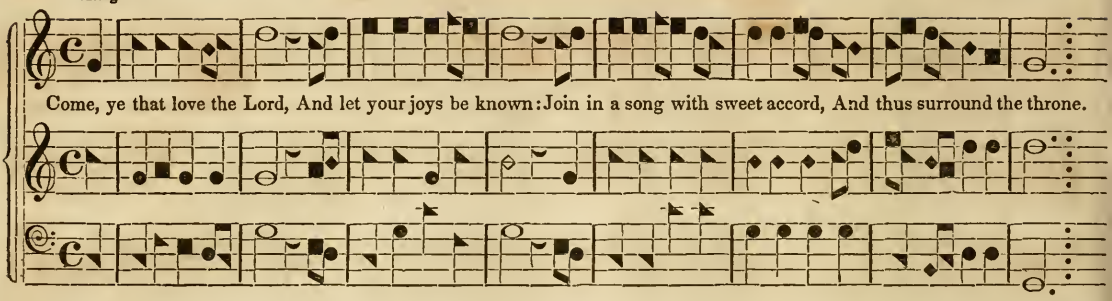
2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound:
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

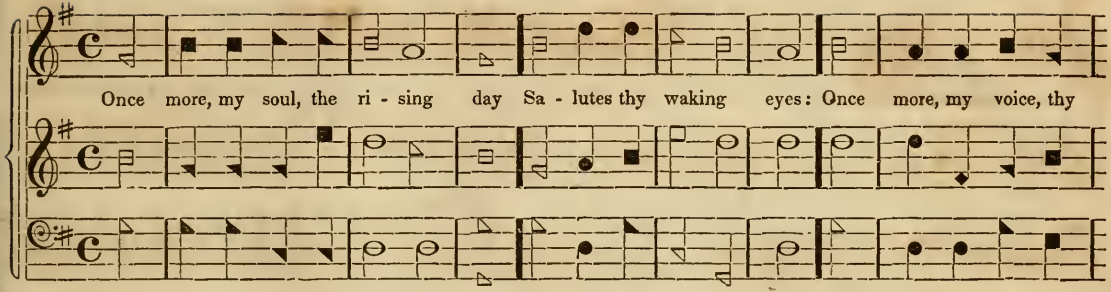
3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

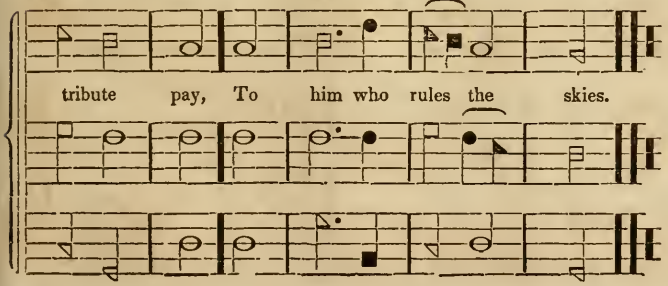
4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

LONSDALE. S. M. Hymn 30, Book II. Dr. Watts. Corelli.

Allegretto.


Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
Women.
Tutti.
The sorrows of the mind, Be banish'd from the place, Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.

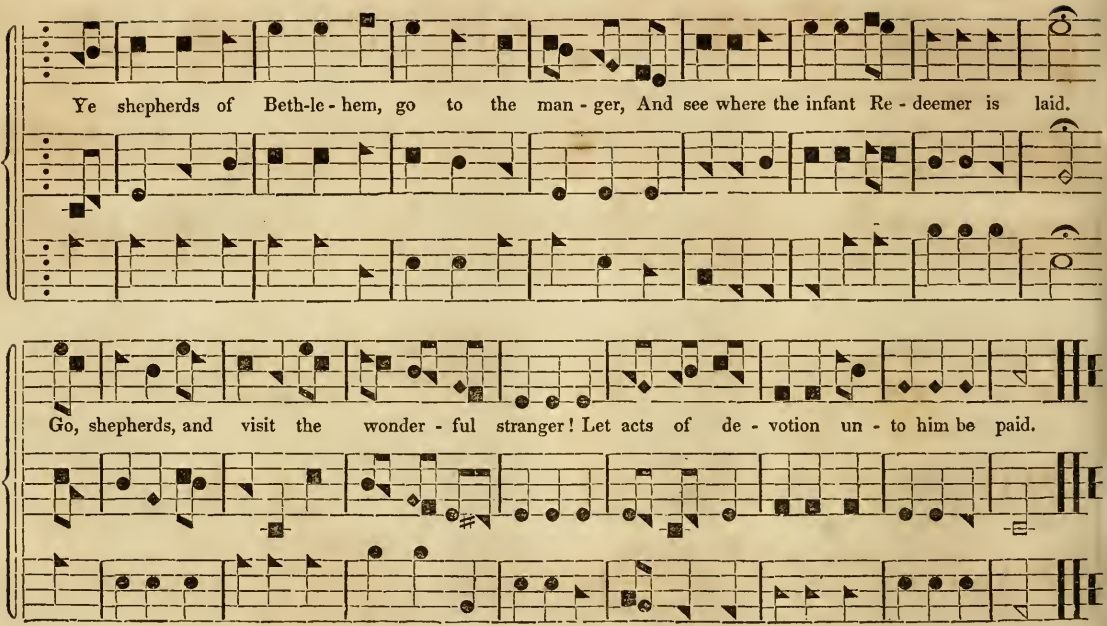




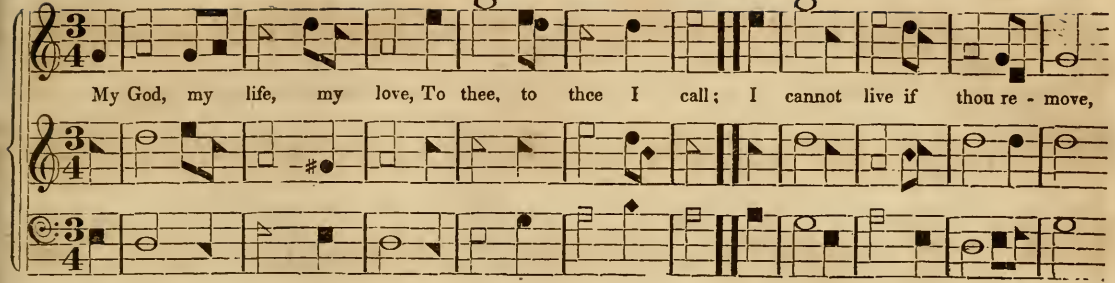
2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound:
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.


Ye shepherds of Beth-le-hem, go to the man-ger, And see where the infant Re-deemer is laid.
Go, shepherds, and visit the wonder-ful stranger! Let acts of de-votion un-to him be paid.

Andante.

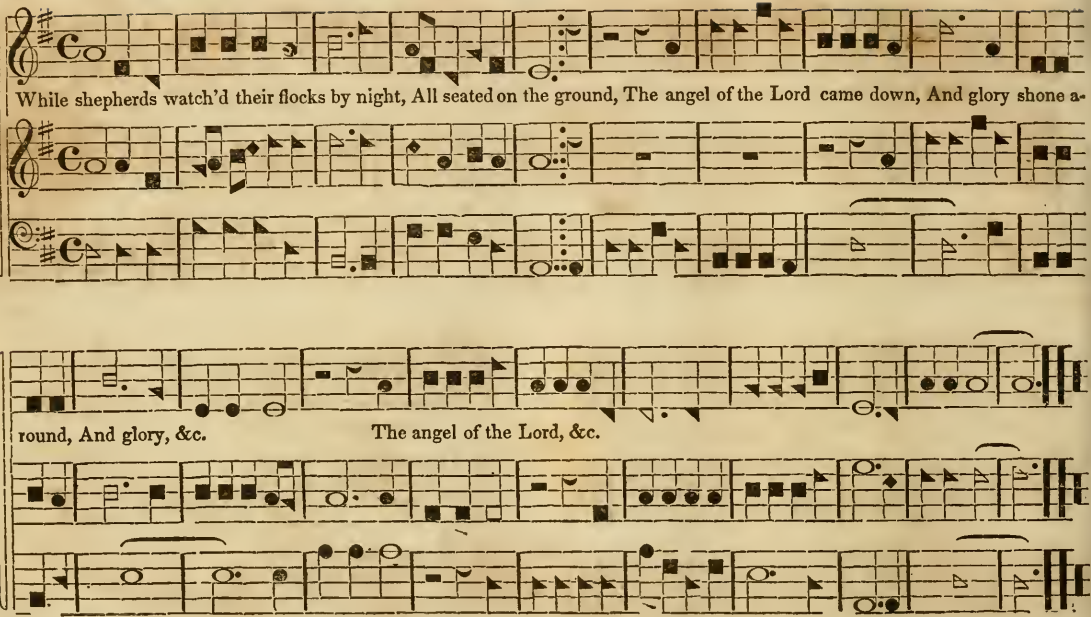


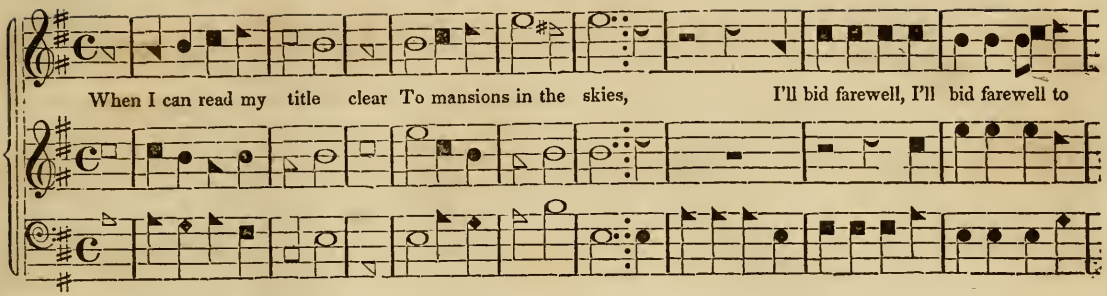
2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon, where I dwell:
'Tis paradise if thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

SHERBURNE. C. M.


While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a-
round, And glory, &c.
The angel of the Lord, &c.



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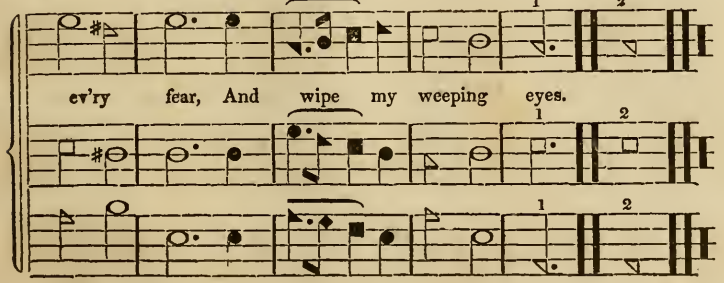
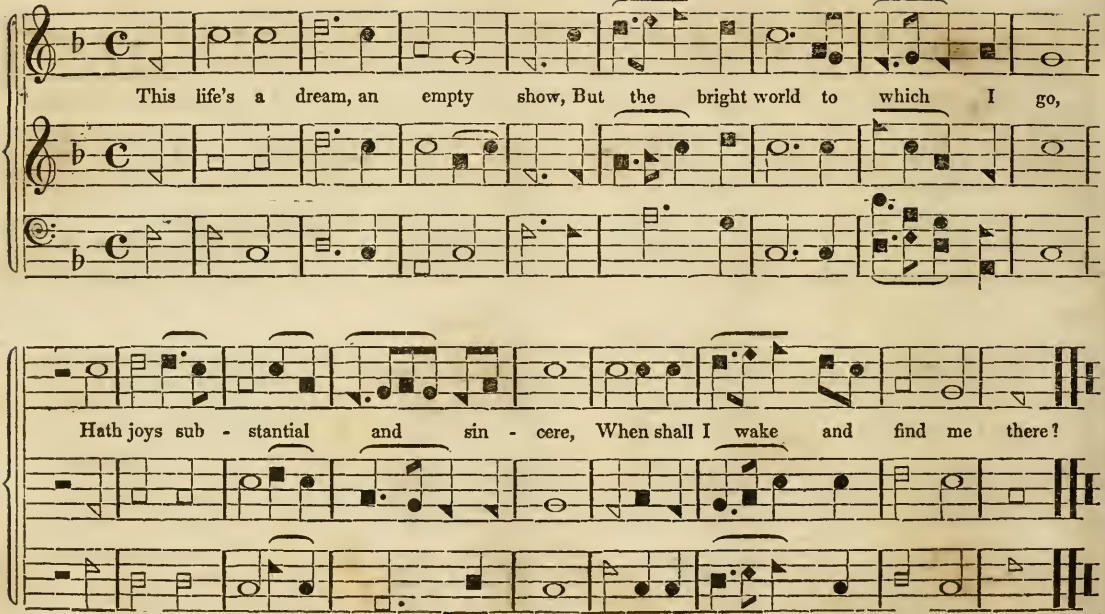


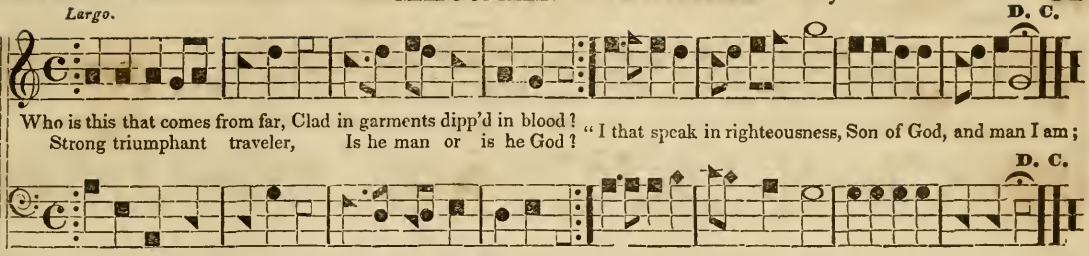
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.


This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys sub - stantial and sin - cere, When shall I wake and find me there?

Largo.

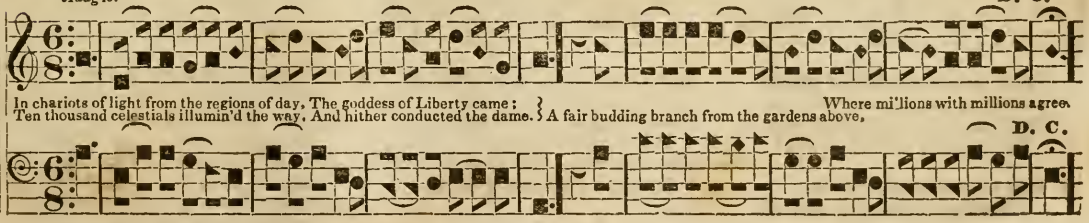

D. C.
Who is this that comes from far, Clad in garments dipp'd in blood? "I that speak in righteousness, Son of God, and man I am;
Strong triumphant traveler, Is he man or is he God?
D. C.
Mighty to redeem your race, Jesus is your Saviour's name."

3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dy'd as in a crimson sea?
They that in a wine-vat tread,
Are not stain'd so much as thee.

4 "I the Father's fav'rite Son,
"Have the dreadful wine-press trod;
"Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
"All the fiercest wrath of God."

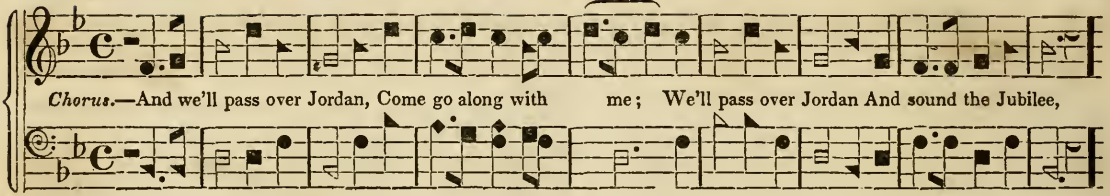
LIBERTY TREE. 11, 8, 11, 8. Double, Without slurs. C. M. Double, With slurs.

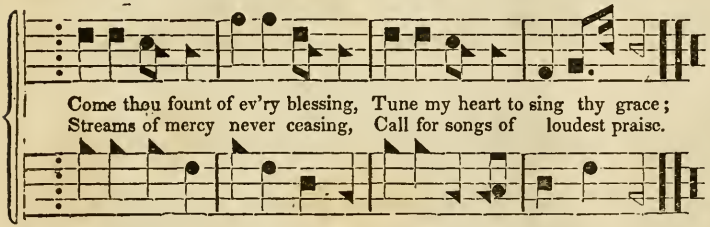
Adagio.


D. C.
In chariots of light from the regions of day, The goddess of Liberty came; Where mi'lions with millions agree.
Ten thousand celestials illumin'd the way, And hither conducted the dame. A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
D. C.
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love A plant she call'd Liberty Tree.

JORDAN. 8, 7, 8, 7 & Coda. Harmonized by L. B. M'Lain.

Adagio.




Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

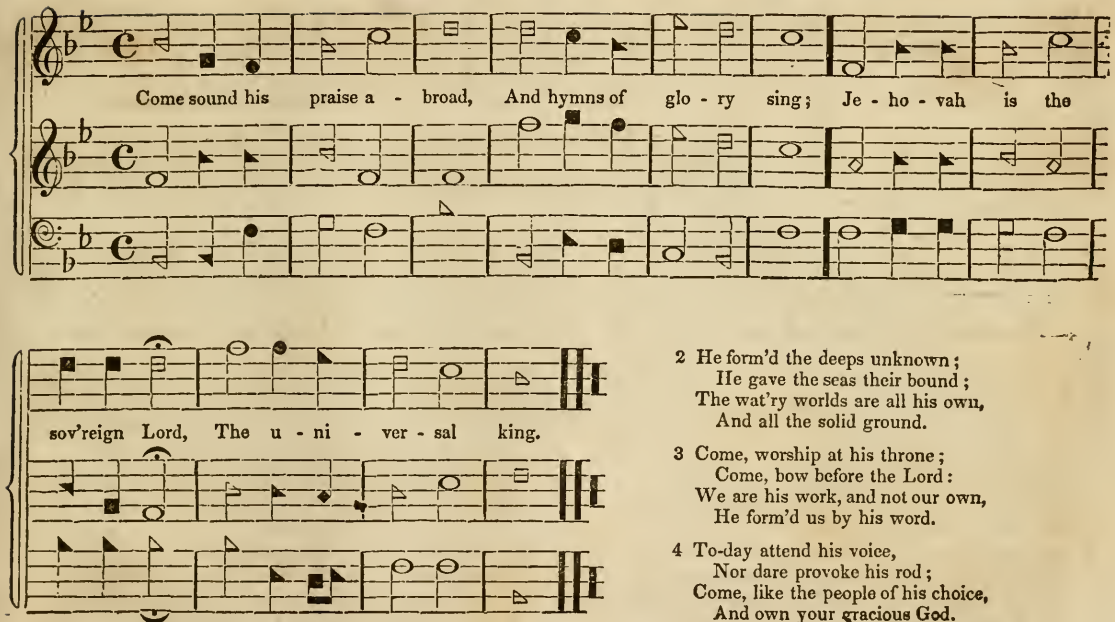
Concluding Coda, after the hymn.

When we've pass'd over Jordan
How happy we will be,
We'll pass over Jordan,
And sound the Jubilee.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.



2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

THE TRUMPET. 11, 12, 12, 12. Composed by J. Williams.

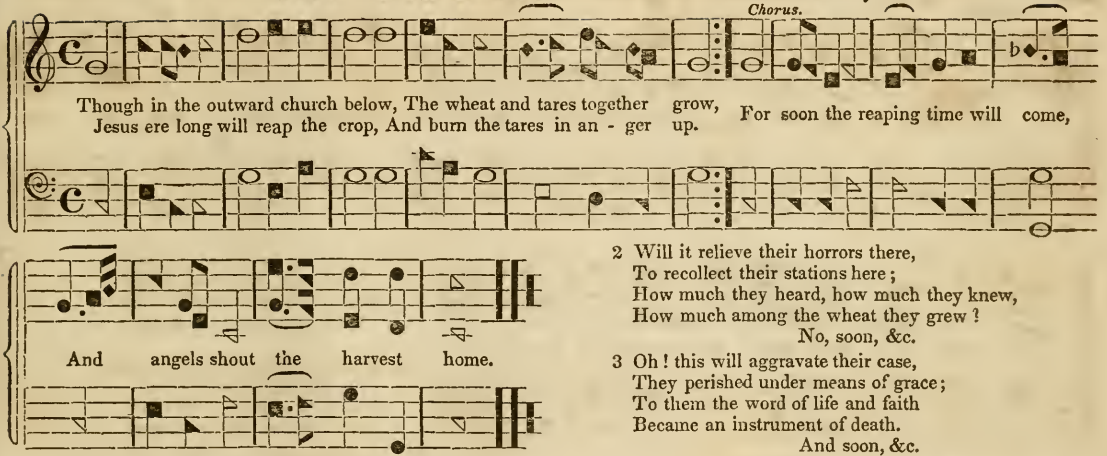
The chariot, The chariot, its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire.
Lo, self-moving it drives, on the pathway of cloud; And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory, the glory, around him are pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stir'd
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, (thy sad children) with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n!


Chorus.
Though in the outward church below, The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will reap the crop, And burn the tares in an - ger up.
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
No, soon, &c.

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case,
They perished under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
And soon, &c.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
And soon, &c.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil;
But soon, &c.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
For soon, &c.

7 Most awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
For soon, &c.

LONGING FOR HOME. C. M. Harmonized by L. B. M'Lain.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

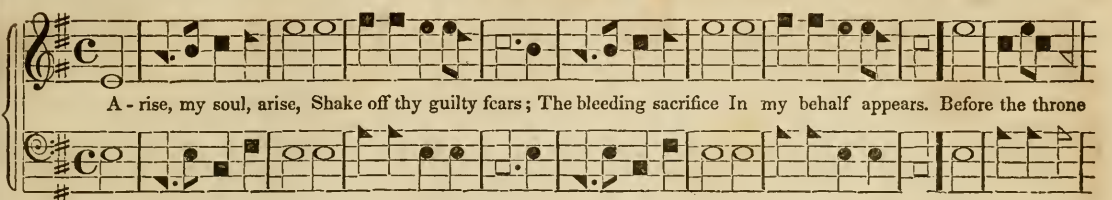
3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

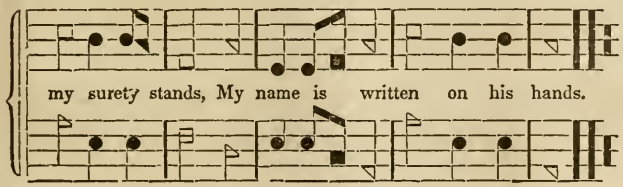
4 I should at once have quit this field,
Where foes with fury foam;
But ah! my passport was not seal'd—
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

* ☞ The slur in the third measure, to be observed only in repeating the last line of each verse. ☜





2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

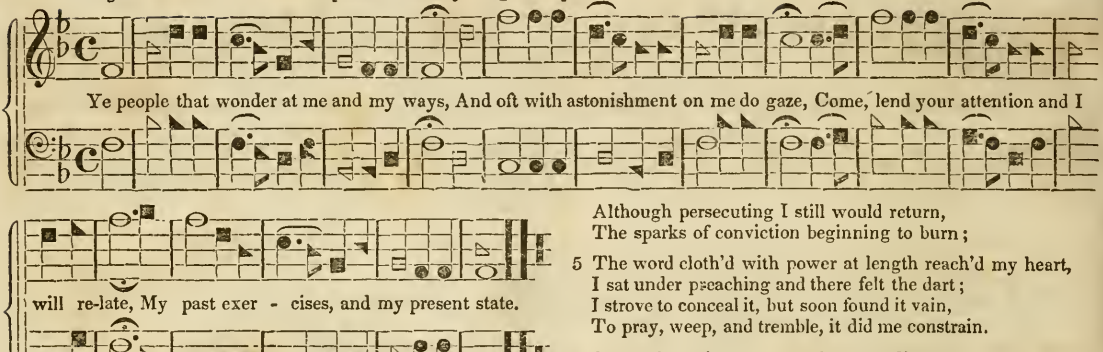
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. P. M. Harmonized by L. B. M'Lain.

Largo.

[Inserted by request.]


Ye people that wonder at me and my ways, And oft with astonishment on me do gaze, Come, lend your attention and I
will re-late, My past exer - cises, and my present state.

2 The people I follow, I once did despise,
And oft-times like you, I gazed on with surprise;
I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain,
Yet still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3 I sometimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in spirit felt deeply to mourn,
Their praying and mourning gave me such offence,
I thought it delusion, and nought but pretence.

4 I ofttimes determined I'd hear them no more,
But still on occasions would go as before;
Although persecuting I still would return,
The sparks of conviction beginning to burn;

5 The word cloth'd with power at length reach'd my heart,
I sat under preaching and there felt the dart;
I strove to conceal it, but soon found it vain,
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me constrain.

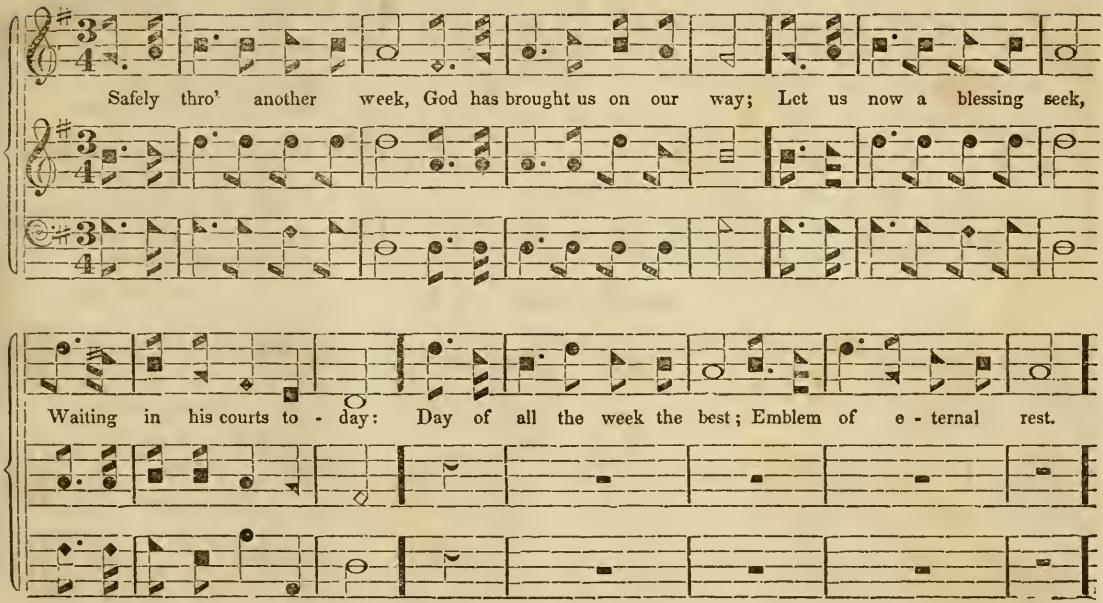
6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless;
Till Jesus in mercy, his love did reveal,
A wonder! a wonder!! Oh how I did feel!!!

7 My burden of guilt was removed and gone;
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and prais'd him, without dread or fear,
Nor would I regard, though the world had been there.

8 My friends may despise me, and foes ridicule;
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool;
But all their attempts will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his name

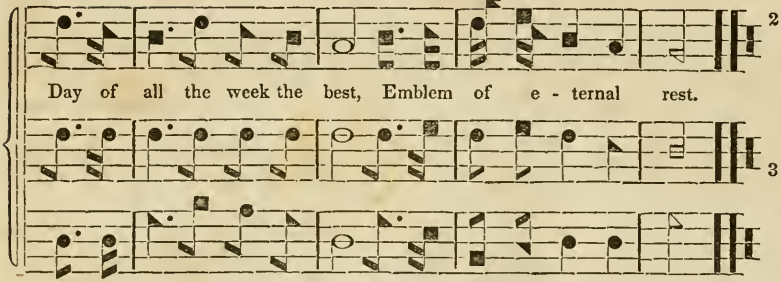
'SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK.'* [Sabbath.] 6 lines 7s. or double.

Largo.


Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to - day: Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ternal rest.

*From Masons' Sacred Harp, by special permission.

'SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK,' Concluded.

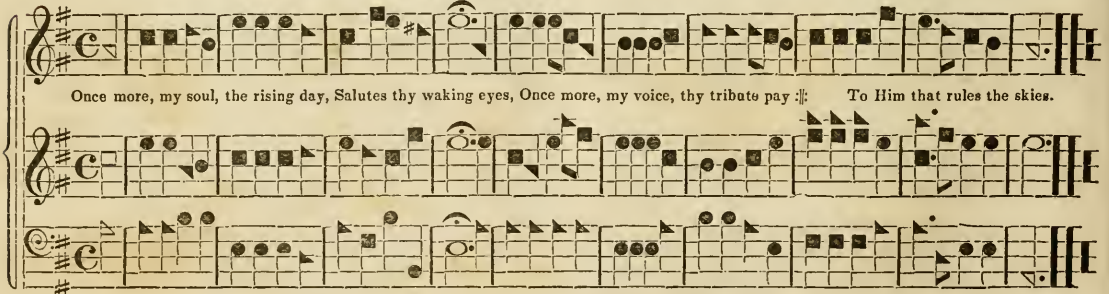


2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the great Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste,
Of our everlasting feast.

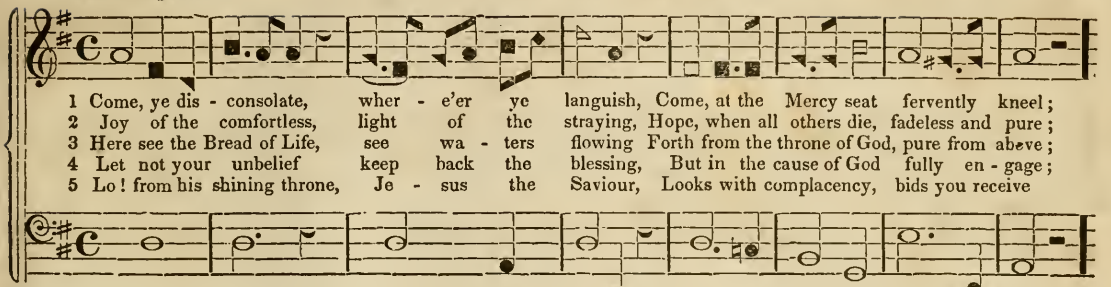
MORNING. C. M.

L. B. M'Lain.

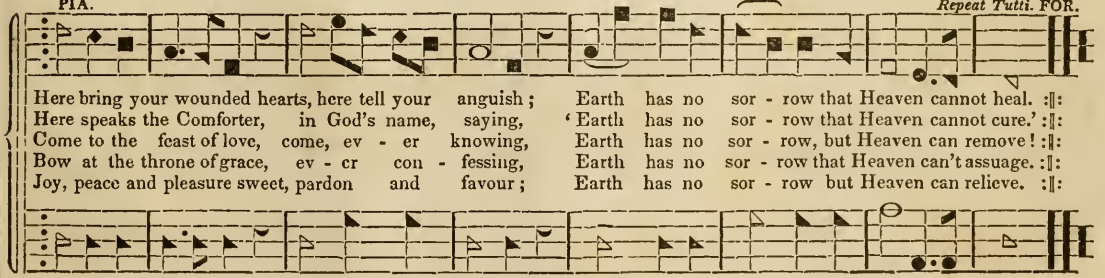


Note.—For the remainder of the hymn see 43d page in the supplement.

SOLO.—*Affettuoso.*


1 Come, ye dis - consolate, wher - e'er ye languish, Come, at the Mercy seat fervently kneel;
2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
3 Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flowing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
4 Let not your unbelief keep back the blessing, But in the cause of God fully en - gage;
5 Lo! from his shining throne, Je - sus the Saviour, Looks with complacency, bids you receive

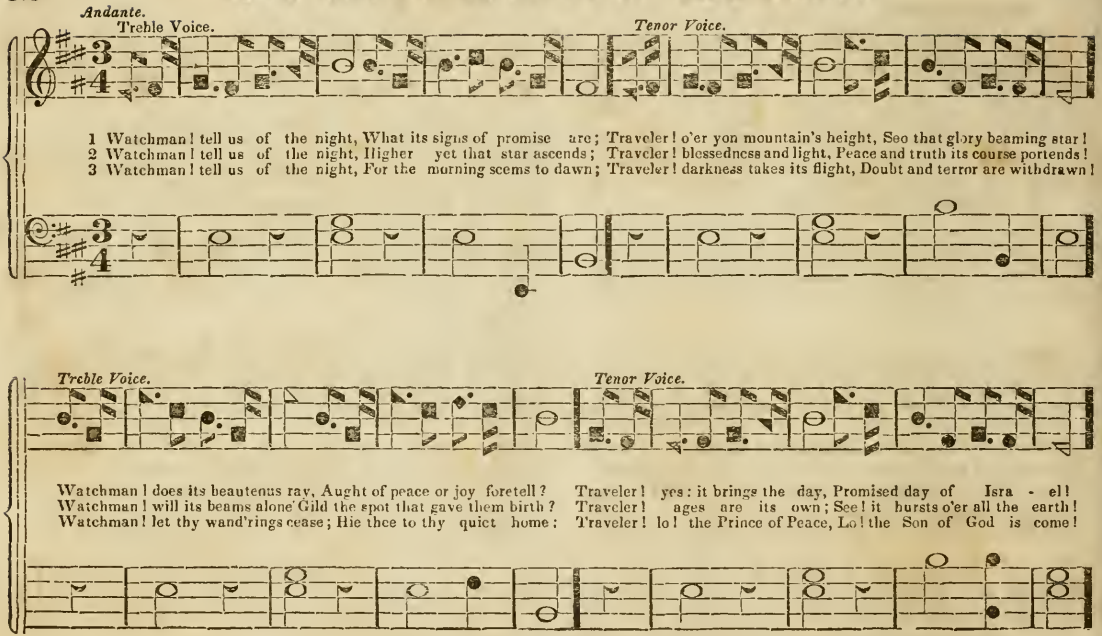
PIA. *Repeat Tutti.* FOR.

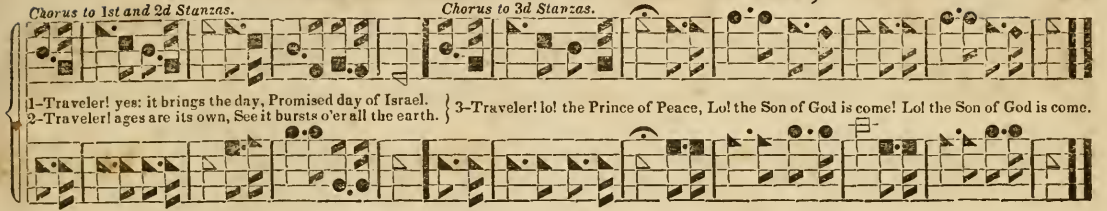

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven cannot heal. :‖:
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, saying, 'Earth has no sor - row that Heaven cannot cure.' :‖:
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er knowing, Earth has no sor - row, but Heaven can remove! :‖:
Bow at the throne of grace, ev - er con - fessing, Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can't assuage. :‖:
Joy, peace and pleasure sweet, pardon and favour; Earth has no sor - row but Heaven can relieve. :‖:

Note.—The Bass should be sung only when the last two lines of each verse are repeated.

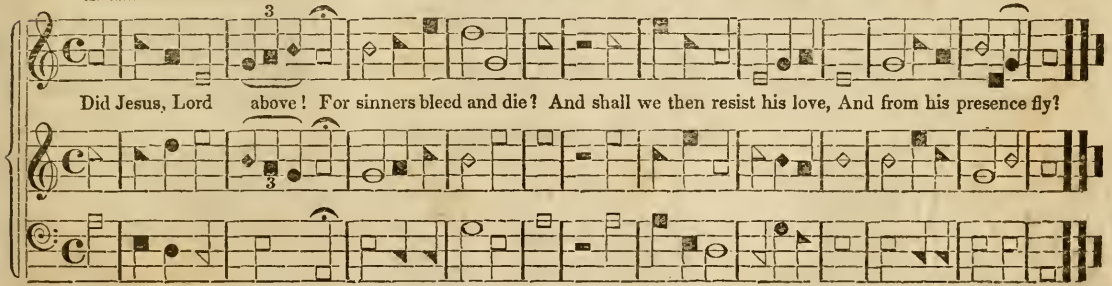
☞ The 4th and 5th verses were written for the "Christian's Harp," by J. P. Becker of Pittsburgh.

'WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.'


Andante.
Treble Voice.
Tenor Voice.
1 Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star!
2 Watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet that star ascends; Traveler! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
3 Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Traveler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Treble Voice.
Tenor Voice.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray, Aught of peace or joy foretell? Traveler! yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Isra - el!
Watchman! will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler! ages are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home: Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!


Chorus to 1st and 2d Stanzas.
Chorus to 3d Stanzas.
1-Traveler! yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Israel.
2-Traveler! ages are its own, See it bursts o'er all the earth.
3-Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.

ORBISONIA. S. M. W. Orbison.

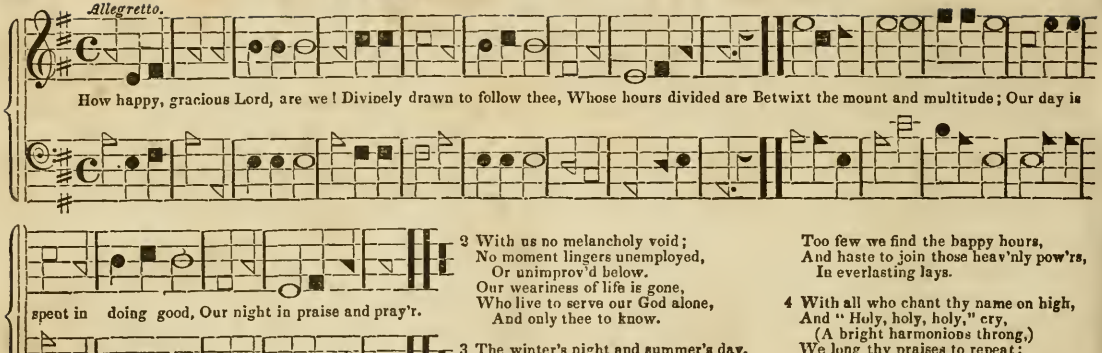


2 Forbid it dearest Lord;
Thy special grace impart,
Constrain us to embrace thy word,
And humble every heart.

3 The rich provision made
We would, but can't receive
Without the holy Spirit's aid;
O! help us to believe!

3 Now tune our hearts to sing
The wonders of thy love:
Our voices raise in unison
With ransom'd saints above.

ALEPPO. P. M. Methodist Hymn, 243.


Allegretto.
How happy, gracious Lord, are we! Divinely drawn to follow thee, Whose hours divided are Betwixt the mount and multitude; Our day is
spent in doing good, Our night in praise and pray'r.

2 With us no melancholy void;
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimprov'd below.
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng,)
We long thy praises to repeat;
And ceaseless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

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